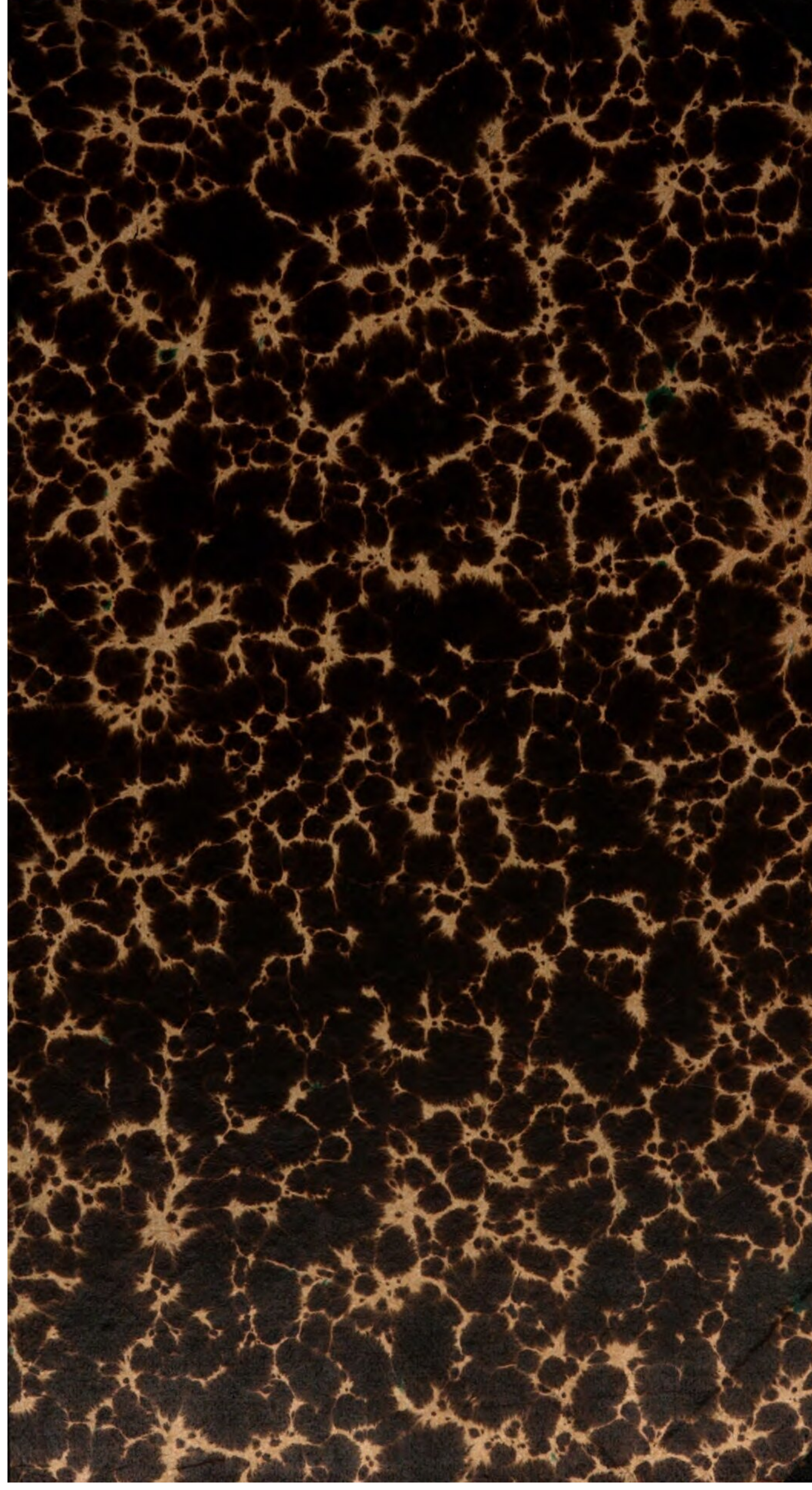




Dickens

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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 359.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. 36.

36
1856

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COLLECTION
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VOL. CCCLIX.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.
VOL. XXXVI.



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Shakespeare.

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VOL. XXXVI.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1856.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CHARLES D

"Published in their Month by Household Words."
Sampson

FOR THE

VOL XXII

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THE HOLLY-TREE INN.

CHRISTMAS, 1855.

INDEX TO THE HOLLY-TREE INN.

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THE GUEST.

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobody ever did suppose it. But, I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader, by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character, a bashful man. But, I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is, to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertain-

ment for man and beast, I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted for ever from Angela Leath whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself, and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America — on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, which the steam-tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall; —

I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could, with the prospect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter-time was in full dreariness when I left my chambers for ever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle-light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged, which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet Street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty north-east wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglers, trotting, to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffee-shops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, frosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month,

and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name), on the further borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farm-house in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that to avoid being sought out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect, I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business — of which she should know all particulars by-and-by — took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches: which I occasionally find myself, in common with some other people, affecting to lament now, but which everybody dreaded as a very serious penance then. I had secured the box-seat on the fastest of these, and my business in Fleet Street was, to get into a cab with my portmanteau, so to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this coach. But, when one of our Temple watchmen who carried my portmanteau into Fleet Street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in

the night and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, Whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and a frosty end to my unhappiness? I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Peacock — where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation — I asked, if there were an inside seat to spare? I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little purl (which I found uncommonly good), and got into the coach. When I was seated, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a little while, pale uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up, high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and grey. The roads, the trees, thatched roofs of cottages and

homesteads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Out-door work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside Inns were frozen hard, no stragglers lounged about, doors were close shut, little turnpike-houses had blazing fires inside, and children (even turnpike-people have children, and seem to like them), rubbed the frost from the little panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but, I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking — particularly after dinner; cold and depressed at all other times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus, Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's intermission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and rose into the swell at the beginning of the Refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the guard and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and

poured so much liquid consolation into themselves without being any the worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up — which was the pleasantest variety I had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long, we went on in this manner. Thus, we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne by day again. And it snowed, and snowed, and still it snowed and never left off snowing.

I forget now, where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but, I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedgerows to guide us, we went crunching on, over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hill-side. Still, the coachman and guard — who kept together on the box, always in council, and looking well about them — made out the track with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looked, to my fancy, like

a large drawing on a slate, with abundance of slate-pencil expended on the churches and houses where the snow lay thickest. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial-faces choked with snow, and the Inn-signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball; similarly, the men and boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us, was a snowy Saharah. One would have thought this enough; notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute: "What Inn is this?"

"The Holly-Tree, sir," said he. "Upon my word, I believe,"

said I, apologetically to the guard and coachman, "that I must stop here."

Now, the landlord, and the landlady, and the ostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the coachman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on? The coachman had already replied, "Yes, he'd take her through it" — meaning by Her, the coach — "if so be as George would stand by him." George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he *would* stand by him. So, the helpers were already getting the horses out.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, was not an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an innately bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval, even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for'ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where was the good of a gentleman being froze — ah, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body;

did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them good night and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the Holly-Tree, upstairs.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose), engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me, roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase, at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round

my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my arm-chair, the fire scorched me to the colour of a new brick. The chimney-piece was very high, and there was a bad glass—what I may call a wavy glass—above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments—and these never look well, in any subject, cut short off at the eyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of darkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness, the drapery of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in *themselves*; therefore I am emboldened to mention, that when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of broiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter in detail, my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. In oases of nightmare, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green. What had I to do with Gretna Green? I was not

going *that* way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked, in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree, nobody could tell me.

It was now Christmas Eve. I should have had a dismal Christmas-time of it anywhere, and, consequently, that did not so much matter; still, being snowed up, was, like dying of frost, a thing I had not bargained for. I felt very lonely. Yet I could no more have proposed to the landlord and landlady to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it very much), than I could have asked them to present me with a piece of plate. Here my great secret, the real bashfulness of my character, is to be observed. Like most bashful men, I judge of other people as if they were bashful too. Besides being far too shame-faced to make the proposal myself, I really had a delicate misgiving that it would be in the last degree disconcerting to them.

Trying to settle down, therefore, in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house? The waiter brought me a Book of Roads, two or three old Newspapers, a little Song-

book terminating in a collection of Toasts and Sentiments, a little Jest-book, an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle, and the Sentimental Journey. I knew every word of the two last already, but I read them through again; then tried to hum all the songs (Auld Lang Syne was among them); went entirely through the jokes — in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but Stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately, it came into my head (from which I was anxious by any means to exclude Angela and Edwin), that I would endeavour to recall my experience of Inns, and would try how long it lasted me. I stirred the fire, moved my chair a little to one side of the screen — not daring to go far, for I knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me — I could hear it growling — and began.

My first impressions of an Inn, dated from the Nursery; consequently, I went back to the Nursery for a starting-point, and found myself at the knee of a sal-low woman with a fishy eye, an

aquiline nose, and a green gown, whose speciality was a dismal narrative of a landlord by the roadside, whose visitors unaccountably disappeared for many years, until it was discovered that the pursuit of his life had been to convert them into pies. For the better devotion of himself to this branch of industry, he had constructed a secret door behind the head of the bed; and when the visitor (oppressed with pie), had fallen asleep, this wicked landlord would look softly in with a lamp in one hand and a knife in the other, would cut his throat, and would make him into pies; for which purpose he had coppers underneath a trap-door, always boiling; and rolled out his pastry in the dead of the night. Yet even he was not insensible to the stings of conscience, for he never went to sleep without being heard to mutter, "Too much pepper!" — which was eventually the cause of his being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the pursuit of which art he had had his right ear chopped off one night as he was burglariously getting in at a window, by a brave and lovely servant-maid (whom the aquiline-nosed woman, though not at all answering the description, always mysteriously implied to be herself). After several years, this brave and lovely servant-

maid was married to the landlord of a country Inn: which landlord had this remarkable characteristic, that he always wore a silk nightcap, and never would, on any consideration, take it off. At last, one night, when he was fast asleep, the brave and lovely woman lifted up his silk nightcap on the right side, and found that he had no ear there; upon which, she sagaciously perceived that he was the clipped housebreaker, who had married her with the intention of putting her to death. She immediately heated the poker and terminated his career, for which she was taken to King George upon his throne, and received the compliments of royalty on her great discretion and valour. This same narrator, who had a Ghoulish pleasure, I have long been persuaded, in terrifying me to the utmost confines of my reason, had another authentic anecdote within her own experience, founded, I now believe, upon Raymond and Agnes or the Bleeding Nun. She said it happened to her brother-in-law, who was immensely rich — which my father was not; and immensely tall — which my father was not. It was always a point with this Ghoul to present my dearest relations and friends to my youthful mind, under circumstances of disparaging contrast. The brother-in-law was riding once, through a forest, on a magnificent horse (we had no magnificent horse at our house), attended by a favourite and valu-

able Newfoundland dog (we had no dog), when he found himself benighted, and came to an Inn. A dark woman opened the door, and he asked her if he could have a bed there? She answered yes, and put his horse in the stable, and took him into a room where there were two dark men. While he was at supper, a parrot in the room began to talk, saying, "Blood, blood! Wipe up the blood!" Upon which, one of the dark men wrung the parrot's neck, and said he was fond of roasted parrots, and he meant to have this one for breakfast in the morning. After eating and drinking heartily, the immensely rich tall brother-in-law went up to bed; but, he was rather vexed, because they had shut his dog in the stable, saying that they never allowed dogs in the house. He sat very quiet for more than an hour, thinking and thinking, when, just as his candle was burning out, he heard a scratch at the door. He opened the door, and there was the Newfoundland dog! The dog came softly in, smelt about him, went straight to some straw in a corner which the dark men had said covered apples, tore the straw away, and disclosed two sheets steeped in blood. Just at that moment the candle went out, and the brother-in-law, looking through a chink in the door, saw the two dark men stealing up-stairs; one armed with a dagger, that long (about five feet); the other carrying a chopper, a sack, and a

spade. Having no remembrance of the close of this adventure, I suppose my faculties to have been always so frozen with terror at this stage of it, that the power of listening stagnated within me for some quarter of an hour.

These barbarous stories carried me, sitting there on the Holly-Tree hearth, to the Road-side Inn, renowned in my time in a sixpenny book with a folding plate, representing in a central compartment of oval form the portrait of Jonathan Bradford, and in four corner compartments four incidents of the tragedy with which the name is associated — coloured with a hand at once so free and economical, that the bloom of Jonathan's complexion passed without any pause into the breeches of the ostler, and, smearing itself off into the next division, became rum in a bottle. Then, I remembered how the landlord was found at the murdered traveller's bedside, with his own knife at his feet, and blood upon his hand; how he was hanged for the murder, notwithstanding his protestation, that he had indeed come there to kill the traveller for his saddle-bags, but had been stricken motionless on finding him already slain; and how the ostler, years afterwards, owned the deed. By this time I had made myself quite uncomfortable. I stirred the fire, and stood with my back to it, as long as I could bear the heat, looking up at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the

wormy curtains creeping in and creeping out, like the worms in the ballad of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene.

There was an Inn in the cathedral town where I went to school, which had pleasanter recollections about it than any of these. I took it next. It was the Inn where friends used to put up, and where we used to go to see parents, and to have salmon and fowls, and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign — the Mitre — and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug. I loved the landlord's youngest daughter to distraction — but let that pass. It was in this Inn that I was cried over by my rosy little sister, because I had acquired a black eye in a fight. And though she had been, that Holly-Tree night, for many a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened me yet.

"To be continued, to morrow," said I, when I took my candle to go to bed. But, my bed took it upon itself to continue the train of thought that night. It carried me away, like the enchanted carpet, to a distant place (though still in England), and there, alighting from a stage-coach at another Inn in the snow, as I had actually done some years before, I repeated in my sleep, a curious experience I had really had there. More than a year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that Inn, I had lost a very near and dear friend by

death. Every night since, at home or away from home, I had dreamed of that friend; sometimes, as still living; sometimes, as returning from the world of shadows to comfort me; always, as being beautiful, placid, and happy; never in association with any approach to fear or distress. It was at a lonely Inn in a wide moorland place, that I halted to pass the night. When I had looked from my bed-room window over the waste of snow on which the moon was shining, I sat down by my fire, to write a letter. I had always, until that hour, kept it within my own breast that I dreamed every night of the dear lost one. But, in the letter that I wrote, I recorded the circumstance, and added that I felt much interested in proving whether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that remote place. No. I lost the beloved figure of my vision in parting with the secret. My sleep has never looked upon it since, in sixteen years, but once. I was in Italy, and awoke (or seemed to awake), the well-remembered voice distinctly in my ears, conversing with it. I entreated it, as it rose above my bed and soared up to the vaulted roof of the old room, to answer me a question I had asked, touching the Future Life. My hands were still outstretched towards it as it vanished, when I heard a bell ringing by the garden wall, and a voice, in the deep stillness of the

night, calling on all good Christians to pray for the souls of the dead; it being All Souls Eve.

To return to the Holly-Tree. When I awoke next day, it was freezing hard, and the lowering sky threatened more snow. My breakfast cleared away, I drew my chair into its former place, and, with the fire getting so much the better of the landscape that I sat in twilight, resumed my Inn remembrances.

That was a good Inn down in Wiltshire where I put up once, in the days of the hard Wiltshire ale, and before all beer was bitterness. It was on the skirts of Salisbury Plain, and the midnight wind that rattled my lattice window, came moaning at me from Stonehenge. There was a hanger-on at that establishment (a supernaturally-preserved Druid, I believe him to have been, and to be still), with long white hair, and a flinty blue eye always looking afar off: who claimed to have been a shepherd, and who seemed to be ever watching for the re-appearance on the verge of the horizon, of some ghostly flock of sheep that had been mutton for many ages. He was a man with a weird belief in him that no one could count the stones of Stonehenge twice, and make the same number of them; likewise, that any one who counted them three times nine times, and then stood in the centre and said "I dare!" would behold a tremendous apparition, and be stricken dead. He pre-

tended to have seen a bustard (I suspect him to have been familiar with the dodo), in manner following: He was out upon the plain at the close of a late autumn day, when he dimly discerned, going on before him at a curious fitfully bounding pace, what he at first supposed to be a gig-umbrella that had been blown from some conveyance, but what he presently believed to be a lean dwarf man upon a little pony. Having followed this object for some distance without gaining on it, and having called to it many times without receiving any answer, he pursued it for miles and miles, when, at length coming up with it, he discovered it to be the last bustard in Great Britain, degenerated into a wingless state, and running along the ground. Resolved to capture him or perish in the attempt, he closed with the bustard; but, the bustard, who had formed a counter-resolution that he should do neither, threw him, stunned him, and was last seen making off due west. This weird man at that stage of metempsychosis, may have been a sleep-walker, or an enthusiast, or a robber; but, I awoke one night to find him in the dark at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice. I paid my bill next day, and retired from the county with all possible precipitation.

That was not a common-place story which worked itself out at a little Inn in Switzerland, while I was staying there. It was a

very homely place, in a village of one narrow, zig-zag street among mountains, and you went in at the main door through the cow-house, and among the mules and the dogs and the fowls, before ascending a great bare staircase to the rooms: which were all of unpainted wood, without plastering or papering — like rough packing-cases. Outside, there was nothing but the straggling street, a little toy church with a copper-coloured steeple, a pine forest, a torrent, mists, and mountain-sides. A young man belonging to this Inn, had disappeared eight weeks before (it was winter-time), and was supposed to have had some undiscovered love affair, and to have gone for a soldier. He had got up in the night, and dropped into the village street from the loft in which he slept with another man; and he had done it so quietly, that his companion and fellow-laborer had heard no movement when he was awakened in the morning, and they said "Louis, where is Henri?" They looked for him high and low, in vain, and gave him up. Now, outside this Inn there stood, as there stood outside every dwelling in the village, a stack of firewood; but, the stack belonging to the Inn was higher than any of the rest, because the Inn was the richest house and burnt the most fuel. It began to be noticed, while they were looking high and low, that a Bantam cock, part of the livestock of the Inn, put himself

wonderfully out of his way to get to the top of this wood-stack; and that he would stay there for hours and hours, crowing, until he appeared in danger of splitting himself. Five weeks went on — six weeks — and still this terrible Bantam, neglecting his domestic affairs, was always on the top of the wood-stack, crowing the very eyes out of his head. By this time it was perceived that Louis had become inspired with a violent animosity towards the terrible Bantam, and one morning he was seen by a woman who sat nursing her goître at a little window in a gleam of sun, to catch up a rough billet of wood, with at great oath, hurl it at the terrible Bantam crowing on the wood-stack, and bring him down dead. Hereupon, the woman, with a sudden light in her mind, stole round to the back of the wood-stack, and, being a good climber, as all those women are, climbed up, and soon was seen upon the summit, screaming, looking down the hollow within, and crying, "Seize Louis, the murderer! Ring the church bell! Here is the body!" I saw the murderer that day, and I saw him as I sat by my fire at the Holly-Tree Inn, and I see him now, lying shackled with cords on the stable litter, among the mildeyes and the smoking breath of the cows, waiting to be taken away by the police, and stared at by the fearful village. A heavy animal — the dullest animal in the stables — with a stupid head,

and a lumpish face devoid of any trace of sensibility, who had been, within the knowledge of the murdered youth, an embezzler of certain small moneys belonging to his master, and who had taken this hopeful mode of putting a possible accuser out of his way. All of which he confessed next day, like a sulky wretch who couldn't be troubled any more, now that they had got hold of him and meant to make an end of him. I saw him once again, on the day of my departure from the Inn. In that Canton the headsman still does his office with a sword; and I came upon this murderer sitting bound to a chair, with his eyes bandaged, on a scaffold in a little market-place. In that instant, a great sword (loaded with quicksilver in the thick part of the blade), swept round him like a gust of wind, or fire, and there was no such creature in the world. My wonder was — not that he was so suddenly dispatched, but that any head was left unreaped, within a radius of fifty yards of that tremendous sickle.

That was a good Inn, too, with the kind, cheerful landlady and the honest landlord, where I lived in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and where one of the apartments has a zoological papering on the walls, not so accurately joined but that the elephant occasionally rejoices in a tiger's hind legs and tail; while the lion puts on a trunk and tusks; and the bear, moulting as

it were, appears as to portions of himself like a leopard. I made several American friends at that Inn, who all called Mont Blanc, Mount Blank — except one good-humored gentleman, of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it that he spoke of it familiarly as "Blank;" observing at breakfast, "Blank looks pretty tall this morning;" or considerably doubting in the court-yard in the evening, whether there warn't some go-ahead naters in our country, sir, that would make out the top of Blank in a couple of hours from first start — now!

Once, I passed a fortnight at an Inn in the North of England, where I was haunted by the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort — an abandoned fort with nothing in it; but the waiter had a fixed idea that it was a point of ceremony at every meal, to put the pie on the table. After some days, I tried to hint, in several delicate ways, that I considered the pie done with; as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it, as into a basket; putting wine-bottles into it, as into a cooler; but always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out again and brought up as before. At last, beginning to be doubtful whether I was not the victim of a spectral illusion, and whether my health and spirits might not sink under the horrors of an imaginary pie,

I cut a triangle out of it, fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Human prevision could not have foreseen the result — but the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement, he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled.

The Holly-Tree was getting rather dismal. I made an overland expedition beyond the screen, and penetrated as far as the fourth window. Here, I was driven back by stress of weather. Arrived at my winter quarters once more, I made up the fire, and took another Inn.

It was in the remotest part of Cornwall. A great annual Miners' Feast was being holden at the Inn, when I and my travelling companions presented ourselves at night among the wild crowd that were dancing before it by torchlight. We had had a breakdown in the dark, on a stony morass some miles away; and I had the honor of leading one of the unharnessed post-horses. If any lady or gentleman on perusal of the present lines, will take any very tall post-horse with his traces hanging about his legs, and will conduct him by the bearing-rein into the heart of a country dance of a hundred and fifty couples, that lady or gentleman will then, and only then, form an adequate idea of the extent to which that post-horse will tread on his conductor's toes. Over and above which, the post-

horse, finding three hundred people whirling about him, will probably rear, and also lash out with his hind legs, in a manner incompatible with dignity or self-respect on his conductor's part. With such little drawbacks on my usually impressive aspect, I appeared at this Cornish Inn, to the unutterable wonder of the Cornish Miners. It was full, and twenty times full, and nobody could be received but the post-horse — though to get rid of that noble animal was something. While my fellow-travellers and I were discussing how to pass the night and so much of the next day as must intervene before the jovial blacksmith and the jovial wheelwright would be in a condition to go out on the morass and mend the coach, an honest man stepped forth from the crowd and proposed his unlet floor of two rooms, with supper of eggs and bacon, ale and punch. We joyfully accompanied him home to the strangest of clean houses, where we were well entertained to the satisfaction of all parties. But, the novel feature of the entertainment was, that our host was a chairmaker, and that the chairs assigned to us were frames, altogether without bottoms of any sort; so that we passed the evening on perches. Nor was this the absurdest consequence; for when we unbent at supper, and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position, and instantly disap-

peared. I myself, doubled up into an attitude from which self-extrication was impossible, was taken out of my frame, like a Clown in a comic pantomime who has tumbled into a tub, five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon.

The Holly-Tree was fast reviving within me a sense of loneliness. I began to feel conscious that my subject would never carry me on until I was dug out. I might be a week here — weeks!

There was a story with a singular idea in it, connected with an Inn I once passed a night at, in a picturesque old town on the Welch border. In a large, double-bedded room of this Inn, there had been a suicide committed by poison, in one bed, while a tired traveller slept unconscious in the other. After that time, the suicide bed was never used, but the other constantly was; the disused bedstead remaining in the room empty, though as to all other respects in its old state. The story ran, that whosoever slept in this room, though never so entire a stranger, from never so far off, was invariably observed to come down in the morning with an impression that he smelt Laudanum; and that his mind always turned upon the subject of suicide; to which, whatever kind of man he might be, he was certain to make some reference if he conversed with any one. This went on for years, until it at length induced the landlord to take the disused

bedstead down, and bodily burn it — bed, hangings, and all. The strange influence (this was the story), now changed to a fainter one, but never changed afterwards. The occupant of that room, with occasional but very rare exceptions, would come down in the morning, trying to recall a forgotten dream he had had in the night. The landlord, on his mentioning his perplexity, would suggest various commonplace subjects, not one of which, as he very well knew, was the true subject. But the moment the landlord suggested "Poison," the traveller started, and cried "Yes!" He never failed to accept that suggestion, and he never recalled any more of the dream.

This reminiscence brought the Welch Inns in general, before me; with the women in their round hats, and the harpers with their white beards (venerable, but humbugs, I am afraid), playing outside the door while I took my dinner. The transition was natural to the Highland Inns, with the oatmeal bannocks, the honey, the venison steaks, the trout from the loch, the whiskey, and perhaps (having the materials so temptingly at hand) the Athol brose. Once, was I coming south from the Scottish Highlands in hot haste, hoping to change quickly at the station at the bottom of a certain wild historical glen, when these eyes did with mortification see the landlord come out with a tele-

scope and sweep the whole prospect for the horses: which horses were away picking up their own living, and did not heave in sight under four hours. Having thought of the loch-trout I was taken by quick association to the Anglers' Inns of England (I have assisted at innumerable feats of angling, by lying in the bottom of the boat, whole summer days, doing nothing with the greatest perseverance: which I have generally found to be as effectual towards the taking of fish as the finest tackle and the utmost science); and to the pleasant white, clean, flower-pot-decorated bed-rooms of those inns, overlooking the river, and the ferry, and the green ait, and the church-spire, and the country bridge; and to the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited, bless her! with a natural grace that would have converted Blue Beard. Casting my eyes upon my Holly-Tree fire, I next discerned among the glowing coals, the pictures of a score or more of those wonderful English posting-inns which we are all so sorry to have lost, which were so large and so comfortable, and which were such monuments of British submission to rapacity and extortion. He who would see these houses pining away, let him walk from Basingstoke or even Windsor to London, by way of Hounslow, and moralise on their perishing remains; the stables crumbling to dust; unsettled

laborers and wanderers bivouac-ing in the outhouses; grass growing in the yards; the rooms where erst so many hundred beds of down were made up, let off to Irish lodgers at eighteen-pence a-week; a little ill-looking beer-shop shrinking in the tap of former days, burning coach-house gates for fire-wood, having one of its two windows bunged up, as if it had received punishment in a fight with the Railroad; a low, bandy-legged, brick-making bulldog standing in the door-way. What could I next see in my fire, so naturally, as the new railway-house of these times near the dismal country station; with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing, beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall? Then, I came to the Inns of Paris, with the pretty appartement of four pieces up one hundred and seventy-five waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but your own, and the not-too-much-for-dinner, considering the price. Next, to the provincial Inns of France, with the great-church-tower rising above the courtyard, the horse-bells jingling merrily up and down the street beyond, and the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are never right, unless taken at the precise minute when by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintentionally become so. Away I went, next, to the lesser roadside Inns of Italy; where all the dirty clothes in the house (not in wear) are always lying in your ante-room; where the mosquitoes make a raisin pudding of your face in summer, and the cold bites it blue in winter; where you get what you can, and forget what you can't; where I should again like to be boiling my tea in a pocket-handkerchief dumpling, for want of a tea-pot. So, to the old palace Inns and old monastery Inns, in towns and cities of the same bright country; with their massive quadrangular stair-cases whence you may look from among clustering pillars high into the blue vault of Heaven; with their stately banqueting-rooms, and vast refectories; with their labyrinths of ghostly bed-chambers, and their glimpses into gorgeous streets that have no appearance of reality or possibility. So, to the close little Inns of the Malaria districts, with their pale attendants, and their peculiar smell of never letting in the air. So, to the immense fantastic Inns of Venice, with the cry of the gondolier below, as he skims the corner; the grip of the watery odors on one particular little bit of the bridge of your nose (which is never released while you stay there); and the great bell of St. Mark's Cathedral tolling midnight. Next, I put up for a minute at the restless Inns upon the Rhine, where your

going to bed, no matter at what hour, appears to be the tocsin for everybody else's getting up; and where, in the table d'hôte room at the end of the long table (with several Towers of Babel on it at the other end, all made of white plates), one knot of stoutish men, entirely drest in jewels and dirt, and having nothing else upon them, *will remain* all night, clinking glasses, and singing about the river that flows and the grape that grows and Rhine wine that beguiles and Rhine woman that smiles and hi drink drink my friend and ho drink drink my brother, and all the rest of it. I departed thence, as a matter of course, to other German Inns, where all the eatables are sodden down to the same flavor, and where the mind is disturbed by the apparition of hotpuddings, and boiled cherries sweet and slab, at awfully unexpected periods of the repast. After a draught of sparkling beer from a foaming glass jug, and a glance of recognition through the windows of the student beer-houses at Heidelberg and elsewhere, I put out to sea for the Inns of America, with their four hundred beds a-piece, and their eight or nine hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every day. Again, I stood in the bar-rooms thereof, taking my evening cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail. Again, I listened to my friend the General — whom I had known for five minutes, in the course of which period he had made me

intimate for life with two Majors, who again had made me intimate for life with three Colonels, who again had made me brother to twenty-two civilians — again, I say, I listened to my friend the General, leisurely expounding the resources of the establishment, as to gentlemen's morning-room, sir; ladies' morning-room, sir; gentlemen's evening-room, sir; ladies' evening-room, sir; ladies' and gentlemen's evening reuniting-room, sir; music-room, sir; reading-room, sir; over four-hundred sleeping-rooms, sir; and the entire planned and finited within twelve calendar months from the first clearing off of the old incumbrances on the plot, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, sir. Again I found, as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, the more gorgeous, and the more dollarous, the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all goodwill, to my friend the General, and my friends the Majors, Colonels, and civilians, all; full-well knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large-hearted, and great people.

I had been going on lately, at a quick pace, to keep my solitude out of my mind; but, here I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? Into what extremity was I submissive-

ly to sink? Supposing that, like Baron Trenck, I looked out for a mouse or spider, and found one, and beguiled my imprisonment by training it? Even that might be dangerous with a view to the future. I might be so far gone when the road did come to be cut through the snow, that, on my way forth, I might burst into tears, and beseech, like the prisoner who was released in his old age from the Bastille, to be taken back again to the five windows, the ten curtains, and the sinuous drapery.

A desperate idea came into my head. Under any other circumstances I should have rejected it; but, in the strait at which I was, I held it fast. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find there, as to make acquaintance, under various pretences, with some of the inmates of the house, singly — with the object of getting from each, either a whole autobiography, or a passage or experience in one, with which I could cheat the tardy time: first of all by seeking out, then by listening to, then by remembering and writing down? Could I, I asked myself, so far overcome my retiring nature as to do this. I could. I would. I did.

The results of this conception I proceed to give, in the exact order in which I attained them. I began my plan of operations at once, and, by slow approaches

and after overcoming many obstacles (all of my own making, I believe), reached the story of:

THE OSTLER.

I FIND an old man, fast asleep, in one of the stalls of the stable. It is mid-day, and rather a strange time for an ostler to devote to sleep. Something curious, too, about the man's face. A withered woe-begone face. The eyebrows painfully contracted; the mouth fast set, and drawn down at the corners; the hollow cheeks sadly, and, as I cannot help fancying, prematurely wrinkled; the scanty, grizzled hair, telling weakly its own tale of some past sorrow or suffering. How fast he draws his breath, too, for a man asleep! He is talking in his sleep.

"Wake up!" I hear him say, in a quick whisper through his fast-clenched teeth. "Wake up there! Murder! O Lord help me! Lord help me, alone in this place!"

He stops, and sighs again — moves one lean arm slowly, till it rests over his throat — shudders a little, and turns on his straw — the arm leaves his throat — the hand stretches itself out, and clutches at the side towards which he has turned, as if he fancies himself to be grasping at the edge of something. Is he waking? No — there is the whisper again; he is still talking in his sleep.

"Light grey eyes," he says now, "and a droop in the left eyelid. Yes! yes! — flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it — all right, mother — fair, white arms with a down on them — little lady's hand, with a reddish look under the finger-nails — and the knife — always the cursed knife — first on one side, then on the other. Aha! you she-devil, where's the knife? Never mind, mother — too late now. I've promised to marry, and marry I must. Murder! wake up there! for God's sake, wake up!"

At the last words his voice rises, and he grows so restless on a sudden, that I draw back quietly to the door. I see him shudder on the straw — his withered face grows distorted — he throws up both his hands with a quick, hysterical gasp; they strike against the bottom of the manger under which he lies; the blow awakens him; I have just time to slip through the door, before his eyes are fairly open and his senses are his own again.

What I have seen and heard has so startled and shocked me, that I feel my heart beating fast, as I softly and quickly retrace my steps across the inn-yard. The discomposure that is going on within me, apparently shows itself in my face; for, as I get back to the covered way leading to the Inn stairs, the landlord, who is just coming out of the house to ring some bell in the yard, stops astonished, and asks what is the matter with me?

I tell him what I have just seen.

"Aha!" says the landlord, with an air of relief. "I understand now. Poor old chap! He was only dreaming his old dream over again. There's the queerest story — of a dreadful kind, too, mind you — connected with him and his dream, that ever was told."

I entreat the landlord to tell me the story. After a little hesitation, he complies with my request.

Some years ago, there lived in the suburbs of a large sea-port town, on the west coast of England, a man in humble circumstances, by name Isaac Scatchard. His means of subsistence were derived from any employment that he could get, as an ostler; and, occasionally, when times went well with him, from temporary engagements in service, as stable-helper in private houses. Though a faithful, steady, and honest man, he got on badly in his calling. His ill-luck was proverbial among his neighbours. He was always missing good opportunities, by no fault of his own; and always living longest in service with amiable people who were not punctual payers of wages. "Unlucky Isaac" was his nickname in his own neighbourhood — and no one could say that he did not richly deserve it.

With far more than one man's fair share of adversity to endure,

Isaac had but one consolation to support him — and that was of the dreariest and most negative kind. He had no wife and children to increase his anxieties and add to the bitterness of his various failures in life. It might have been from mere insensibility, or it might have been from generous unwillingness to involve another in his own unlucky destiny — but the fact undoubtedly was, that he arrived at the middle term of life without marrying; and, what is much more remarkable, without once exposing himself, from eighteen to eight and thirty, to the genial imputation of ever having had a sweetheart. When he was out of service, he lived alone with his widowed mother. Mrs. Scatchard was a woman above the average in her lowly station, as to capacities and manners. She had seen better days, as the phrase is; but she never referred to them in the presence of curious visitors; and, though perfectly polite to every one who approached her, never cultivated any intimacies among her neighbours. She contrived to provide, hardly enough, for her simple wants, by doing rough work for the tailors; and always managed to keep a decent home for her son to return to, whenever his ill-luck drove him out helpless into the world.

One bleak autumn, when Isaac was getting on fast towards forty, and when he was, as usual, out of place, through no fault of his own, he set forth from his

mother's cottage on a long walk inland to a gentleman's seat, where he had heard that a stable-helper was required. It wanted then but two days of his birthday; and Mrs. Scatchard, with her usual fondness, made him promise, before he started, that he would be back in time to keep that anniversary with her, in as festive a way as their poor means would allow. It was easy for him to comply with this request, even supposing he slept a night each way on the road. He was to start from home on Monday morning; and, whether he got the new place or not, he was to be back for his birth-day dinner on Wednesday at two o'clock.

Arriving at his destination too late on the Monday night to make application for the stable-helper's place, he slept at the village-inn, and, in good time on the Tuesday morning, presented himself at the gentleman's house, to fill the vacant situation. Here, again, his ill-luck pursued him as inexorably as ever. The excellent written testimonials, as to character, which he was able to produce, availed him nothing; his long walk had been taken in vain — only the day before, the stable-helper's place had been given to another man.

Isaac accepted this new disappointment resignedly, and as a matter of course. Naturally slow in capacity, he had the bluntness of sensibility and phlegmatic patience of disposition which frequently distinguish men

with sluggishly-working mental powers. He thanked the gentleman's steward, with his usual quiet civility, for granting him an interview, and took his departure with no appearance of unusual depression in his face or manner. Before starting on his homeward walk, he made some enquiries at the inn, and ascertained that he might save a few miles, on his return, by following a new road. Furnished with full instructions, several times repeated, as to the various turnings he was to take, he set forth for his homeward journey, and walked on all day with only one stoppage for bread and cheese. Just as it was getting towards dark, the rain came on and the wind began to rise; and he found himself, to make matters worse, in a part of the country with which he was entirely unacquainted, though he knew himself to be some fifteen miles from home. The first house he found to inquire at was a lonely road-side inn, standing on the outskirts of a thick wood. Solitary as the place looked, it was welcome to a lost man who was also hungry, thirsty, footsore, and wet. The landlord was a civil, respectable-looking man; and the price he asked for a bed was reasonable enough. Isaac, therefore, decided on stopping comfortably at the inn for that night.

He was constitutionally a temperate man. His supper simply consisted of two rashers of

bacon, a slice of home-made bread, and a pint of ale. He did not go to bed immediately after this moderate meal, but sat up with the landlord talking about his bad prospects and his long run of ill-luck, and diverging from these topics to the subject of horse-flesh and racing. Nothing was said either by himself, his host, or the few labourers who strayed into the tap-room, which could, in the slightest degree, excite the very small and very dull imaginative faculty which Isaac Scatchard possessed.

At a little after eleven the house was closed. Isaac went round with the landlord and held the candle while the doors and lower-windows were being secured. He noticed with surprise the strength of the bolts, bars, and iron-sheathed shutters.

"You see, we are rather lonely here," said the landlord. "We never have had any attempts made to break in yet, but it's always as well to be on the safe side. When nobody is sleeping here, I am the only man in the house. My wife and daughter are timid, and the servant-girl takes after her missuses. Another glass of ale, before you turn in? — No! — Well, how such a sober man as you comes to be out of place is more than I can make out, for one. — Here's where you're to sleep. You're our only lodger to-night, and I think you'll say my missus has done her best to make you comfortable. You're quite sure you

won't have another glass of ale?
— Very well. Good night."

It was half-past eleven by the clock in the passage as they went up-stairs to the bed-room, the window of which looked on to the wood at the back of the house. Isaac locked the door, set his candle on the chest of drawers, and wearily got ready for bed. The bleak autumn wind was still blowing, and the solemn, monotonous, surging moan of it in the wood was dreary and awful to hear through the night-silence. Isaac felt strangely wakeful, and resolved, as he lay down in bed, to keep the candle a-light until he began to grow sleepy; for there was something unendurably depressing in the bare idea of lying awake in the darkness, listening to the dismal, ceaseless moaning of the wind in the wood.

Sleep stole on him before he was aware of it. His eyes closed, and he fell off insensibly to rest, without having so much as thought of extinguishing the candle.

The first sensation of which he was conscious after sinking into slumber, was a strange shivering that ran through him suddenly from head to foot, and a dreadful sinking pain at the heart, such as he had never felt before. The shivering only disturbed his slumbers — the pain woke him instantly. In one moment he passed from a state of sleep to a state of wakefulness — his eyes wide open — his mental percep-

tions cleared on a sudden as if by a miracle.

The candle had burnt down nearly to the last morsel of tallow; but the top of the un-snuffed wick had just fallen off, and the light in the little room was, for the moment, fair and full. Between the foot of his bed and the closed door there stood a woman with a knife in her hand, looking at him. He was stricken speechless with terror, but he did not lose the preternatural clearness of his faculties; and he never took his eyes off the woman. She said not one word as they stared each other in the face; but she began to move slowly towards the left-hand side of the bed.

His eyes followed her. She was a fair, fine woman, with yellowish flaxen hair, and light grey eyes, with a droop in the left eye-lid. He noticed those things and fixed them on his mind, before she was round at the side of the bed. Speechless, with no expression in her face, with no noise following her foot-fall, — she came closer and closer — stopped — and slowly raised the knife. He laid his right arm over his throat to save it; but, as he saw the knife coming down, threw his hand across the bed to the right side, and jerked his body over that way, just as the knife descended on the mattress within an inch of his shoulder.

His eyes fixed on her arm and hand, as she slowly drew the knife out of the bed. A white,

well-shaped arm, with a pretty down lying lightly over the fair skin. A delicate, lady's hand, with the crowning beauty of a pink flush under and round the finger-nails.

She drew the knife out, and passed back again slowly to the foot of the bed; stopped there for a moment looking at him; then came on — still speechless, still with no expression on the blank, beautiful face, still with no sound following the stealthy footfalls — came on to the right side of the bed where he now lay. As she approached, she raised the knife again, and he drew himself away to the left side. She struck, as before, right into the mattress, with a deliberate, perpendicularly-downward action of the arm. This time his eyes wandered from her to the knife. It was like the large clasp knives which he had often seen labouring men use to cut their bread and bacon with. Her delicate little fingers did not conceal more than two thirds of the handle; he noticed that it was made of buck-horn, clean and shining as the blade was, and looking like new.

For the second time she drew the knife out, concealed it in the wide sleeve of her gown, then stopped by the bedside, watching him. For an instant he saw her standing in that position — then the wick of the spent candle fell over into the socket. The flame diminished to a little blue point, and the room grew dark. A mo-

ment, or less, if possible, passed so — and then the wick flamed up, smokily, for the last time. His eyes were still looking eagerly over the right-hand side of the bed when the final flash of light came, but they discerned nothing. The fair woman with the knife was gone.

The conviction that he was alone again, weakened the hold of the terror that had struck him dumb up to this time. The preternatural sharpness which the very intensity of his panic had mysteriously imparted to his faculties, left them suddenly. His brain grew confused — his heart beat wildly — his ears opened for the first time since the appearance of the woman, to a sense of the woful, ceaseless moaning of the wind among the trees. With the dreadful conviction of the reality of what he had seen, still strong within him, he leapt out of bed, and screaming — "Murder! — Wake up, there, wake up!" — dashed headlong through the darkness to the door.

It was fast locked, exactly as he had left it on going to bed.

His cries on starting up, had alarmed the house. He heard the terrified, confused, exclamations of women; he saw the master of the house approaching along the passage, with his burning rush-candle in one hand and his gun in the other.

"What is it?" asked the landlord, breathlessly.

Isaac could only answer in a whisper: "A woman, with a knife

in her hand," he gasped out. "In my room — a fair, yellow-haired woman; she jobbed at me with the knife, twice over."

The landlord's pale cheeks grew paler. He looked at Isaac eagerly by the flickering light of his candle; and his face began to get red again — his voice altered, too, as well as his complexion.

"She seems to have missed you twice," he said.

"I dodged the knife as it came down," Isaac went on, in the same scared whisper. "It struck the bed each time."

The landlord took his candle into the bedroom immediately. In less than a minute he came out again into the passage in a violent passion.

"The devil fly away with you and your woman with the knife! What do you mean by coming into a man's place and frightening his family out of their wits about a dream?"

"I'll leave your house," said Isaac, faintly. "Better out on the road, in rain and dark, on my way home, than back again in that room after what I've seen in it. Lend me a light to get on my clothes by, and tell me what I'm to pay."

"Pay!" cried the landlord, leading the way with his light sulkily into the bedroom. "You'll find your score on the slate when you go down stairs. I wouldn't have taken you in for all the money you've got about you, if I'd known your dreaming,

screeching ways beforehand. Look at the bed. Where's the cut of a knife in it? Look at the window — is the lock bursted? Look at the door (which I heard you fasten myself) — is it broke in? A murdering woman with a knife in my house! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Isaac answered not a word. He huddled on his clothes; and then they went down stairs together.

"Nigh on twenty minutes past two!" said the landlord, as they passed the clock. "A nice time in the morning to frighten honest people out of their wits!"

Isaac paid his bill, and the landlord let him out at the front door, asking, with a grin of contempt, as he undid the strong fastenings, whether "the murdering woman got in that way?" They parted without a word on either side. The rain had ceased; but the night was dark, and the wind bleaker than ever. Little did the darkness, or the cold, or the uncertainty about his way home, matter to Isaac. If he had been turned out into a wilderness in a thunder-storm, it would have been a relief, after what he had suffered in the bedroom of the inn.

What was the fair woman with the knife? The creature of a dream, or that other creature from the unknown world called among men by the name of ghost? He could make nothing of the mystery — had made nothing of it, even when it was mid-

day on Wednesday, and when he stood, at last, after many times missing his road, once more on the doorstep of home.

His mother came out eagerly to receive him. His face told her in a moment that something was wrong.

"I've lost the place; but that's my luck. I dreamed an ill dream last night, mother — or, may be, I saw a ghost. Take it either way, it scared me out of my senses, and I'm not my own man again yet."

"Isaac! your face frightens me. Come in to the fire. Come in, and tell mother all about it."

He was as anxious to tell as she was to hear; for it had been his hope, all the way home, that his mother, with her quicker capacity and superior knowledge, might be able to throw some light on the mystery which he could not clear up for himself. His memory of the dream was still mechanically vivid, though his thoughts were entirely confused by it.

His mother's face grew paler and paler as he went on. She never interrupted him by so much as a single word; but when he had done, she moved her chair close to his, put her arm round his neck, and said to him:

"Isaac, you dreamed your ill dream on this Wednesday morning. What time was it when you saw the fair woman with the knife in her hand?"

Isaac reflected on what the landlord had said when they

passed by the clock on his leaving the inn — allowed as nearly as he could for the time that must have elapsed between the unlocking of his bedroom door and the paying of his bill just before going away, and answered:

"Somewhere about two o'clock in the morning."

His mother suddenly quitted her hold of his neck, and struck her hands together with a gesture of despair.

"This Wednesday is your birthday Isaac; and two o'clock in the morning was the time when you were born!"

Isaac's capacities were not quick enough to catch the infection of his mother's superstitious dread. He was amazed and a little startled also, when she suddenly rose from her chair, opened her old writing-desk, took out pen and ink and paper, and then said to him:

"Your memory is but a poor one, Isaac, and now I'm an old woman, mine's not much better. I want all about this dream of yours to be as well known to both of us, years hence, as it is now. Tell me over again all you told me a minute ago, when you spoke of what the woman with the knife looked like."

Isaac obeyed, and marvelled much as he saw his mother carefully set down on paper the very words that he was saying. "Light grey eyes," she wrote, as they came to the descriptive part, "with a droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair, with a gold-yellow

streak in it. White arms, with a down on them. Little lady's hand, with a reddish look about the finger-nails. Clasp knife with a buck-horn handle, that seemed as good as new." To these particulars, Mrs. Scatchard added the year, month, day of the week, and time in the morning, when the woman of the dream appeared to her son. She then locked up the paper carefully in her writing-desk.

Neither on that day, nor on any day after, could her son induce her to return to the matter of the dream. She obstinately kept her thoughts about it to herself, and even refused to refer again to the paper in her writing-desk. Ere long, Isaac grew weary of attempting to make her break her resolute silence; and time, which sooner or later, wears out all things, gradually wore out the impression produced on him by the dream. He began by thinking of it carelessly, and he ended by not thinking of it at all. This result was the more easily brought about by the advent of some important changes for the better in his prospects, which commenced not long after his terrible night's experience at the inn. He reaped at last the reward of his long and patient suffering under adversity, by getting an excellent place, keeping it for seven years, and leaving it, on the death of his master, not only with an excellent character, but also with a comfortable annuity bequeathed to him as a reward

for saving his mistress's life in a carriage accident. Thus it happened that Isaac Scatchard returned to his old mother, seven years after the time of the dream at the inn, with an annual sum of money at his disposal, sufficient to keep them both in ease and independence for the rest of their lives.

The mother, whose health had been bad of late years, profited so much by the care bestowed on her and by freedom from money anxieties, that when Isaac's next birthday came round, she was able to sit up comfortably at table and dine with him.

On that day, as the evening drew on, Mrs. Scatchard discovered that a bottle of tonic medicine — which she was accustomed to take, and in which she had fancied that a dose or more was still left — happened to be empty. Isaac immediately volunteered to go to the chemist's, and get it filled again. It was as rainy and bleak an autumn night as on the memorable past occasion when he lost his way and slept at the roadside inn.

On going into the chemist's shop, he was passed hurriedly by a poorly-dressed woman coming out of it. The glimpse he had of her face struck him, and he looked back after her as she descended the door-steps.

"You're noticing that woman?" said the chemist's apprentice behind the counter. "It's my opinion there's something wrong with her. She's been asking for lau-

danum to put to a bad tooth. Master's out for half an hour; and I told her I wasn't allowed to sell poison to strangers in his absence. She laughed in a queer way, and said she would come back in half an hour. If she expects master to serve her, I think she'll be disappointed. It's a case of suicide, sir, if ever there was one yet."

These words added immeasurably to the sudden interest in the woman which Isaac had felt at the first sight of her face. After he had got the medicine-bottle filled, he looked about anxiously for her, as soon as he was out in the street. She was walking slowly up and down on the opposite side of the road. With his heart, very much to his own surprise, beating fast, Isaac crossed over and spoke to her.

He asked if she was in any distress. She pointed to her torn shawl, her scanty dress, her crushed, dirty bonnet — then moved under a lamp so as to let light fall on her stern, pale, but still most beautiful face.

"I look like a comfortable, happy woman — don't I?" she said with a bitter laugh.

She spoke with a purity of intonation which Isaac had never heard before from other than ladies' lips. Her slightest actions seemed to have the easy negligent grace of a thorough-bred woman. Her skin, for all its poverty-stricken paleness, was as delicate as if her life had been passed in the enjoyment of every

social comfort that wealth can purchase. Even her small, finely-shaped hands, gloveless as they were, had not lost their whiteness.

Little by little, in answer to his question, the sad story of the woman came out. There is no need to relate it here; it is told over and over again in Police Reports and paragraphs about Attempted Suicides.

"My name is Rebecca Murdoch," said the woman, as she ended. "I have ninepence left, and I thought of spending it at the chemist's over the way in securing a passage to the other world. Whatever it is, it can't be worse to me than this — so why should I stop here?"

Besides the natural compassion and sadness moved in his heart by what he heard, Isaac felt within him some mysterious influence at work all the time the woman was speaking, which utterly confused his ideas and almost deprived him of his powers of speech. All that he could say in answer to her last reckless words was, that he would prevent her from attempting her own life, if he followed her about all night to do it. His rough, trembling earnestness seemed to impress her.

"I won't occasion you that trouble," she answered, when he repeated his threat. "You have given me a fancy for living by speaking kindly to me. No need for the mockery of protestations and promises. You may

believe me without them. Come to Fuller's Meadow to-morrow at twelve, and you will find me alive, to answer for myself. No! — no money. My ninepence will do to get me as good a night's lodging as I want."

She nodded and left him. He made no attempt to follow — he felt no suspicion that she was deceiving him.

"It's strange, but I can't help believing her," he said to himself — and walked away, bewildered, towards home.

On entering the house his mind was still so completely absorbed by its new subject of interest, that he took no notice of what his mother was doing when he came in with the bottle of medicine. She had opened her old writing-desk in his absence, and was now reading a paper attentively that lay inside it. On every birthday of Isaac's since she had written down the particulars of his dream from his own lips, she had been accustomed to read that same paper, and ponder over it in private.

The next day he went to Fuller's Meadow. He had done only right in believing her so implicitly — she was there, punctual to a minute, to answer for herself. The last-left faint defences in Isaac's heart against the fascination which a word or look from her began inscrutably to exercise over him, sank down and vanished before her for ever on that memorable morning.

When a man, previously insen-

sible to the influence of women, forms an attachment in middle life, the instances are rare indeed, let the warning circumstances be what they may, in which he is found capable of freeing himself from the tyranny of the new ruling passion. The charm of being spoken to familiarly, fondly, and gratefully by a woman whose language and manners still retained enough of their early refinement to hint at the high social station that she had lost, would have been a dangerous luxury to a man of Isaac's rank at the age of twenty. But it was far more than that — it was certain ruin to him — now that his heart was opening unworthily to a new influence, at that middle time of life when strong feelings of all kinds, once implanted, strike root most stubbornly in a man's moral nature. A few more stolen interviews after that first morning in Fuller's Meadow completed his infatuation. In less than a month from the time when he first met her, Isaac Scatchard had consented to give Rebecca Murdoch a new interest in existence, and a chance of recovering the character she had lost, by promising to make her his wife.

She had taken possession, not of his passions only, but of his faculties as well. All arrangements for the present and all plans for the future were of her devising. All the mind he had he put into her keeping. She directed him on every point; even

instructing him how to break the news of his approaching marriage in the safest manner to his mother.

"If you tell her how you met me and who I am at first," said the cunning woman, "she will move heaven and earth to prevent our marriage. Say I am the sister of one of your fellow-servants — ask her to see me before you go into any more particulars — and leave it to me to do the rest. I want to make her love me next best to you, Isaac, before she knows anything of who I really am."

The motive of the deceit was sufficient to sanctify it to Isaac. The stratagem proposed relieved him of his one great anxiety, and quieted his uneasy conscience on the subject of his mother. Still, there was something wanting to perfect his happiness, something that he could not realise, something mysteriously untraceable, and yet, something that perpetually made itself felt; not when he was absent from Rebecca Murdoch, but, strange to say, when he was actually in her presence! She was kindness itself with him; she never made him feel his inferior capacities, and inferior manners, — she showed the sweetest anxiety to please him in the smallest trifles; but, in spite of all these attractions, he never could feel quite at his ease with her. At their first meeting, there had mingled with his admiration when he looked in her face, a faint involuntary feeling of doubt

whether that face was entirely strange to him. No after familiarity had the slightest effect on this inexplicable, wearisome uncertainty.

Concealing the truth as he had been directed, he announced his marriage engagement precipitately and confusedly to his mother, on the day when he contracted it. Poor Mrs. Scatchard showed her perfect confidence in her son by flinging her arms round his neck, and giving him joy of having found at last, in the sister of one of his fellow-servants, a woman to comfort and care for him after his mother was gone. She was all eagerness to see the woman of her son's choice; and the next day was fixed for the introduction.

It was a bright sunny morning, and the little cottage parlour was full of light, as Mrs. Scatchard, happy and expectant, dressed for the occasion in her Sunday gown, sat waiting for her son and her future daughter-in-law. Punctual to the appointed time, Isaac hurriedly and nervously led his promised wife into the room. His mother rose to receive her — advanced a few steps, smiling — looked Rebecca full in the eyes — and suddenly stopped. Her face, which had been flushed the moment before, turned white in an instant — her eyes lost their expression of softness and kindness, and assumed a blank look of terror — her outstretched hands fell to her sides, and she

staggered back a few steps with a low cry to her son.

"Isaac!" she whispered, clutching him fast by the arm, when he asked alarmedly if she was taken ill. "Isaac! Does that woman's face remind you of nothing?"

Before he could answer; before he could look round to where Rebecca, astonished and angered by her reception, stood, at the lower end of the room; his mother pointed impatiently to her writing-desk, and gave him the key.

"Open it," she said, in a quick, breathless whisper.

"What does this mean? Why am I treated as if I had no business here? Does your mother want to insult me?" asked Rebecca, angrily.

"Open it, and give me the paper in the left-hand drawer. Quick! quick, for Heaven's sake!" said Mrs. Scatchard, shrinking further back in terror. Isaac gave her the paper. She looked it over eagerly for a moment — then followed Rebecca, who was now turning away haughtily to leave the room, and caught her by the shoulder — abruptly raised the long, loose sleeve of her gown, and glanced at her hand and arm. Something like fear began to steal over the angry expression of Rebecca's face as she shook herself free from the old woman's grasp. "Mad!" she said to herself; "and Isaac never told me." With these few words she left the room.

Isaac was hastening after her when his mother turned and stopped his further progress. It wrung his heart to see the misery and terror in her face as she looked at him.

"Light grey eyes," she said, in low, mournful, awe-struck tones, pointing towards the open door. "A droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it. White arms with a down on them. Little, lady's hand, with a reddish look under the finger-nails. *The woman of the dream!* — Oh, Heaven! Isaac, the woman of the dream!"

That faint cleaving doubt which he had never been able to shake off in Rebecca Murdoch's presence, was fatally set at rest for ever. He *had* seen her face, then, before — seven years before, on his birthday, in the bedroom of the lonely inn. "The woman of the dream!"

"Be warned, Oh, my son! be warned! Isaac! Isaac! let her go, and do you stop with me!"

Something darkened the parlour window, as those words were said. A sudden chill ran through him; and he glanced sidelong at the shadow. Rebecca Murdoch had come back. She was peering in curiously at them over the low window blind.

"I have promised to marry, mother," he said, "and marry I must."

The tears came into his eyes as he spoke, and dimmed his sight; but he could just discern

the fatal face outside moving away again from the window.

His mother's head sank lower.

"Are you faint?" he whispered.

"Broken-hearted, Isaac."

He stooped down and kissed her. The shadow, as he did so, returned to the window; and the fatal face peered in curiously once more.

Three weeks after that day, Isaac and Rebecca were man and wife. All that was hopelessly dogged and stubborn in the man's moral nature, seemed to have closed round his fatal passion, and to have fixed it unsailably in his heart.

After that first interview in the cottage parlour, no consideration would induce Mrs. Scatchard to see her son's wife again, or even to talk of her when Isaac tried hard to plead her cause after their marriage. This course of conduct was not in any degree occasioned by a discovery of the degradation in which Rebecca had lived. There was no question of that between mother and son. There was no question of anything but the fearfully exact resemblance between the living breathing woman and the spectre woman of Isaac's dream. Rebecca, on her side, neither felt nor expressed the slightest sorrow at the estrangement between herself and her mother-in-law. Isaac, for the sake of peace, had never contradicted her first idea that age and long illness had affected Mrs. Scatchard's mind. He even allowed his wife to up-

braid him for not having confessed this to her at the time of their marriage engagement, rather than risk anything by hinting at the truth. The sacrifice of his integrity before his one all-mastering delusion, seemed but a small thing, and cost his conscience but little, after the sacrifices he had already made.

The time of waking from his delusion — the cruel and the rueful time — was not far off. After some quiet months of married life, as the summer was ending, and the year was getting on towards the month of his birthday, Isaac found his wife altering towards him. She grew sullen and contemptuous — she formed acquaintances of the most dangerous kind, in defiance of his objections, his entreaties, and his commands, — and, worst of all, she learnt, ere long, after every fresh difference with her husband, to seek the deadly self-oblivion of drink. Little by little, after the first miserable discovery that his wife was keeping company with drunkards, the shocking certainty forced itself on Isaac that she had grown to be a drunkard herself.

He had been in a sadly desponding state for some time before the occurrence of these domestic calamities. His mother's health, as he could but too plainly discern every time he went to see her at the cottage, was failing fast; and he upbraided himself in secret as the cause of the bodily and mental suffering she

endured. When, to his remorse on his mother's account, was added the shame and misery occasioned by the discovery of his wife's degradation, he sank under the double trial — his face began to alter fast, and he looked what he was, a spirit-broken man. His mother, still struggling bravely against the illness that was hurrying her to the grave, was the first to notice the sad alteration in him, and the first to hear of his last bitterest trouble with his wife. She could only weep bitterly, on the day when he made his humiliating confession; but on the next occasion when he went to see her, she had taken a resolution, in reference to his domestic afflictions, which astonished, and even alarmed him. He found her dressed to go out, and on asking the reason, received this answer:

"I am not long for this world, Isaac," said she; "and I shall not feel easy on my death-bed, unless I have done my best to the last, to make my son happy. I mean to put my own fears and my own feelings out of the question, and to go with you to your wife, and try what I can do to reclaim her. Give me your arm, Isaac; and let me do the last thing I can in this world to help my son before it is too late."

He could not disobey her: and they walked together slowly towards his miserable home. It was only one o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the cottage where he lived. It was their

dinner hour, and Rebecca was in the kitchen. He was thus able to take his mother quietly into the parlour, and then prepare his wife for the interview. She had fortunately drank but little at that early hour, and she was less sullen and capricious than usual. He returned to his mother, with his mind tolerably at ease. His wife soon followed him into the parlour, and the meeting between her and Mrs. Scatchard passed off better than he had ventured to anticipate: though he observed, with secret apprehension, that his mother, resolutely as she controlled herself in other respects, could not look his wife in the face when she spoke to her. It was a relief to him, therefore, when Rebecca began to lay the cloth.

She laid the cloth — brought in the bread-tray, and cut a slice from the loaf for her husband — then returned to the kitchen. At that moment, Isaac, still anxiously watching his mother, was startled by seeing the same ghastly change pass over her face, which had altered it so awfully on the morning when Rebecca and she first met. Before he could say a word she whispered with a look of horror: —

"Take me back! — home, home, again, Isaac! Come with me, and never come back again."

He was afraid to ask for an explanation, — he could only sign to her to be silent, and help her quickly to the door. As they passed the bread-tray on the

table she stopped and pointed to it.

"Did you see what your wife cut your bread with?" she asked, in a low, still whisper.

"No, mother, — I was not noticing — what was it?"

"Look!"

He did look. A new clasp-knife, with a buck-horn handle lay with the loaf in the bread-tray. He stretched out his hand, shudderingly, to possess himself of it; but, at the same time, there was a noise in the kitchen, and his mother caught at his arm.

"The knife of the dream! — Isaac, I'm faint with fear — take me away! before she comes back!"

He was hardly able to support her — the visible, tangible reality of the knife struck him with a panic, and utterly destroyed any faint doubts that he might have entertained up to this time, in relation to the mysterious dream-warning of nearly eight years before. By a last desperate effort, he summoned self-possession enough to help his mother quietly out of the house, — so quietly, that the "dream-woman" (he thought of her by that name, now!) did not hear them departing, from the kitchen.

"Don't go back, Isaac, — don't go back!" implored Mrs. Scatchard, as he turned to go away, after seeing her safely seated again in her own room.

"I must get the knife," he answered, under his breath. She tried to stop him again; but he

hurried out without another word.

On his return, he found that his wife had discovered their secret departure from the house. She had been drinking, and was in a fury of passion. The dinner in the kitchen was flung under the grate; the cloth was off the parlour-table. Where was the knife? Unwisely, he asked for it. She was only too glad of the opportunity of irritating him, which the request afforded her. "He wanted the knife, did he? Could he give her a reason why? — No! — Then he should not have it, — not if he went down on his knees to ask for it." Further recriminations elicited the fact that she had bought it a bargain — and that she considered it her own especial property. Isaac saw the uselessness of attempting to get the knife by fair means, and determined to search for it, later in the day, in secret. The search was unsuccessful. Night came on, and he left the house to walk about the streets. He was afraid now to sleep in the same room with her.

Three weeks passed. Still sullenly enraged with him, she would not give up the knife; and still that fear of sleeping in the same room with her, possessed him. He walked about at night, or dozed in the parlour, or sat watching by his mother's bedside. Before the expiration of the first week in the new month his mother died. It wanted then but ten days of her son's birth-

day. She had longed to live till that anniversary. Isaac was present at her death; and her last words in this world were addressed to him: "Don't go back, my son, don't go back!"

He was obliged to go back, if it were only to watch his wife. Exasperated to the last degree by his distrust of her, she had revengefully sought to add a sting to his grief, during the last days of his mother's illness, by declaring that she would assert her right to attend the funeral. In spite of all that he could do, or say, she held with wicked pertinacity to her word; and, on the day appointed for the burial, forced herself — inflamed and shameless with drink — into her husband's presence, and declared that she would walk in the funeral procession to his mother's grave.

This last worst outrage, accompanied by all that was most insulting in word and look, maddened him for the moment. He struck her. The instant the blow was dealt, he repented it. She crouched down, silent in a corner of the room, and eyed him steadily; it was a look that cooled his hot blood, and made him tremble. But there was no time now to think of a means of making atonement. Nothing remained, but to risk the worst till the funeral was over. There was but one way of making sure of her. He locked her into her bed-room.

When he came back some

hours after, he found her sitting, very much altered in look and bearing, by the bedside, with a bundle on her lap. She rose, and faced him quietly, and spoke with a strange stillness in her voice, a strange repose in her eyes, a strange composure in her manner.

"No man has ever struck me twice," she said, "and my husband shall have no second opportunity. Set the door open and let me go. From this day forth we see each other no more."

Before he could answer she passed him, and left the room. He saw her walk away up the street.

Would she return? All that night he watched and waited; but no footstep came near the house. The next night, overpowered by fatigue, he lay down in bed, in his clothes, with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning. His slumber was not disturbed. The third night, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, passed, and nothing happened. He lay down on the seventh, still in his clothes, still with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning; but easier in his mind.

Easier in his mind, and in perfect health of body, when he fell off to sleep. But his rest was disturbed. He woke twice, without any sensation of uneasiness. But the third time it was that never-to-be-forgotten shivering of the night at the lonely inn,

that dreadful sinking pain at the heart, which once more aroused him in an instant.

His eyes opened towards the left hand side of the bed, and there stood — The woman of the dream, again? — No! His wife; the living reality, with the dream-spectre's face — in the dream-spectre's attitude; the fair arm up — the knife clasped in the delicate, white hand.

He sprang upon her, almost at the instant of seeing her, and yet not quickly enough to prevent her from hiding the knife. Without a word from him — without a cry from her — he pinioned her in a chair. With one hand he felt up her sleeve — and, there, where the dream-woman had hidden the knife, she had hidden it, — the knife with the buck-horn handle, that looked like new.

In the despair of that fearful moment his brain was steady, his heart was calm. He looked at her fixedly, with the knife in his hand, and said these last words:

"You told me we should see each other no more, and you have come back. It is my turn, now, to go, and to go for ever. *I* say that we shall see each other no more; and *my* word shall not be broken."

He left her, and set forth into the night. There was a bleak wind abroad, and the smell of recent rain was in the air. The distant church-clocks chimed the quarter as he walked rapidly

beyond the last houses in the suburb. He asked the first policeman he met, what hour that was, of which the quarter past had just struck.

The man referred sleepily to his watch, and answered: "Two o'clock." Two in the morning. What day of the month was this day that had just begun? He reckoned it up from the date of his mother's funeral. The fatal parallel was complete — it was his birthday!

Had he escaped the mortal peril which his dream foretold? or had he only received a second warning? As that ominous doubt forced itself on his mind, he stopped, reflected, and turned back again towards the city. He was still resolute to hold to his word, and never to let her see him more; but there was a thought now in his mind of having her watched and followed. The knife was in his possession — the world was before him; but a new distrust of her — a vague, unspeakable, superstitious dread — had overcome him.

"I must know where she goes, now she thinks I have left her," he said to himself, as he stole back wearily to the precincts of his house.

It was still dark. He had left the candle burning in the bed-chamber: but when he looked up at the window of the room now, there was no light in it. He crept cautiously to the house-door. On going away, he remem-

bered to have closed it: on trying it now, he found it open.

He waited outside, never losing sight of the house, till daylight. Then he ventured in-doors — listened, and heard nothing — looked into kitchen, scullery, parlour; and found nothing: went up, at last, into the bedroom — it was empty. A pick-lock lay on the floor, betraying how she had gained entrance in the night; and that was the only trace of her.

Whither had she gone? That no mortal tongue could tell him. The darkness had covered her flight; and when the day broke, no man could say where the light found her.

Before leaving the house and the town for ever, he gave instructions to a friend and neighbour to sell his furniture for anything that it would fetch, and apply the proceeds to employing the police to trace her. The directions were honestly followed, and the money was all spent; but the enquiries led to nothing. The pick-lock on the bedroom floor remained the one last useless trace of her.

At this point of the narrative the landlord paused, and looked towards the stable-door.

“So far,” he said, “I tell you what was told to me. The little that remains to be added lies within my own experience. Between two and three months after the events I have just been relating, Isaac Scatchard came to me, withered and old-looking

before his time, just as you saw him to-day. He had his testimonials to character with him, and he asked for employment here. I gave him a trial, and liked him in spite of his queer habits. He is as sober, honest, and willing a man as there is in England. As for his restlessness at night, and his sleeping away his leisure time in the day, who can wonder at it after hearing his story? Besides, he never objects to being roused up, when he’s wanted, so there’s not much inconvenience to complain of, after all.”

“I suppose he is afraid of waking out of that dreadful dream in the dark?” said I.

“No,” returned the landlord. “The dream comes back to him so often, that he has got to bear with it by this time resignedly enough. It’s his wife keeps him waking at night, as he has often told me.”

“What! Has she never been heard of yet?”

“Never. Isaac himself has the one perpetual thought about her, that she is alive and looking for him. I believe he wouldn’t let himself drop off to sleep towards two in the morning for a king’s ransom. Two in the morning, he says, is the time when she will find him, one of these days. Two in the morning is the time all the year round, when he likes to be most certain that he has got that clasp-knife safe about him. He does not mind being alone, as long as he is awake, except on the night before his birthday,

when he firmly believes himself to be in peril of his life. The birthday has only come round once since he has been here; and then he sat up, along with the night-porter. 'She's looking for me,' he always says, when I speak to him on the one theme of his life; 'she's looking for me.' He may be right. She *may* be looking for him. Who can tell?"

"Who can tell!" said I.

THE BOOTS.

WHERE had he been in his time? he repeated when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most.

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in *his* way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen, than what he had. Ah! A deal, it would.

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momentarily name what was the curiousest thing he had seen — unless it was a Unicorn — and he see *him* once, at a Fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight year old, was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start?

Certainly? Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on — and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in — and they was so little that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven mile from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he didn't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say my name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about Young May Moons is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the summer-

time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family.—Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then begun cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but, really it was pretty to see them two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a Lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un."

"Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our Head Gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes, they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the Prince, and the Dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes, he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once, he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head - foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it, if she hadn't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he didn't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present Mid-

summer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I haven't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers, for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs — Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing. "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "— wasn't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us. — Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good

deal with such a sum of money as that. Couldn't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human nature."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then and he wanted change. That's what he wanted — change. Mr. Walmers, he said, to him when he give him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anythink to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anythink to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortun." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you

may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling—that he hadn't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapt up in him. What does that Infant do—for Infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel;—much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir, to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So, Boots goes upstairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in your height and

figure. What's the object of your journey, sir? — Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank you, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. Did you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush — seemingly, a doll's. The gentleman had got about half-a-dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper — folded up surprising small, an orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact nature of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy — which the courage of that boy was something wonderful! — "in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs. "If you will excuse my having the

freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheaayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior (myself driving, if you approved), to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em, that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples — and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But, Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar,

sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half-a-dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it couldn't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half-an-hour.

The way in which the women of that house — without exception — every one of 'em — married *and* single — took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but, she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you? —"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight), about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a lying like a Trojan, about

the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But, that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But, nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider that they drew soldiers — at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell — it was surprising how that there boy did carry on — and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!" — that was that there boy's expression — "you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to

show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her — but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know — perhaps I do — but never mind, it don't signify either way — why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a lying there in the clear

still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep, as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-morrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots: namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night, comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr.

Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then, he says to Cobbs, "Ah Cobbs! I am glad to see you. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but, Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honour." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But, Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then, he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers);

and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honour of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last, a-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I" — the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down! — "Please dear Pa — may I — kiss Norah, before I go?"

"You may, my child."

So, he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom; where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, and gently draws it to him — a sight so touching to the chambermaids

who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out "It's a shame to part 'em!" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior that was never to be, (she married a Captain, long afterwards, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions; firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married, who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

THE LANDLORD.

URIAH TATTENHALL is my elder brother by fifteen years. I am Sam Tattenhall.

My brother Uriah rang at his gate at his snug retreat of Trumpington Cottage, Peckham, near London, exactly at a quarter to six — his regular hour — when the omnibus from the

city set him down at the end of the lane. It was December, but the weather was fine and frosty, and as it was within a few days of Christmas, his children — four in number — two boys, just come home from school, and two girls who came home from school every day — were all on the alert to receive him, with a world of schemes for the delectation of the coming holiday-time.

My brother Uriah was an especial family-man. He made himself the companion and play-fellow of his children on all occasions that his devotion to his business in the city would admit of. His hearty, cheery voice was heard as he entered the hall, and while he was busy pulling-off his over-coat, and hanging up his hat: "Well, my boys, well George, well Miss Lucy, there. What are you all about? How's the world used you since this morning? Where's mamma? The kettle boiling, eh?" The running fire of hilarity that always animated him seemed to throw sunshine and a new life into the house, when he came in. The children this evening rushed out into the hall, and crowded round him with such a number of "I say, pa's," and "Do you know, pa?" and "Don't tell him now, Mary, — let him guess. Oh! you'll never guess, pa!" that he could only hurry them all into the sitting-room before him like a little flock of sheep, saying, "Well, well, you rogues, — well, well, — let us

have some tea, and then all about it."

The fire blazed bonnily, as it was wont, in the bright grate, and that and the candles made the room, with light and warmth, the very paradise of comfort. Mrs. Tattenhall, a handsome woman of five and thirty or so — she might be more, but she did not look it — was just in the act of pouring the water from a very bright little kettle into the equally bright silver tea-pot, and with a sunny, rosy, youthful, and yet matronly face, turned smilingly at his entrance, and said, "Well, my dear, is it not a very cold night?"

"Not in this room, certainly, my dear," said my brother Uriah, "and with such a snugger before one, who cares for cold outside."

Mrs. Tattenhall gave him a brighter smile still, and the neat Harriet coming in with the toast, the whole family group was speedily seated round the tea-table, and the whole flood of anticipated pleasures and plans of the younger population let loose, and cordially entered into, and widened and improved by my brother Uriah. He promised them an early night at the very best pantomime, and they were to read all about all the pantomimes in the newspapers, and find out which was the best. He meant to take them to see all sorts of sights, and right off-hand on Christmas Eve he was going to set up a Christmas-tree, and

have Christkindchen, and all sorts of gifts under it for everybody. He had got it all ready done by a German who came often to his warehouse, and it was somewhere, not far off just now.

"Thank you, papa, — thank you a thousand times. Oh! what heaps of fun!" exclaimed the children, altogether.

"Why, really, my dear," said Mrs. Tattenhall, delighted as the children, "what has come to you? You quite out-do yourself, good as you always are. You are quite magnificent in your projects."

"To be sure," said Uriah, taking hold of the hands of little Lucy, and dancing round the room with her. "To be sure; we may just as well be merry as sad; it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

Presently the tea-table was cleared, and, as they drew round the fire, my brother Uriah pulled out a book, and said, "George, there's a nice book — begin, and read it aloud: it will be a very pleasant book for these winter evenings before all the dissipation begins. It is Pringle's Adventures in South Africa, and is almost as good as Robinson Crusoe. I knew Pringle well; a lame, little man, that you never would dream could sit on a horse, much less ride after lions and elephants in that style."

"Lions and elephants!" all were silent, and George read on. He read till eight o'clock, their

bed-time, and the whole group — parents and children — were equally delighted with it. As they closed the book — "Now," said the father, "would it not be grand fun to live out there, and ride after the lions and elephants?"

"Ah! grand fun!" said the boys, but the mother and the girls shuddered at the lions. "Well, you could stay in the house, you know," said Bob.

"Right, my fine fellow," said the father, clapping him on the shoulder. "So now off to bed, and dream all about it."

When the children were gone, my brother Uriah stretched out his feet on the fender and fell into a silence. When my brother's silence had lasted some time his wife said, "Are you sleepy, my dear?"

"No; never was more wakeful," said Uriah; "really, my dear, I never was less inclined to be sprightly: but it won't do to dash the spirits of the children. Let them enjoy the Christmas as much as they can, they will never be young but once."

"What is amiss?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, with a quick apprehensive look. "Is there something amiss? Good gracious! you frighten me."

"Why no, there is nothing exactly amiss; there is nothing new; but the fact is, I have just taken stock, and to-day finished casting all up, and struck the balance."

"And is it bad? Is it less than

you expected?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, fixing her eyes seriously on her husband's face.

"Bad? No, not bad, nor good. I'll tell you what it is. You've heard of a toad in a mud wall. Well, that's me. Twenty years ago, I went into business with exactly three thousand pounds, and here I have been trading, and fagging, and caring, and getting, and losing, business extending, and profits getting less and less, making large sales, and men breaking directly after, and so the upshot is, — twenty years trade, and the balance the same to a pound as that I began with. Three thousand I started with, and three thousand is precisely my capital at this moment."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Tattenhall, wonderfully relieved. "Be thankful, my dear Uriah, that you have three thousand pounds. You have your health wonderfully, we have all our health; we have children, as good and promising children as anybody is blest with, and a happy home, and live as well and comfortably as any one need to do, or as I wish, I am sure. What do we want more?"

"What do we want more?" said Uriah, drawing up his legs suddenly, and clapping his hands in a positive sort of a way on his knees. "Why, I for one, want a great deal more. We've children, you say, and a home, and all that. Heaven be thanked, so we have! but I want our children to have a home after us. Three thousand

pounds divided amongst four, leaves about seven hundred and fifty each. Is it worth while to fag a whole life, and leave them that and a like prospect? No," continued Uriah, in a considering manner, and shaking his head. "No, I want something more; more for myself; more for them; more room, more scope, a wider horizon, and a more proportionate result of a whole human existence. And do you know Maria what I have come to as the best conclusion? To go out to Australia."

"To go out to Australia!" said Mrs. Tattenhall, in astonishment. "My dear Uriah, you are joking. You mean no such thing."

"But that is just what I do mean," said Uriah, taking his wife's hand affectionately; "I have thought of it long, and the toad-in-the-wall balance has determined me. And now what I ask of you is to look at it calmly and earnestly. You know the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons have gone out. They report the climate delicious, and that wonders are doing. A new country, if it be a good country, is the place to grow and thrive in, without doubt. Look at the trees in a wood. They grow up and look very fine in the mass. The wood, you say, is a very fine wood; but when you have looked at the individual trees, they are crowded and spindled up. They cannot put out a single bough beyond a certain distance; if

they attempt it, their presuming twigs are poked back again by sturdy neighbours all round, that are all struggling for light and space like them. Look then at the tree on the open plain, — how it spreads and hangs in grand amplitude its unobstructed boughs and foliage: a lordly object. Just so, this London. It is a vast, a glorious, a most imposing London, but thousands of its individuals in it are pressed and circumscribed to a few square yards and no more. Give me the open plain, — the new country, and then see if I do not put out a better head, and our children too.”

Mrs. Tattenhall, now she felt that her husband was in earnest, sat motionless and confounded. The shock had come too suddenly upon her. Her husband, it is true, had often told her that things did not move as he wished; that they seemed fixed, and stereotyped, and stagnant; but then, when *are* merchants satisfied? She never had entertained an idea but that they should go on to the end of the chapter as they had been going on ever since she was married. She was bound up heart and soul with her own country; she had her many friends and relations, with whom she lived on the most cordial terms; all her tastes, feelings, and ideas were English and metropolitan. At the very idea of quitting England, and for so new, and so distant a country, she was seized with an indescribable consternation.

“My dear Maria!” said her husband; “mind, I don’t ask you to go at first. You and the children can remain here till I have been and seen what the place and prospects are like. My brother Sam will look after business — he will soon be at home in it — and if all is pleasant, why, you will come then, if not I won’t ask you. I’ll work out a good round sum myself if possible, or open up some connection that will mend matters here. What can I say more?”

“Nothing, dear Uriah, nothing. But those poor children —”.

“Those poor children!” said Uriah. “Why my dear Maria, if you were to ask them whether they would like a voyage to Australia, to go and see those evergreen woods, and gallop about all amongst gay parrots, and great kangaroos, they would jump off their seats with joy. The spirits of the young are ever on the wing for adventure and new countries. It is the prompting of that Great Power which has constructed all this marvellous universe, and bade mankind multiply and replenish the earth. Don’t trouble yourself about them. You saw how they devoured the adventures at the Cape, and you’ll see how they will kindle up in a wonderful enthusiasm at the promise of a voyage to Australia. What are pantomimes to that?”

“Poor things!” said Mrs. Tattenhall. “They know nothing

about the reality; all is fairyland and poetry to them."

"The reality! the reality, Maria, will be all fairyland and poetry to them."

Mrs. Tattenhall shook her head, and retired that night — not to sleep, but with a very sad heart to ruminate over this unexpected revelation. My brother's words were realised at the first mention of the project to the children. After the first shock of surprise and doubt whether it were really meant, they became unboundedly delighted. The end of it was, that by the middle of February, my brother Uriah, having had a handsome offer for his business and stock, had wound up all his affairs; and Mrs. Tattenhall having concluded, like a good wife and mother, to go with the whole family, they bade farewell to England, Mrs. Tattenhall with many tears, Uriah serious and thoughtful, the children full of delight and wonder at everything in the ship.

They had a fine voyage, though with very few passengers, for the captain said there was a temporary damp on the Australian colonies. The order of the Government at home to raise the upset price of land to one pound per acre, had checked emigration, and as there had been a good deal of speculation in Melbourne in town allotments, things just now looked gloomy. This was in eighteen hundred and forty-three. "But it can't

last long," said the Captain, "that silly order of raising the price of the land is so palpably absurd; while America is selling land so much nearer at a quarter of the price, that it must be repealed; and then all will be right again."

It was the middle of May when our party arrived in Hobson's Bay. It was very rainy, gloomy weather — the very opposite to all that the climate had been represented in the accounts sent home — but then it was the commencement of winter, the November of our season. Uriah got a boat, and sailed up the winding river to the town. The sail was through a flat tract of land densely overgrown with a mass of close, dark bushes, of some ten feet high, somewhat resembling our sloe-tree, the tea-tree of that country. On reaching the foot of the town, which stood on a range of low hills, Uriah and his companions stepped out into a most appalling slough of black mud, through which they waded till they reached the town, which was of no great extent, scattered over a considerable space, however, for the number of houses, and with great intervals of woodland, and of places where the trees had been felled, and where the stumps, a yard high, remained in unsightly nakedness.

Uriah walked on through a scene which, somehow in keeping with the weather, fell heavily on his spirits. There was no-

thing doing, or stirring; houses in various degrees of progress stood as they were. There were piles of timber, lime, shingles, posts, and rails, empty wagons and carts, but no people employed about them. On every hand he saw lots marked out for fencing or building upon, but there they remained all stationary.

"Is it Sunday?" Uriah asked himself. No, it was Tuesday. Then why all this stagnation; this solitude? In a lane, or rather deep track of mud and ruts, since known as Flinders' Lane, but then without a name, and only just wide enough between the trees for a cart to pass, Uriah wading and plunging along, the rain meantime pouring, streaming, and drumming down on his umbrella, he came face to face with a large active man in a mackintosh cloak, and an oilskin hood over his head. Neither of them found it very convenient to step out of the middle mud track, because on each side of it rose a perfect bank of sludge raised by the wheels of drays, and stopping to have a look at each other, the strange man suddenly put out a huge red hand warm and wet, and exclaimed:

"What! Tattenhall! You here! In the name of all wonders what could bring you here at this moment?"

"What, Robinson! is that you?" cried Uriah. "Is this your climate? This your paradise?"

"Climate — paradise —

be hanged!" said Robinson. "They're well enough. If everything else were as well there would be nought to complain of. But tell me Uriah Tattenhall, with that comfortable Trumpington Cottage at Peckham, with that well-to-do warehouse in the Old Jewry, what could possess you to come here?"

"What should I come for, but to settle?" asked Uriah, somewhat chagrined at this salutation.

"To settle! ha, ha!" burst out Robinson. "Well, as for that, you could not come to a better place. It is a regular settler here. Everything and everybody are settled here out and out. This is a settlement, and no mistake; but it is like a many other settlements, the figures are all on the wrong side the ledger."

"Good gracious!" said Uriah.

"Nay, it is neither good nor gracious," replied Robinson. "Look round. What do you see? Ruin, desertion, dirt and the — devil!"

"Why, how is that?" asked Uriah. "I thought you, and Jones, and Brown, and all of you had made your fortunes."

"So we had, or were just on the point of doing. We had purchased lots of land for building, and had sold it out again at five hundred per cent, when chop! down comes little Lord John with his pound an acre, and heigh, presto! everything goes topsy-turvy. Our purchasers are either in the bankruptcy court,

or have vanished. By jingo! I could show you such lots, fine lots for houses and gardens, for shops and warehouses; ay, and shops and warehouses upon them too, as would astonish you."

"Well, and what then?" asked Uriah.

"What then! why man don't you comprehend. Emigration is stopped, broken off as short as a pipe-shank, not a soul is coming out to buy and live in all these houses — not a soul except an odd — excuse me, Tattenhall, I was going to say, except you and another fool or two. But where do you hang out? Look! there is my house," pointing to a wooden erection near. "I'll come and see you as soon as I know where you fix yourself."

"But mind one thing," cried Uriah, seizing him by the arm as he passed. "For heaven's sake, don't talk in this manner to my wife. It would kill her."

"Oh no, mum's the word! There's no use frightening the women," said Robinson. "No, confound it, I won't croak any how. And, after all, bad as things are, why, they can't remain so for ever. Nothing ever does, that's one comfort. They'll mend sometime."

"When?" said Uriah.

"Well," said Robinson, pausing a little, "not before you and I meet again, so I may leave that answer to another opportunity;" and with a nod and very knowing look he stalked on.

"Odd fellow!" said my brother

Uriah. "He is very jocose for a ruined man. What is one to think?" and he waded on. After making a considerable circuit, and actually losing himself in the wood somewhere about where the Reverend Mr. Morrison's chapel now stands in Collins' Street, he again came across Robinson who stood at the door of a considerable erection of wattle-and-dab, that is, a building of boughs wattled on stakes, and dabbed over with mud; then not uncommon in Melbourne, and still common enough in the bush. It stood on the hill-side with a swift muddy torrent produced by the rains rushing down the valley below it, towards the river, as it has often done since it bore the name of Swanston Street.

"Here, Tattenhall! here is a pretty go!" shouted Robinson; "a fellow has cut with bag and baggage to-night who owes me four thousand pounds, and has left me a lot more houses and land. That's the way every day. But look, here is a house ready for you. You can't have a better, and you can pay me any trifle you like, something is better than nothing."

He led Uriah in. The house was thoroughly and comfortably furnished; though, of course, very simply, with beds and everything. Uriah in less than a week, was safely established there, and had time to ramble about with his boys, and learn more fully the condition of the colony. It was melancholy beyond descrip-

tion. Wild, reckless speculation brought to a sudden close by the cessation of immigration, had gone like a hurricane over the place, and had left nothing but ruin and paralysis behind it. No words that Robinson had used, or that any man could use, could overpaint the real condition of prostration and of misery. Two hundred and eighty insolvencies in a population of ten thousand, told the tale of awful reality. Uriah was overwhelmed with consternation at the step he had taken. O! how pleasant seemed that Trumpington Cottage, Peckham, and that comfortable warehouse in the Old Jewry, as he viewed them from the Antipodes in the midst of rain and ruin.

What, however, was my brother Uriah's astonishment to see Robinson stalk in the next day, his tall figure having to stoop at every door, and in his brusque, noisy way, go up to Mrs. Tattenhall, and shaking her hand as you would shake the handle of a pump, congratulate her on her arrival in the colony.

"A lucky hit, madam, a most lucky, scientific hit! Ah! trust Tattenhall for knowing what he is about."

Mrs. Tattenhall stood with a singular expression of wonder and bewilderment on her countenance, for the condition of the place, and the condolences of several female neighbours who had dropped in in Uriah's absence, had induced her to believe

that they had made a fatal move of it.

"Why, sir," said she, "what can you mean, for as I hear, the place is utterly ruined, and certainly it looks like it?"

"Ruined! to be sure it is, at least the people are, more's the pity for me, and the like of me who have lost everything; but for Tattenhall who has everything to gain, and money to win it with, why it is the golden opportunity, the very thing! If he had watched at all the four corners of the world, and for a hundred years, he could not have dropped into such a chance. Ah! trust Tattenhall, make me believe he did not plan it." Thrusting his knuckles into Uriah's side, and laughing with a thunder-clap of a laugh that seemed to come from lungs of leather.

"Why, look here now," he continued, drawing a chair and seating himself on its front edge; "look here now, if you had come six months ago, you could have bought nothing except out of the fire. Town allotments, land, houses, bread, meat, sugar, everything ten times the natural price: and, now! cheap, dog cheap! of no value at all, you might have them for asking for; nay, I could go into a dozen deserted shops, and take any quantity for nothing. And property! why three thousand pounds cash would almost buy all the place — all the colony."

"What is the use," asked Mrs.

Tattenhall, "of buying a ruined colony?"

"A ruined colony!" said Robinson, edging himself still more forward in his chair, and seeming actually to sit upon nothing, his huge figure and large ruddy face appearing still larger. "The colony, madam, is not ruined; never was ruined, never can be ruined. The people are ruined, a good lot of them; but the colony is a good and a grand colony. God made the colony, and let me tell you, madam," looking very serious, "Providence is no speculator, up to-day, down to-morrow. What he does he does. Well, the people have ruined themselves; but it is out of their power to ruin the colony; no, nor the town. The town and the colony are sound as a bell, never were sounder, never had more stuff in them; never had so much. There is the land still, not a yard of it is gone; no great fellow has put that on his back and gone off with it. The land is there, and the houses, and the merchandise, and the flocks, and herds, and horses: and — what concerns you —"

He sate and looked at Mrs. Tattenhall, who stood there intently listening, and Uriah stood just behind her listening too, and all the children with their mouths open, gazing on the strange man.

"Well, what — what concerns us?" said Mrs. Tattenhall.

"To get a huge, almighty heap of something for nothing," said the large man, stretching out his

arms in a circular shape, as if he would enclose a whole globe, and in a low, slow, deep tone, calculated to sink deep into the imaginations of the listeners.

"If we did but know when things would mend;" said my brother Uriah, for the first time venturing to put in a word.

"When!" said Robinson starting up so suddenly that his head struck against a beam in the low one-storeyed house. "Confound these low places," said he, turning fiery red, and rubbing his crown, "there will be better anon. When? say ye? Hark ye! this colony is — how old? Eight years! and in eight years what a town! what wealth! what buildings! what a power of sheep and cattle! The place is knocked down, won't it get up again? Ay, and quickly! Here are a pair of sturdy legs," he said, turning to Bob, who flushed up in surprise; "but, Mrs. Tattenhall, you did not teach him to walk without a few tumbles, eh? But he got up again, and how he stands now! what a sturdy young rogue it is! And what made him get up again? Because he was young and strong, and the colony is young and strong, madam. Eight years old! What shall I give you for a three thousand pounds purchase made now, three years hence? Just think of that," said the tall man, "just turn that over a time or two," nodding solemnly to my brother, and then to my sister-in-law, and then cautiously, glancing at the menacing beam,

and with a low duck diving out of the house.

"What a strange fellow!" said Uriah.

"But how true!" said Mrs. Tattenhall.

"How true! What true?" asked Uriah, astonished.

"Why," said Mrs. Tattenhall, "what he says. It is truth, Uriah; we must buy as much as we can."

"But," said Uriah, "only the other day he said the clean contrary. He said everybody was ruined."

"And he says so still," added Mrs. Tattenhall, enthusiastically, "but not the colony. We must buy! We must buy, and wait. One day we shall reap a grand harvest."

"Ah!" said Uriah; "so you let yourself, my dear Maria, be thus easily persuaded, because Robinson wants to sell, and thinks we have money?"

"Is it not common sense, however? Is it not the plainest sense?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall. "Do you think this colony is never to recover?"

"Never is a long while," said Uriah. "But still —"

"Well, we will think it over, and see how the town lies; and where the chief points of it will be, probably, hereafter; and if this Mr. Robinson has any land in such places, I would buy of him, because he has given us the first idea of it."

They thought and looked, and the end of it was, that very soon

they had bought up land and houses, chiefly from Robinson, to the amount of two thousand pounds. Robinson fain would not have sold, but have mortgaged; and that fact was the most convincing proof that he was sincere in his expectations of a revival. Time went on. Things were more and more hopeless. Uriah, who had nothing else to do, set on and cultivated a garden. He had plenty of garden ground, and his boys helped him, and enjoyed it vastly. As the summer went on, and melons grew ripe, and there were plenty of green peas and vegetables, by the addition of meat, which was now only one penny a-pound, they could live almost for nothing; and Uriah thought they could wait and maintain themselves for years, if necessary. So, from time to time, one tale of urgent staring distress or another lured him on to take fresh bargains, till he saw himself almost penniless. Things still remained as dead as the very stones or the stumps around them. My brother Uriah began to feel very melancholy; and Mrs. Tattenhall, who had so strongly advised the wholesale purchase of property, looked very serious. Uriah often thought: "Ah! she *would* do it; but — Bless her! I will never say so, for she did it for the best." But his boys and girls were growing apace, and made him think. "Bless me! In a few years they will be shooting up

into men and women; and if this speculation should turn out all moonshine! — if the place should never revive!”

He sate one day on the stump of a tree on a high ground, looking over the bay. His mind was in the most gloomy, dejected condition. Everything looked dark and hopeless. No evidence of returning life around; no spring in the commercial world; and his good money gone: as he sate thus, his eyes fixed on the distance, his mind sunk in the lowering present, a man came up, and asked him to take his land off his hands: to take it, for Heaven's sake, and save his starving family.

“Man!” said Uriah, with a face and a voice so savage that it made the suppliant start even in his misery, “I have no money! I want no land! I have too much land. You shall have it all for as much as will carry me back to England, and set me down a beggar there!”

The man shook his head. “If I had a single crown I would not ask you; but my wife is down of the fever, and my children are dying of dysentery. What shall I do? and my lots are the very best in the place.”

“I tell you!” said my brother Uriah, with a fierce growl, and an angry flash of the eye, “I have no money, and how can I buy?”

He glanced at the man in fury; but a face so full of patient suffering and of sickness — sick-

ness of the heart, of the soul, and, as it were, of famine, met his gaze, that he stopped short, felt a pang of remorse for his anger, and, pointing to a number of bullocks grazing in the valley below, he said, in a softened tone, “Look there! The other day a man told me such a tale of horror — a sick family, and a gaol staring him in the face, that I gave him my last money — my carefully hoarded money, and of what use are those cattle to me? None whatever: You may have them for your land, if you like. I have nothing else.”

“I will have them,” said the man. “On a distant station I know where I could sell them, if I could only leave my family. But they have no flour, no tea, nothing but meat, meat, meat.”

“Leave them to me,” said Uriah, feeling the warm blood and the spirit of humanity beginning to circulate in his bosom at the sense of what was really suffering around him. “Leave them to me. I will care for them. Your wife and children shall have a doctor. I will find you some provisions for your journey, and if ever your land is worth anything, you shall have it again. This state of things makes monsters of us. It turns our blood into gall, our hearts into stones. We must resist it or we are ruined, indeed!”

“Nay,” said the man, “I won't impose upon you. Take that piece of land in the valley there; it will one day be valuable.”

"That!" said Uriah, looking. "That! Why, that is a swamp! I will take that — I shall not hurt you there!" And he laughed outright, the first time for two years.

Years went on, and my brother Uriah lived on, but as it were in the valley of the shadow of death. It was a melancholy and dispiriting time. The buoyancy of his soul was gone. That jovial, sunny, ebullient spirit with which he used to come home from the city, in England, had fled, as a thing that had never been. He maintained himself chiefly out of his garden. His children were springing up into long, lanky lads and lasses. He educated them himself, as well as he could; and as for clothes! Not a navvy — not a beggar — in the streets of London, but could have stood a comparison with them, to their infinite disparagement. Ah! those good three thousand pounds! How will the balance stand in my brother Uriah's books at the end of the next twenty years?

But anon there awoke a slight motion in the atmosphere of life. It was a mere flutter of the air, that died out again. Then again it revived — it strengthened — it blew like a breath of life over the whole landscape. Uriah looked around him from the very place where he had sat on the stump in despair. It was bright and sunny. He heard a sound of an axe and a hammer. He looked, and saw a house, that

had stood a mere skeleton, once more in progress. There were people passing to and fro with a more active air. What is that? A cart of goods? A dray of building materials. There was life and motion again! The discovery of converting sheep and oxen into tallow had raised the value of stock. The shops and the merchants were once more in action. The man to whom he had sold the oxen came up smiling —

"Things mend, sir. We shall soon be all right. And that piece of land in the swamp, that you were so merry over, will you sell it? It lies near the wharves, and is wanted for warehouses."

"Bravo!" cried Uriah, and they descended the hill together. Part of the land was sold; and soon substantial warehouses, of the native trapstone, were rising upon it. Uriah's old attachment to a merchant's life came over him. With the purchase-money he built a warehouse too. Labour was extremely low, and he built a large and commodious one.

Another year or two, and behold Uriah busy in his warehouse; his two boys clerking it gravely in the counting-house. Things grew rapidly better. Uriah and his family were once more handsomely clad, handsomely housed, and Uriah's jolly humour was again in the ascendant. Every now and then Robinson came hurrying in, a very busy man indeed he was now,

in the town council, and moreover, mayor; and saying, "Well, Mrs. Tattenhall, didn't I say it, eh? Is not this boy of a colony on a fine sturdy pair of legs again? Not down? Not dead? Well, well, Tattenhall did me a kindness, then — by ready cash for my land — I don't forget it; but I don't know how I am to make him amends, unless I come and dine with him some day." And he was off again.

Another year or two, and that wonderful crisis, the gold discovery, came. Then, what a sensation — what a stir — what a revolution! what running, and buying and bidding for land, for prime business situations! — what rolling in of people — capital — goods. Heaven and earth! — what a scene — what a place — what a people.

Ten years to a day from the last balance at the Old Jewry, Uriah Tattenhall balanced again, and his three thousand pounds was grown to seventy thousand pounds, and was still rolling up and on like a snow-ball.

There were George and Bob grown into really tall and handsome fellows. George was the able merchant, Bob had got a station out at the Dundenong-hills, and told wonderful stories of riding after kangaroos, and wild bulls, and shooting splendid lyre-birds — all of which came of reading Pringle's *Life in South Africa*. There were Mary and Lucy, two handsome girls as any in the colony, and wonderfully

attractive to a young Benson and a younger Robinson. Wonders were the next year to bring forth, and amongst them was to be a grand pic-nic at Bob's station, at the Dundenong, in which they were to live out in real tents in the forest, and cook, and bake, and brew, and the ladies were to join in a bull-hunt, and shoot with revolvers, and nobody was to be hurt, or thrown, or anything to happen, but all sorts of merriment and wild-wood life.

And really my brother's villa on the Yarra River is a very fine place. The house is an Italian villa built of real stone, ample, with large, airy rooms, a broad verandah, and all in the purest taste. It stands on a high bank above the valley, in which the Yarra winds, taking a sweep there, its course marked by a dense body of acacia trees. In the spring these trees are of resplendent gold, loading the air with their perfume. Now they were thick and dark in their foliage, casting their shade on the river deep between its banks. From the house the view presented this deep valley with this curving track of trees, and beyond slopes divided into little farms, with their little homesteads upon them, where Uriah had a number of tenants making their fortunes on some thirty or forty acres each, by hay at forty pounds a ton, and potatoes and onions at one shilling a pound, and all other produce in proportion.

On this side of the river you saw extensive gardens in the hollow blooming with roses and many tropical flowers, and along the hill sides on either hand vineyards and fruit orchards of the most vigorous vegetation, and loaded with young fruit. The party assembled at my brother Uriah's house on that hospitable Christmas day, descended amid a native shrubbery, and Uriah thrust a walking-stick to its very handle into the rich black soil, and when his friends expressed their surprise, he told them that the soil there was fourteen feet deep, and would grow any quantity of produce for ages without manuring. Indeed, they passed through green corn of the most luxuriant character, and, crossing the bridge of a brook which there fell into the river, they found themselves under the acacias; by the river side there lay huge prostrate trunks of ancient gum-trees, the patriarchs of the forest, which had fallen and given place to the acacia, and now reminded the spectators that they were still in the land of primitive woods.

"Why, Tattenhall," said Robinson, to my brother Uriah, "Trumpington Cottage, my dear fellow, would cut a poor figure after this. I'd ask any lord or gentleman to show me a fatter or more desirable place in the tight little island. Bigger houses there may be, and are, but not to my mind more desirable. Do you know, very large houses always

seem to me a sort of asylums for supernumerary servants — the master can only occupy a corner there — he cuts out quite small in the bulk. And as to fertility, this beats Battersea Fields and Fulham hollow. Those market-gardeners might plant and plant to all eternity, always taking out and never putting in, and if they could grow peaches, apricots, grapes, figs twice a year, and all that as fine in the open air as they do in hot-houses, and sell their bunches of parsley at sixpence a-piece, and water-melons — gathered from any gravel heap or dry open field — at five shillings a-piece, plentiful as pumpkins, wouldn't they astonish themselves!"

"But what makes you call this place Bowstead?" continued Robinson, breaking off a small wattle-bough to whisk the flies from his face. "Orr has named his Abbotsford — that's because he's a Scotchman; and we've got Cremorne Gardens, and Richmond, and Hawthorne, and all sorts of English names about here; — but Bowstead! I can't make it out."

"You can't?" said Uriah, smiling; "don't you see that the river curves in a bow here, and stead is a place?"

"O! that's it," said Robinson; "I fancied it was to remind you of Bow Bells."

"There you have it," said Bob, laughing. "Bow Bells! but, as there was a bow and no bells, my

father put a stead to it, that's instead of the bells, you know."

"Bless me!" said Robinson: "now I should never have thought of that — how very clever!"

And he took the joke in such perfect simplicity, that all burst into a simultaneous laugh; for every one else knew that it was so called in honour of Maria Bowstead, now the universally respected Mrs. Tattenhall.

The whole party were very merry, for they had good cause to be. Mr. and Mrs. Tattenhall, still in their prime, spread out, enlarged every way, in body and estate, rosy, handsomely dressed, saw around them nothing but prosperity. A paradise of their own, in which they saw their children already developed into that manly and feminine beauty so conspicuous in our kindred of the south; their children already taking root in the land and twining their branches amongst those of other opulent families, they felt the full truth of Robinson's rude salutation, as he exclaimed, on coming to a fresh and more striking view of the house and grounds, —

"Ah! Tattenhall, Tattenhall!" giving him one of his jocose pokes in the side, "didn't I say you knew very well what you were about when you came here, eh? Mrs. Tattenhall, ma'am? Who said it? Robinson, wasn't it, eh?"

When they returned to the house, and had taken tea in a

large tent on the lawn, and the young people had played a lively game of romps or bo-peep amongst the bushes of the shrubbery, with much laughter, the great drawing-room was lighted up, and very soon there was heard the sounds of violins and dancing feet. My brother Uriah and his wife were at that moment sitting under the verandah, enjoying the fresh evening air, the scent of tropical trees and flowers which stole silently through the twilight, and the clear, deep blue of the sky, where the magnificent constellations of Orion and the Scorpion were growing momentarily into their full nocturnal splendour. As the music broke out my brother Uriah affectionately pressed the hand of his wife, faithful and wise and encouraging through the times of their difficulty and depression, and saying "Thank God for all this!" the pressure was as affectionately and gratefully returned. Then my brother and his wife rose up, and passed into the blaze of light which surrounded the gay and youthful company within.

—

THE BARMAID.

SHE was a pretty, gentle girl — a farmer's orphan daughter, and the landlord's niece — whom I strongly suspected of being engaged to be married very shortly, to the writer of the letter that I saw her reading at least twenty

times, when I passed the bar, and which I more than believe I saw her kiss one night. She told me a tale of that country which went so pleasantly to the music of her voice, that I ought rather to say it turned itself into verse, than was turned into verse by me.

A little past the village
The inn stood, low and white,
Green shady trees behind it,
And an orchard on the right,
Where over the green paling
The red-cheeked apples hung,
As if to watch how wearily
The sign-board creaked and swung.

The heavy-laden branches
Over the road hung low,
Reflecting fruit or blossom
In the wayside well below;
Where children, drawing water,
Looked up and paused to see,
Amid the apple branches,
A purple Judas Tree.

The road stretch'd winding onward
For many a weary mile —
So dusty footsore wanderers
Would pause and rest awhile;
And panting horses halted,
And travellers loved to tell
The quiet of the wayside inn,
The orchard, and the well.

Here Maurice dwelt; and often
The sunburnt boy would stand
Gazing upon the distance,
And shading with his hand
His eyes, while watching vainly
For travellers, who might need
His aid to loose the bridle,
And tend the weary steed.

And once (the boy remember'd
That morning many a day —
The dew lay on the hawthorn,
The bird sang on the spray)

A train of horsemen, nobler
Than he had seen before,
Up from the distance gallopp'd,
And paused before the door.

Upon a milk-white pony,
Fit for a faery queen,
Was the loveliest little damsel
His eyes had ever seen;
A servant-man was holding
The leading rein, to guide
The pony and its mistress
Who cantered by his side.

Her sunny ringlets round her
A golden cloud had made,
While her large hat was keeping
Her calm blue eyes in shade;
One hand held firm the silken reins
To keep her steed in check,
The other pulled his tangled mane,
Or stroked his glossy neck.

And as the boy brought water
And loosed the rein, he heard
The sweetest voice, that thank'd him
In one low gentle word;
She turned her blue eyes from him,
Look'd up, and smiled to see
The hanging purple blossoms
Upon the Judas Tree.

And show'd it with a gesture,
Half pleading, half command,
Till he broke the fairest blossom,
And laid it in her hand;
And she tied it to her saddle
With a ribbon from her hair,
While her happy laugh rang gaily,
Like silver on the air.

But the champing steeds were rested —
The horsemen now spurr'd on,
And down the dusty highway
They vanish'd and were gone.
Years pass'd, and many a traveller
Paused at the old inn-door,
But the little milk-white pony
And the child return'd no more.

Years pass'd, the apple branches
 A deeper shadow shed;
 And many a time the Judas Tree,
 Blossom and leaf lay dead;
 When on the loitering western breeze
 Came the bells' merry sound,
 And flowery arches rose, and flags
 And banners waved around.

And Maurice stood expectant,
 The bridal train would stay
 Some moments at the inn-door,
 The eager watchers say;
 They come — the cloud of dust draws
 near —

'Mid all the state and pride,
 He only sees the golden hair
 And blue eyes of the bride.

The same, yet, ah! still fairer,
 He knew the face once more
 That bent above the pony's neck
 Years past at the inn-door:
 Her shy and smiling eyes look'd round,
 Unconscious of the place —
 Unconscious of the eager gaze
 He fix'd upon her face.

He pluck'd a blossom from the tree —
 The Judas Tree — and cast
 Its purple fragrance towards the bride,
 A message from the Past.
 The signal came, the horses plunged —
 Once more she smiled around:
 The purple blossom in the dust
 Lay trampled on the ground.

Again the slow years fled,
 Their passage only known
 By the height the Passion-flower
 Around the porch had grown;
 And many a passing traveller
 Paused at the old inn-door,
 But the bride, so fair and blooming
 Return'd there never more.

One winter morning, Maurice,
 Watching the branches bare,
 Rustling and waving dimly
 In the grey and misty air,

Saw blazon'd on a carriage
 Once more the well-known shield,
 The azure fleurs-de-lis and stars
 Upon a silver field.

He looked — was that pale woman,
 So grave, so worn, so sad,
 The child, once young and smiling,
 The bride, once fair and glad?
 What grief had dimm'd that glory
 And brought that dark eclipse
 Upon her blue eyes' radiance,
 And paled those trembling lips?

What memory of past sorrow,
 What stab of present pain,
 Brought that deep look of anguish,
 That watch'd the dismal rain,
 That watch'd (with the absent spirit
 That looks, yet does not see)
 The dead and leafless branches
 Upon the Judas Tree.

The slow dark months crept onward
 Upon their icy way,
 'Till April broke in showers,
 And Spring smiled forth in May,
 Upon the apple-blossoms
 The sun shone bright again,
 When slowly up the highway
 Came a long funeral train.

The bells toll'd slowly, sadly,
 For a noble spirit fled;
 Slowly, in pomp and honour,
 They bore the quiet dead.
 Upon a black-plumed charger
 One rode, who held a shield,
 Where azure fleurs-de-lis and stars
 Shone on a silver field.

'Mid all that homage given
 To a fluttering heart at rest,
 Perhaps an honest sorrow
 Dwelt only in one breast.
 One by the inn-door standing
 Watch'd with fast-dropping tears
 The long procession passing,
 And thought of bygone years.

The boyish, silent homage
 To child and bride unknown,
 The pitying tender sorrow
 Kept in his heart alone,
 Now laid upon the coffin
 With a purple flower, might be
 Told to the cold dead sleeper;
 The rest could only see
 A fragrant purple blossom
 Pluck'd from a Judas Tree.

THE POOR PENSIONER.

I MET her in the corridor, walking to and fro, and muttering to herself with a down-looking aspect, and a severe economy of dress, the season considered. I wondered how she came there, and was, to say the least of it, decidedly startled when she stopped directly opposite me, and, lifting a pair of blank, brown eyes to my face, said, in a stern voice:

"He was not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out some day. I can wait: yes, I can wait. I am more patient than death: I am more patient than injustice."

I made a hasty and undignified retreat down stairs when she left the passage free, and, meeting the waiter, inquired who the woman was. The man touched his forehead significantly, and said that she was harmless (I was very glad to hear it); and that she lived on the broken victuals; and that his mistress always gave her a dinner on Christmas-day. While we were speaking together, she de-

scended to where we stood, and repeated the exact formula of which she had made use before. She was a tall woman, strong-limbed, and thin to meagreness. She might be fifty, or perhaps fifty-five; her skin was withered, and tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather, and her uncovered hair was burnt to a rusty iron-grey. The waiter suggested to her to go to the kitchen fire; at which she broke into a scornful laugh, and reiterated, "I am more patient than death. I am more patient than injustice," and then walked out at the open door into the snow.

"I don't think she feels it, sir," said the waiter, opening my door for me to enter.

I do not think she did. I watched her from my window. She took up a handful of the newly-fallen snow and thrust it into her bosom, then hugged it close, as if it were a living thing, that could be warmed by that eager clasp; I saw also, as she turned her dark face up towards the sky, that the angry scowl left it. I should imagine that all sensation in her was dead, except in one corner of her heart, to which had gathered the memory of some miserable wrong, whose acuteness would bide with her to the day of her death.

Her name, as I learnt on further inquiry, was Hester. She had been born and bred in the Yorkshire dales; her parents were of the yeoman class, and poor through improvidence rather

than misfortune. As a girl, Hester was remarkable for her pride and her beauty, of which no more relics remained than are left of the summer rose-garden in drear and misty November. She received the scant education common to her condition half-a-century ago, and grew up a wild, wilful-tempered girl, impatient of all restraint, and eager for change and excitement. At sixteen she married, and very shortly afterwards her husband found it expedient to leave the dales, and to enlist in a regiment which was ordered on foreign service. Hester followed him to India, and led the life of camps for several years. During this interval her family lost sight of her completely; for, having parted in anger, no correspondence was kept up between them. This silence and separation lasted full nine years, during which time, Death dealt hardly with those left at home. Of all the large family of sons and daughters whom the old people had seen grow up to man's and woman's estate, not one survived. Their hearts began to soften towards the offending child, and they made efforts to learn if the regiment to which her husband belonged had returned to England. It had not.

One bleak and wintry night, while the solitary and bereaved couple were sitting by their silent hearth—it was a very lonely and retired spot where the house stood—a heavy step came up the little garden path. Neither

of them stirred. They thought it was one of the farm-servants returning from the village, whether he had been sent on some errand. The curtains had not been closed over the window, and all the room, filled with the shine of a yule-tide fire, was visible to the wayfarer without. The mother sat facing the window; lifting her slow, dull gaze from the white wood-ashes on the hearth, she looked across towards it, and uttered a low, frightened cry. She saw a dark face peering in at the glass, which wore the traits of her daughter Hester. She thought it was her wraith, and said so to the old man, who, taking a lantern, went out to see if anybody was lurking about. It was a very boisterous night: loud with wind, and black with clouds of sleety rain. At the threshold he stumbled over a dark form, which had crouched there for the slight shelter afforded by the porch. He lowered the lantern, and threw the light on the face of a woman.

“Dame! dame! It is our bairn: it is lile Hester!”

The mother appeared, and, with a great, gasping cry recognised her daughter.

They led her into the house, towards the glowing heat of the fire, and set her down by the hearth; for her limbs would scarcely support her. Hester wore a thin and ragged cloak, beneath the folds of which she had hidden her child from the storm. He had fallen asleep in

her bosom; but as her mother removed the dripping garment from her shoulders, he woke up with a laugh of childish surprise and pleasure. He was a fine, well-grown boy, of from six to seven years old, and showed none of those signs of want and suffering which had graven premature age upon the wasted features and gaunt frame of his mother. It was some time before Hester recovered from her frozen exhaustion, and then her first and eager demand was for food for the child.

"O Heaven, pity me!" cried the old woman who was weeping over the pair. "Hester and her lad starving, while there was to spare at home!"

She supplied their wants soon, and would have taken the boy; but Hester held him to her with a close and jealous grasp, chafing his limbs, warming his little hands in her bosom, and covering his hand with passionate kisses.

He fell asleep in her arms at last; and then she told her brief story. She was widowed; her husband had died in India from wound-fever, and she had been sent home to England; on her arrival there she found herself destitute, and had traversed the country on foot, subsisting by the casual charity of strangers. Thus much she said, and no more. She indulged in no details of her own exquisite sufferings; perhaps they were forgotten, when she ended by saying, "Thank the Lord, the lad is saved!"

Hester lived on at the farm with her parents; and, as the old man failed more and more daily, she took the vigorous management of it upon herself, and things throve with them. By degrees, her beauty was restored, and then she had repeated offers of marriage; for, the inheritance which would be hers at her father's death was by no means despicable. But, she kept herself single, for the lad's sake. Wilfred grew strong, handsome, and high-spirited — like his mother, indeed, with whom, much as they loved each other, he had many a fierce contention. He never could bear to be thwarted or checked by her, and often Hester, in the bitterness of her unbridled anger, would cry, "O Wilfred! it would have been better for thee and thy mother if we had died on the door-stone in the snow, that night we came home."

Still, she had an intense pride in him; and always, after their quarrels, she allowed his extravagance to have freer scope, though that was what usually led to their disputes. As might have been expected, Wilfred, under such uncertain training, became reckless, wild, and domineering, though he preserved a certain rough generosity and frankness of character which redeemed his faults, and made him a favourite with the country folks, and a sort of king amongst his companions, whose superior in all rustic sports he was.

His grandfather died when he was nineteen; his grandmother, eighteen months later. Then Hester was sole mistress of the little farm. Wilfred soon began to urge his mother to sell the property and leave the dales, whose uneventful quiet fretted his restless disposition. This she absolutely refused to do; and was on one occasion so deeply irritated at his persistence as to say:

"I would sell the Ings to save your life, Wilfred, but for nothing less!"

There was at this time, living on a neighbouring farm, an old man of the name of Price, who had a grand-daughter to keep his house. She was called Nelly; and, besides being a small heiress, was a beauty, and something of a coquette. Nelly had a short, plump little figure; a complexion as soft and clear as a blush-rose, and auburn hair. Wilfred fell in love. He was a tall, hardy, self-willed, and proud young fellow; but in Nelly's hands he was plastic as wax, and weak as water. She encouraged him, teased him, caressed him, mocked him, set him beside himself. She played off all her little witcheries and fascinations upon him; looked sweetly unconscious of their mischievous influence; and, when Wilfred stormed and raved, she laughed in his face. He wanted to marry her immediately; she had played with him long enough, he thought; and one evening when she had been soft and coy, rather than teasing,

he put his fortune to the proof. She told him flatly she did not like him — wherein Nelly told anything but the truth, as perhaps better women have done under like circumstance.

Wilfred took her reply in earnest, and went away in a rage — mad, jealous, and burning with passionate disappointment. Hester hated Nelly, and gave her not a few hard words; for in her camp life, the mother had culled some epithets, more expressive than polite, which she used with vigorous truth when her wrath was excited. She kept her son's wound raw and sore by frequent scornful allusions to his "Nelly Graceless," and did her best to widen the breach between them with ample success.

Wilfred stayed away from the Prices for ten whole days.

This desertion did not suit the golden-headed but tinsel-hearted little coquette. She contrived to meet him in a shady wood-walk, where they had often loitered together. He was out with his dog and gun; very ill at ease in mind, for his handsome face looked sullen and dangerous, and he would not see her as she passed by. Mortified and angry, Nelly went home and cried herself ill. Wilfred heard she had caught a fever, and must needs go to ask. She met him at the garden gate, with a smile and a blush; whereat Wilfred was so glad, that he forgot to reproach her. There was, in consequence, a complete reconciliation, ratified by kisses

and promises — light coin with beauty Nell, but real heart-gold with poor, infatuated Wilfred. Hester almost despised her son when she heard of it.

"She is only fooling thee, lad!" said she, indignantly. "Come a richer suitor to the door, she'll throw thee over. She is only a light, false-hearted lass, not worth a whistle of thine."

Therein Hester spake truth.

Nelly played with her lover as a cat plays with a mouse. Wilfred urged their marriage. She would one day, and the next day she would not. Then arose other difficulties. Hester did not want an interloper by her fire-side, and would not give up the farm to her son; in fact, she was so jealous of his affection, that the thought of his marriage was hateful to her. Old Price said the young folks might settle with him, if they would; but Nelly liked the house at the Ings better, and thought Wilfred ought to take her there. When he explained that the property was his mother's for her life, she immediately accused him of not loving her, and assumed a decided coldness and repulsiveness of manner. Wilfred, both hurt and angry, tried to give her up, but his bonds were not so easily escaped. If he stayed away from her two days, on the third he was sure to be at her side, either winning her with tender words, or reproaching her with bitter ones. Nelly must have found the game a pleasant one, for she kept

it up a long time, undergoing herself as many changes of hue and form as a bubble blown up into the sunshine.

Frequently, during his lengthy visits at the Glebe Farm, Wilfred had encountered a man, Joseph Rigby by name, a dales-yeoman, and one of considerable wealth, but no education. This man was one of the last in the world to excite jealousy; but presently Wilfred was compelled to see that Nelly gave the coarse-mannered, middle-aged Rigby, more of her attentions than consorted with her position as his promised wife. He charged her with the fact. At first she denied it with blushes, and tears, and loud protestations; but at last confessed that Rigby had proposed to her — she did not dare to add that she had half-accepted him. They parted in mutual displeasure; and old Price said, as they agreed so badly, they had better break off the match, and Nelly should marry Joseph Rigby, who was well-to-do, and would know how to keep his wife in order. Wilfred went near her no more.

Presently, it was rumoured in the country-side that Nelly Price and Mr. Rigby were to be married after the October fairs. Hester sneered, prophesied that the rich yeoman would repent his bargain before Saint Mark's, and rejoiced greatly at her son's escape.

Meanwhile, Wilfred went about the farm and the house, silent, moody, and spiritless. He was quite changed, and, as his mother

thought, for the better. Instead of associating with his former companions, he stayed much at home, and again renewed his entreaties that his mother would sell the Ings, and leave the dales altogether. He wanted to emigrate. He did not care where they went, so that they got away from that hateful place. Hester was as reluctant as ever to comply; but she modified her refusal — they would try a year longer: if he were still in the same mind at the end of that period — well, perhaps she would yield to his urgent wishes.

On the morning of the Leeford Fair he left home early, and returned towards dusk — so it was said by Hester. No other person saw him until noon next day. Joseph Rigby was found murdered, and thrown into a gully by the Leeford road, that night. There were traces of a violent struggle upon the road, and the body had been dragged some distance. It had been rifled of money and watch, but a broad engraved ring which Rigby wore on the fourth finger of his left hand, was not removed. He was known to have left the market-hall at Leeford with a considerable sum in gold upon his person, for his brother-in-law had remonstrated with him about carrying so much; but the doomed man made light of his warnings. The whole country-side was up, for the murder was a barbarous one. Suspicion fell at once on Hester's son. His behaviour at

Leeford had attracted observation. He had been seen to use angry gestures to Rigby, who had laughed at him, and had offered the young man his hand, as if wishing to be friends; the other had rejected it, and turned away, shaking his clenched fist. He had also been seen to mount his horse at the inn door, and ride off in the afternoon. Rigby started about an hour later, and alone. He was seen no more until his body was found in the ditch by some men going to their work in the morning.

When Wilfred was taken, he and his mother were sitting by the fireside together: she sewing; he reading. It was towards twilight, and he had not been over the threshold all day. He was very down-cast and gloomy; irritable when spoken to, and short in his answers. His mother said to him that he was very strange, and added that she wished he would give over hankering after Nelly Graceless. He laughed painfully; and did not lift his eyes from his book. There was a loud knock at the door. Hester rose and opened it. Three men pushed their way into the house, the foremost asking if her son was at home.

"Yes; he is in there, by the fire. What do you want with him?"

"You must come with us, Mr. Wilfred — nay, it's no use showing fight," cried a burly, muscular fellow, laying his hand heavily on his shoulder; for Wil-

fred had turned deadly pale, and had attempted to shake off the man's grasp.

"What is it for?" asked Hester, with her eyes on her son.

"God knows. — I don't," said he, quietly.

"Mr. Rigby was robbed and murdered last night, as he came home from Leeford Fair, and suspicion points at your lad, mistress," said the man, who still held his hand on Wilfred's shoulder.

Hester gave utterance to no frantic denials; she laughed, even.

"Why he was at home by this hour yester-day, in this very room, at his tea. Wasn't he, Jessy?" said she, turning to the maid-servant; who, with a countenance of alarm, stood by the door.

The girl said "Yes;" then hesitated, and added that she didn't see young master when she brought in tea.

"I was up-stairs," said Wilfred.

"You had better keep all that for another time and place: you must go with us now," observed the man.

Wilfred made no resistance. His mother brought him his coat, and helped him to put it on.

"Say thou didn't do it, Willy — only say so?" whispered she, fiercely.

"I didn't mother: so help me, God!" was his fervent reply.

"You hear him!" cried Hester, turning to the men; "you hear

him! He never lied in his days. He might have killed Rigby in a fair fight, or in hot blood; but he is not the lad to lie in wait at night, to murder his enemy and rob him! He is not a thief, this son of mine!"

The officers urged their departure. Wilfred was placed in the vehicle which had been brought for the purpose, and driven off.

"I'll follow thee, Willy!" cried his mother. "Keep up thy heart; they can't touch thee! Good-bye, my poor lad!"

They were out of hearing, and Hester turned back into the house, cursing Nelly Graceless in her heart.

Wilfred was committed to take his trial at the winter gaol-delivery on a charge of wilful murder. The evidence against him was overwhelming. Hester sold the Ings and collected all the money she could, that, if gold would buy his redemption, it might be done; for herself, she had a perfect faith in his innocence, and was confident of his acquittal, but few persons, if any, shared her feelings. The best legal advice had been retained for the accused, and the trial came on shortly before Christmas. Hester was the only witness for her son. The woman Jessy's evidence damaged his cause considerably. She contradicted herself over and over again, and at last, flurried and confused, she burst into tears, crying out that she would say anything to get her young master off. There was nobody

to speak with certainty as to the prisoner's having been at home by a certain hour but his mother; he had put his horse into the stable himself, the groom being absent at the fair, and Jessy could not swear that he was in to tea; she believed not; only one cup was used.

Two witnesses, labourers on a farm near the Ings, swore to having seen and spoken to the prisoner after the hour stated; they said he was riding fast, and seemed agitated, but it was too dark to see his face. Nelly Price also had her word against him; it was drawn from her reluctantly, in the midst of shame-faced tears and noisy sobs, but it quite overthrew the attempt to prove an alibi. She stated that she had watched until dark, in the garden, for Wilfred's return from Lee-ford, and had not seen him go by. The prisoner never looked towards her, but murmured that he had gone home by the bridle-road and Low Lane to avoid passing the Glebe Farm. The former witnesses, on being recalled, said that it was on the highway, nearly a mile from the place where the lower road branched off, and nearer to the Ings, that they encountered the accused. These two decent men, being strictly cross-examined, never swerved from their first story an iota, and agreed in every particular. They were individuals of decent character; both had worked on the prisoner's farm, and acknowledged him to

be a liberal and kind master. Their evidence was not to be shaken. As a final and damning proof of guilt, the watch of which the murdered man had been robbed was produced; it had been found concealed under the thatch of an out-house at the Ings. At this point of the evidence the prisoner was observed to draw himself up and look round defiantly, — despair gave him a fictitious strength, perhaps, or, was it conscious innocence!

Wilfred spoke in his own defence, briefly, but strongly. His life, he said, was sworn away, but he was as guiltless of the crime laid to his charge as any of those gentlemen who sat in judgment upon him. His mother, who had remained in court all the time and had never spoken except when called upon for her evidence, had preserved a stoical calmness throughout. When he ceased to speak however, she cried out in a quivering voice:

“My lad, thy mother believes thee!”

Some friend would have led her out, but she refused to go. The jury gave their verdict of guilty without any recommendation to mercy, and the sentence of death was pronounced. Then it was that Hester rose on her feet and faltered that formula of words with which she had startled me in the corridor:

“He is not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out some day. I can wait; yes, I can wait. I am more

patient than death. I am more patient than injustice."

Wilfred died stubborn and unconfessing; on the scaffold, with his last breath, he persisted in asserting his innocence. His mother bade him farewell, and was carried to this inn, where she had stayed, raving in a frenzy-fit. For many months she was subject to restraint, but, recovering in some measure, she was at length set at liberty. Her mind was still distraught, however; she wandered back to the dales and to her old home, but the new owner had taken possession, and after enduring her intrusions for some time, he was compelled to apply for her removal.

After this, her money being lost or exhausted, she strayed about the country in a purposeless way; begging or doing day's work in the field, until she strayed here again, and became the Pensioner of the Holly Tree. The poor demented creature is always treated kindly, but her son's sentence has not yet been reversed in men's judgment. Every morning during the time the judges are in the neighbouring Assize town she waits in one of the streets through which they must pass to reach the court; and as the gilt coach, the noisy trumpets and the decrepit halberdiers, go by, she scowls at them from beneath her shaggy brows, and mutters her formula of defiance. She will die saying it: comforting her poor, worn, wounded heart with its smarting balm.

Will she find, when she comes before the Tribunal of Eternal Decrees that she has leaned thus long upon a broken reed, or will she find her son there, free from the guilt of blood?

The Great Judge only knows.

THE BILL.

I COULD scarcely believe, when I came to the last word of the foregoing recital and finished it off with a flourish, as I am apt to do when I make an end of any writing, that I had been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hands, and the Holly-Tree, so bare at first, had borne so many berries for me, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my table.

The road had been dug out of the snow, on the previous day, and the document in question was my Bill. It testified, emphatically, to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept, among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and nights.

I had yesterday allowed the road twenty-four hours to improve itself, finding that I required that additional margin of time for the completion of my task. I had ordered my Bill to be upon the table, and a chaise to be at the door, "at eight o'clock to-morrow evening." It

was eight o'clock to-morrow evening, when I buckled up my travelling writing-desk in its leather case, paid my Bill, and got on my warm coats and wrappers. Of course, no time now remained for my travelling on, to add a frozen tear to the icicles which were doubtless hanging plentifully about the farm-house where I had first seen Angela. What I had to do, was, to get across to Liverpool by the shortest open road, there to meet my heavy baggage and embark. It was quite enough to do, and I had not an hour too much time to do it in.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends — almost, for the time being, of my bashfulness too — and was standing for half a minute at the Inn-door, watching the ostler as he took another turn at the cord which tied my portmanteau on the chaise, when I saw lamps coming down towards the Holly-Tree. The road was so padded with snow that no wheels were audible; but, all of us who were standing at the Inn-door, saw lamps coming on, and at a lively rate too, between the walls of snow that had been heaped up, on either side of the track. The chamber-maid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler: "Tom, this is a Gretna job!" The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard, bawling, "Next four out!" and in a mo-

ment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and, therefore, instead of driving off at once, I remained at the Inn-door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, muffled in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologise, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!

"Charley!" said he, recoiling. "Gracious powers, what do you do here?"

"Edwin," said I, recoiling, "Gracious powers, what do *you* do here!" I struck my forehead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light seemed to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlor (always kept with a slow fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their horses were putting to; and, shutting the door, said:

"Charley, forgive me!"

"Edwin!" I returned. "Was this well? When I loved her so dearly! When I had garnered up my heart so long!" I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to heart.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

"My dear, dear Charley," said he; "don't think ill of me, I be-

seech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe me, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secrecy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But, I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake."

He and his dear girl! It steeled me.

"You have observed it for my sake, sir?" said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

"Yes! - and Angela's," said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a laboring humming-top. "Explain yourself," said I, holding on by one hand to an arm-chair.

"Dear old darling Charley!" returned Edwin, in his cordial manner, "consider! When you were going on so happily with Angela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposals) to our secret intention? Surely it was better that you should be able honorably to say, 'He never took counsel with me, never told me, never breathed a word of it.' If Angela suspected it and showed me all the favor and support she could - God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife! - I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!"

Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

"Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin?" said I, embracing him with the greatest affection.

"My good fellow!" said he, "Do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her!"

I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape; but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note a-piece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

I never went to Liverpool, I never went to America, I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the mistrust and the mistaken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven - I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear white fur herself, and to look very like her mother in it - come to read these pages, as of course they will, I shall hardly fail to be found out at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate the

Christmas time of year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded. I hope that I am none the worse for it, and that no one near me or afar off is the worse for it. And I say, May the green Holly-Tree flourish, striking its roots deep into our English ground, and having its germinating qualities carried by the birds of Heaven all over the world!



HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXXVI.

THE CRUISE OF THE TOMTIT.

"At any other time of the year and for a shorter cruise, I should be delighted to join you. But as I prefer dying a dry death, I must decline accompanying you all the way to the Scilly Islands in a little pleasure boat of thirteen tons, just at the time of the autumnal equinox. You may meet with a gale that will blow you out of the water. You are running a risk, in my opinion, of the most senseless kind — and, if I thought my advice had any weight with you, I should say most earnestly, be warned in time, and give up the trip." — *Extract from the letter of A Prudent Friend.*

"If I were only a single man, there is nothing I should like better than to join you. But I have a wife and family, and I can't reconcile it to my conscience to risk being drowned." — *Report from the Farewell Speech of A Prudent Friend.*

"Don't come back bottom upwards." — *Condensation of the Valedictory Blessings of several Prudent Friends.*

We received the enlivening expressions of opinion quoted above, with the perfect politeness which distinguishes us both. At the same time, with the firm resolution which forms another marked trait in our respective characters, we held to our original determination, engaged the

boat and the crew, and put to sea on our appointed day, in the teeth of the wind and of our friends' objections. But before I float the present narrative into blue water, I have certain indispensable formalities to accomplish which will keep me and my readers for a little while yet on dry land. First of all, let me introduce our boat, our crew, and ourselves.

Our boat is named the Tomtit. She is cutter-rigged. Her utmost length from stem to stern is thirty-six feet, and her greatest breadth on deck is ten feet. As her size does not admit of bulwarks, her deck, between the cabin-hatch and the stern, dips into a kind of well, with seats round three sides of it, which we call the Cockpit. Here we can stand up in rough weather without any danger of being rolled overboard; elsewhere, the sides of the vessel do not rise more than a few inches above the deck. The cabin of the Tomtit is twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and

five feet six inches deep. It has roomy lockers, and a snug little fireplace, and it leads into two recesses forward, which make capital storerooms for water, coals, firewood, and so forth. When I have added that the Tomtit has a bright red bottom, continued, as to colour, up her sides to a little above the watermark; and when I have further stated that she is a fast sailer, and that she proved herself on our cruise to be a capital little sea-boat, I have said all that is needful at present on the subject of our yacht, and may get on to our crew and ourselves.

Our crew is composed of three brothers: Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs; all active seamen, and as worthy and hearty fellows as any man in the world could wish to sail with. My friend's name is Mr. Migott, and mine is Mr. Jollins. Thus, we are five on board altogether. As for our characters, I shall leave them to come out as they may in the course of this narrative. I am going to tell things just as they happened. What some people call smart writing, comic colouring, and graphic describing, are departments of authorship at which I snap my fingers in contempt.

The port we sailed from was a famous watering-place on the western coast, called Mangerton-on-the-Mud; and our intention, as intimated in the letter of our prudent friend, was to go even further than the Land's End, and to reach those last bits of English

ground called the Scilly Islands. But if the reader thinks he is now to get afloat at once, he is grievously mistaken. One very important and interesting part of our voyage was entirely comprised in the preparations that we made for it. To this portion of the subject, therefore, I shall wholly devote myself in the first instance. On paper, or off it, neither Mr. Migott nor myself are men to be hurried.

We left London with nothing but our clothes, our wrappers, some tobacco, some French novels, and some Egyptian cigars. Everything that was to be bought for the voyage was to be procured at Bristol. Everything that could be extracted from private benevolence was to be taken in unlimited quantities from hospitable friends living more or less in the neighbourhood of our place of embarkation. At Bristol we plunged over head and ears in naval business immediately. After ordering a ham, and a tongue, marmalade, lemons, anchovy paste, and general groceries, we set forth to the quay to equip ourselves and our vessel. We began with charts, sailing directions and a compass; we got on to a hammock a-piece and a flag; and we rose to a nautical climax by buying tarpaulin-coats, leggings, and sou'westers, at a sailors' public-house. With these sea-stores, and with a noble loaf of home-made bread (the offering of private benevolence) we left Bristol to

scour the friendly country beyond, in search of further contributions to the larder of the Tomtit.

The first scene of our ravages was a large country-house, surrounded by the most charming grounds. From the moment when we and our multifarious packages poured tumultuous into the hall, to the moment when we and the said packages poured out of it again into a carriage and a cart, I have no recollection, excepting meal-times and bed-time, of having been still for an instant. Escorted everywhere by two handsome, high-spirited boys, in a wild state of excitement about our voyage, we ranged the house from top to bottom, and laid hands on everything portable and eatable that we wanted in it. The inexhaustible hospitality of our hostess was proof against all the inroads that we could make on it. The priceless gift of packing perishable commodities securely in small spaces possessed by a lady living in the house and placed perpetually at our disposal, encouraged our propensities for unlimited accumulation. We ravaged the kitchen garden and the fruit-garden; we rushed into the awful presence of the cook (with our ham and tongue from Bristol as an excuse) and ranged predatory over the lower regions. We scaled back-staircases, and tramped along remote corridors, and burst into secluded lumber-rooms, with accompaniment of shouting from

the boys, and of operative humming from Mr. Migott and myself, who happen, among other social accomplishments, to be both of us musical in a free-and-easy way. We turned out, in these same lumber-rooms, plans of estates from their neat tin cases, and put in lemons and loaf-sugar instead. Mr. Migott pounced upon a stray telescope, and strapped it over my shoulders forthwith. The two boys found two japanned boxes, with the epaulettes and shako of an exmilitary member of the family inside, which articles of martial equipment (though these are war-times, and nothing is meritorious or respectable now but fighting) I, with my own irreverent hands, shook out on the floor; and straightway conveyed the empty cases down-stairs to be profaned by tea, sugar, Harvey's sauce, pickles, pepper, and other products of the arts of peace. In a word, and not to dwell too long on the purely piratical part of our preparations for the voyage, we doubled the number of our packages at this hospitable country-house, before we left it for Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the dangers of the sea that lay beyond.

At Mangerton we made a second piratical swoop upon another long-suffering friend, the resident doctor. We let this gentleman off, however, very easily, only lightening him of a lanthorn, and two milk-cans to hold our fresh-water. We felt

strongly inclined to take his warmest cape away from him also; but Mr. Migott leaned towards the side of mercy, and Mr. Jollins was, as usual, only too ready to sacrifice himself on the altar of friendship, — so the doctor kept his cape, after all. Not so fortunate was our next victim, Mr. Purler, the Port Admiral of Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the convivial host of the Metropolitan Inn. Wisely entering his house empty-handed, we left it with sheets, blankets, mattresses, pillows, table-cloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, crockery, a frying-pan, a grid-iron, and a saucepan. When to these articles of domestic use were added the parcels we had brought from Bristol, the packages we had collected at the country-house, the doctor's milk-cans, the personal baggage of the two enterprising voyagers, additions to the eating and drinking department in the shape of a cold curry in a jar, a piece of spiced beef, a side of bacon, and a liberal supply of wine, spirits, and beer, nobody can be surprised to hear that we found some difficulty in making only one cart-load of our whole collection of stores. The packing process was, in fact, not accomplished till after dark. The tide was then flowing; we were to sail the next morning; and it was necessary to get everything put on board that night, while there was water enough for the Tomtit to be moored close to the jetty.

This jetty, it must be acknowledged, was nothing but a narrow stone causeway, sloping down from the land into the sea. Imagine our cart, loaded with breakable things, at the high end of the jetty, and the Tomtit waiting to receive the contents of the cart at the low end, in the water. Imagine no moon, no stars, no lamp of any kind on shore; imagine one small lantern on board the vessel, which just showed how dark it was, and did nothing more; imagine the doctor, and the doctor's friend, and the doctor's two dogs, and Mr. Migott and Mr. Jollins, all huddled together in a fussy state of expectation, midway on the jetty, seeing nothing, doing nothing, and being very much in the way. Imagine all these things, and then wonder, as we wondered, at the marvellous dexterity of our three valiant sailors, who actually succeeded in transporting piece-meal the crockery, cookery, and general contents of the cart into the vessel, on that pitchy night, without breaking, spilling, dropping, bumping, or forgetting anything. When I hear of professional conjurors performing remarkable feats, I think of the brothers Dobbs, and the loading of the Tomtit in the darkness; and I ask myself if any landsman's mechanical legerdemain can be more extraordinary than the natural neat-handedness of a sailor?

The next morning the sky was

black, the wind was blowing hard against us, and the waves were showing their white frills angrily in the offing. A double row of spectators had assembled at the jetty, to see us beat out of the bay. If they had come to see us hanged, their grim faces could not have expressed greater commiseration. Our only cheerful farewell came from the doctor and his friend and the two dogs. The remainder of the spectators evidently felt that they were having a last long stare at us, and that it would be indecent and unfeeling, under the circumstances, to look happy. Give me a respectable inhabitant of an English country town, and I will match him, in the matter of stolid and silent staring, against any other man, civilised or savage, over the whole surface of the globe.

If we had felt any doubts of the sea-going qualities of the Tomtit, they would have been solved when we "went about," for the first time, after leaving the jetty. A livelier, stiffer, and drier little vessel of her size never was built. She jumped over the waves, as if the sea was a great play-ground, and the game for the morning Leap-Frog. Though the wind was so high that we were obliged to lower our foresail, and to double-reef the mainsail, the only water we got on board was the spray that was blown over us from the tops of the waves. In the state of the weather, getting down Channel

was out of the question. We were obliged to be contented, on this first day of our voyage, with running across to the Welsh coast, and there sheltering ourselves — amid a perfect fleet of outward-bound merchantmen driven back by the wind — in a snug roadstead, for the afternoon and the night.

This delay, which might have been disagreeable enough later in our voyage, gave us just the time we wanted for setting things to rights on board. Our little twelve-foot cabin, it must be remembered, was bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room, store-room, and kitchen, all in one. Everything we wanted for sleeping, reading, eating, and drinking, had to be arranged in its proper place. The butter and candles, the soap and cheese, the salt and sugar, the bread and onions, the oil-bottle and the brandy-bottle, for example, had to be put in places where the motion of the vessel could not roll them together, and where, also, we could any of us find them at a moment's notice. Other things, not of the eatable sort, we gave up all idea of separating. Mr. Migott and I mingled our stock of shirts as we mingled our sympathies, our fortunes, and our flowing punch-bowl after dinner. We both of us have our faults; but incapability of adapting ourselves cheerfully to circumstances is not among them. Mr. Migott, especially, is one of those rare men who could dine politely off

blubber in the company of Esquimaux, and discover the latent social advantages of his position if he was lost in the darkness of the North Pole.

After the arrangement of goods and chattels, came dinner (the curry warmed up with a second course of fried onions), then the slinging of our hammocks by the neat hands of the Brothers Dobbs, and then the practice of how to get into the hammocks, by Messrs. Migott and Jollins. No landsman who has not tried the experiment can form the faintest notion of the luxury of the sailor's swinging bed, or of the extraordinary difficulty of getting into it for the first time. The preliminary action is to stand with your back against the middle of your hammock, and to hold by the edge of the canvas on either side. You then duck your head down, throw your heels up, turn round on your back, and let go with your hands, all at the same moment. If you succeed in doing this, you are in the most luxurious bed that the ingenuity of man has ever invented. If you fail, you measure your length on the floor. So much for hammocks.

After learning how to get into bed, the writer of the present narrative tried his hand on the composition of whiskey punch, and succeeded — which has always been his modest aim through life — in imparting satisfaction to his fellow-creatures. When the punch and the pipes

accompanying the same had come to an end, a pilot-boat anchored alongside of us for the night. Once embarked on our own element, we old sea-dogs, are, after all, a polite race of men. We asked the pilot where he had come from — and he asked us. We asked the pilot where he was bound to, to-morrow morning — and he asked us. We asked the pilot whether he would like a drop of rum — and the pilot, loth to discourage us, said Yes. After that there was a little pause; and then the pilot asked us, whether we would come on board his boat — and we, loth to discourage the pilot, said Yes, and did go, and came back, and asked the pilot whether he would come on board our boat — and he said Yes, and did come on board, and drank another drop of rum. Thus in the practice of the social virtues did we wile away the hours — six jolly tars in a twelve-foot cabin — till it was past eleven o'clock, and time, as we say at sea, to tumble in, or tumble out, as the case may be, when a jolly tar wants practice in the art of getting into his hammock.

The wind blew itself out in the night. As the morning got on, it fell almost to a calm; and the merchantmen about us began weighing anchor, to drop down Channel with the tide. The Tomtit, it is unnecessary to say, scorned to be left behind, and hoisted her sails with the best of them. Favoured by the lightness of the wind, we sailed past every

vessel proceeding in our direction. Barques, brigs, and schooners, French luggers and Dutch galliots, we showed our stern to all of them; and when the weather cleared, and the breeze freshened towards the afternoon, the little Tomtit was heading the whole fleet. In the evening we brought up close to the high coast of Somersetshire, to wait for the tide. Weighed again, at ten at night, and sailed for Ilfracombe. Got becalmed towards morning, but managed to reach our port at ten, with the help of the sweeps, or long oars. Went ashore for more bread, beer, and fresh water; feeling so nautical by this time, that the earth was difficult to walk upon; and all the people we had dealings with presented themselves to us in the guise of unmitigated land-sharks. O, my dear eyes! what a relief it was to Mr. Migott and myself to find ourselves in our floating castle, boxing the compass, dancing the hornpipe, and splicing the main-brace freely in our ocean-home.

About noon we sailed for Clovelly. Our smooth passage across the magnificent Bay of Bideford is the recollection of our happy voyage which I find myself looking back on most lovingly while I now write. No cloud was in the sky. Far away, on the left, sloped inward the winding shore, so clear, so fresh, so divinely tender in its blue and purple hues, that it was the most inexhaustible of luxuries only to

look at it. Over the watery horizon, to the right, the autumn sun hung grandly, with the fire-path below, heaving on a sea of lustrous darkest blue. Flocks of wild birds, at rest, floated, chirping on the water all around. The fragrant, steady breeze was just enough to fill our sails. On and on we went, with the bubbling sea song at our bows to soothe us; on and on, till the blue lustre of the ocean grew darker, till the sun sank redly towards the far waterline, till the sacred evening stillness crept over the sweet air, and hushed it with a fore-taste of the coming night. What sight of mystery and enchantment rises before us now? Steep, solemn cliffs, bare in some places — where the dark-red rock has been rent away, and the winding chasms open grimly to the view — but clothed for the most part with trees, which soften their summits into the sky, and sweep all down them, in glorious masses of wood, to the very water's edge. Climbing from the beach, up the precipitous face of the cliff, a little fishing village coyly shows itself. The small white cottages rise one above another, now perching on a bit of rock, now peeping out of a clump of trees; sometimes two or three together; sometimes one standing alone; here, placed sideways to the sea, there, fronting it, — but rising always one above another, as if, instead of being founded on the earth, they were hung from the trees on the top of the cliff. Over

all this lovely scene the evening shadows are stealing. The last rays of the sun just tinge the quiet water, and touch the white walls of the cottages. From out at sea comes the sound of a horn, blown from the nearest fishing-vessel, as a signal to the rest to follow her to shore. From the land, the voices of children at play, and the still, faint fall of the small waves on the beach are the only audible sounds. This is Clovelly. If we had travelled a thousand miles to see it, we should have said that our journey had not been taken in vain.

On getting to shore, we found the one street of Clovelly nothing but a succession of irregular steps, from the beginning at the beach, to the end, half-way up the cliffs. It was like climbing to the top of an old castle, instead of walking through a village. When we reached the summit of the cliff, it was getting too dark to see much of the country. We strayed away, however, to look for the church, and found ourselves, at twilight, near some ghastly deserted out-houses, approached by a half-ruinous gateway, and a damp dark avenue of trees. The church was near, but shut off from us by ivy-grown walls. No living creature appeared; not even a dog barked at us. We were surrounded by silence, solitude, darkness and desolation; and it struck us both forcibly, that the best thing we could do was to give up the church, and get back to humanity

with all convenient speed. The descent of the High Street of Clovelly, at night, turned out to be a matter of more difficulty than we had anticipated. There was no such thing as a lamp in the whole village; and we had to grope our way in the darkness down steps of irregular sizes and heights, paved with slippery pebbles, and ornamented with nothing in the shape of a banister, even at the most dangerous places. Half-way down, my friend and I had an argument in the dark — standing with our noses against a wall, and with nothing visible on either side — as to which way we should turn next. I guessed to the left, and he guessed to the right; and I, being the most obstinate of the two, we ended in following my route, and at last stumbled our way down to the pier. Looking at the place the next morning, we found that the steps to the right led through a bit of cottage-garden to a snug little precipice, over which inquisitive tourists might pitch quietly, without let or hindrance. Talk of the perils of the deep! what are they in comparison with the perils of the shore?

The adventures of the night were not exhausted, so far as I was concerned, even when we got back to our vessel. I have already informed the reader that the cabin of the Tomtit was twelve feet long by eight feet wide — a snug apartment, but scarcely big enough, as it struck me, for five

men to sleep in comfortably. Nevertheless, the experiment was to be tried in Clovelly harbour. I bargained, at the outset, for one thing — that the cabin hatch should be kept raised at least a foot all night. This ventilatory condition being complied with, I tumbled into my hammock, Mr. Migott rolled into his, and Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs, cast themselves down promiscuously on the floor and the lockers under us. Out went the lights; and off went my friend and the Brothers Dobbs into the most intolerable concert of snoring that it is possible to imagine. I lay awake listening, and studying the character of the snore in each of the four sleeping individuals. The snore of Mr. Migott I found to be superior to the rest in point of amiability, softness, and regularity — it was a kind of oily, long-sustained purr, amusing and not unmusical for the first five minutes. Next in point of merit to Mr. Migott, came Bob Dobbs. His note was several octaves lower than my friend's, and his tone was a grunt — but I will do him justice; I will not scruple to admit that the sounds he produced were regular as clockwork. Very inferior was the performance of Sam Dobbs, who, as owner of the boat, ought, I think, to have set a good example. If an idle carpenter planed a board very quickly at one time, and very slowly at another, and if he moaned at intervals over his work, he would

produce the best imitation of Sam Dobbs's style of snoring that I can think of. Last, and worst of all, came Dick Dobbs, who was afflicted with a cold, and whose snore consisted of a succession of loud chokes, gasps, and puffs, all contending together, as it appeared to me, which should suffocate him soonest. There I lay, wide awake, suffering under the awful nose-chorus which I have attempted to describe, for nearly an hour. It was a dark night: there was no wind, and very little air. Horrible doubts about the sufficiency of our ventilation began to beset me. Reminiscences of early reading on the subject of the Black Hole at Calcutta came back vividly to my memory. I thought of the twelve feet by eight, in which we were all huddled together — terror and indignation overpowered me — and I roared for a light, before the cabin of the Tomtit became too mephitic for flame of any kind to exist in it. Uprose they then my Merry Merry Men, bewildered and grumbling, to grope for the match-box. It was found, the lanthorn was lit, the face of Mr. Migott appeared serenely over the side of his hammock, and the voice of Mr. Migott sweetly and sleepily inquired what was the matter?

“Matter! The Black Hole at Calcutta is the matter. Poisonous, gaseous exhalation is the matter! Outrageous, ungentlemanly snoring is the matter!

Give me my bedding, and my drop of brandy, and my pipe, and let me go on deck. Let me be a Chaldean shepherd, and contemplate the stars. Let me be the careful watch who patrols the deck, and guards the ship from foes and wreck. Let me be anything but the companion of men, who snore like the famous Furies in the old Greek play." While I am venting my indignation, and collecting my bedding, the smiling and sleepy face of Mr. Migott disappears slowly from the side of the hammock — and before I am on deck, I hear the oily purr once more, just as amiable, soft, and regular as ever.

What a relief it was to have the sky to look up at, the fresh night air to breathe, the quiet murmur of the sea to listen to! I rolled myself up in my blankets; and, for aught I know to the contrary, was soon snoring on deck as industriously as my companions were snoring below. The first sounds that woke me in the morning were produced by the tongues of the natives of Clovelly, assembled on the pier, staring down on me in my nest of blankets, and shouting to each other incessantly. I assumed that they were making fun of the interesting stranger stretched in repose on the deck of the Tomtit; but I could not understand one word of the Devonshire language in which they spoke. Whatever they said of me, I forgive them, however, in consideration of their

cream and fresh herrings. Our breakfast on the cabin-hatch in Clovelly harbour, after a dip in the sea, is a remembrance of gustatory bliss which I gratefully cherish. When we had reduced the herrings to skeletons, and the cream-pot to a whited sepulchre of emptiness, we slipped from our moorings, and sailed away from the lovely little village with real regret. By noon we were off Hartland Point.

We had now arrived at the important part of our voyage — the part at which it was necessary to decide, once for all, on our future destination. Mr. Migott and I took counsel together solemnly, unrolled the charts, and then astonished our trusty crew by announcing that the end of the voyage was to be the Scilly Islands. Up to this time the Brothers Dobbs had been inclined to laugh at the notion of getting so far in so small a boat. But they began to look grave now, and to hint at cautious objections. The weather was certainly beautiful; but then the wind was dead against us. Our little vessel was stiff and sturdy enough for any service, but nobody on board knew the strange waters into which we were going — and, as for the charts, could any one of us study them with a proper knowledge of the science of navigation? Would it not be better, to take a little cruise to Lundy Island, away there on the starboard bow? And another little cruise about the Welsh

coast, where the Dobbsses had been before? To these cautious questions we replied by rash and peremptory negatives; and the Brothers, thereupon, abandoned their view of the case, and accepted ours with great resignation. For the Scilly Islands, therefore, we shaped our course, alternately standing out to sea, and running in for the land, so as to get down ultimately to the Land's End, against the wind, in a series of long zig-zags, now in a westerly and now in an easterly direction. Our first tack from Hartland Point was a sail of six hours out to sea. At sunset, the little Tomtit had lost sight of land for the first time since she was launched, and was rising and falling gently on the long swells of the Atlantic. It was a deliciously calm, clear evening, with every promise of the fine weather lasting. The spirits of the Brothers Dobbs, when they found themselves at last in the blue water, rose amazingly.

"Only give us decent weather, sir," said Bob Dobbs, cheerfully smacking the tiller of the Tomtit; "and we'll find our way to Scilly somehow, in spite of the wind."

We were now fairly at sea, keeping a regular watch on deck at night, and never running nearer the Cornish coast than was necessary to enable us to compare the great headlands with the marks on our chart. Under present circumstances, no more than three of us could sleep in the cabin at one time — the

combined powers of the snoring party were thus weakened, and the ventilation below could be preserved in a satisfactory state. Instead of chronicling our slow zig-zag progress to the Land's End, which is unlikely to interest anybody not familiar with Cornish names and nautical phrases, I will try to describe the manner in which we passed the day on board the Tomtit, now that we were away from land events and amusements. If there was to be any such thing as an alloy of dulness in our cruise, this was assuredly the part of it in which Time and the Hour were likely to run slowest through the day.

In the first place, let me record with just pride, that we have solved the difficult problem of a pure republic in our modest little craft. No man in particular among us is master — no man in particular is servant. The man who can do at the right time, and in the best way, the thing that is most wanted, is always the hero of the situation among us. When Dick Dobbs is frying the onions for dinner, he is the person most respected in the ship, and Mr. Migott and myself are his faithful and expectant subjects. When grog is to be made, or sauces are to be prepared, Mr. Jollins becomes in his turn, the monarch of all he surveys. When musical entertainments are in progress, Mr. Migott is vocal king, and sole conductor of band and chorus. When nautical talk and sea-stories rule the hour, Bob

Dobbs, who has voyaged in various merchantmen all over the world, and is every inch of him a thorough sailor, becomes the best man of the company. When any affairs connected with the internal management of the vessel are under consideration, Sam Dobbs is Chairman of the Committee in the Cockpit. So we sail along; and such is the perfect constitution of society at which we mariners of England have been able to arrive.

Our freedom extends to the smallest details. We have no stated hours, and we are well ahead of all rules and regulations. We have no breakfast hour, no dinner hour, no time for rising, or for going to bed. We have no particular eatables at particular meals. We don't know the day of the month, or the day of the week; and never look at our watches, except when we wind them up. Our voice is frequently the voice of the sluggard; but we never complain, because nobody ever wakes us too soon, or thinks of interfering with our slumbering again. We wear each other's coats, smoke each other's pipes, poach on each other's victuals. We are a happy, dawdling, undisciplined, slovenly lot. We have no principles, no respectability, no business, no stake in the country, no knowledge of Mrs. Grundy. We are a parcel of Lotos-Eaters; and we know nothing, except that we are poking our way along anyhow to the Scilly Islands in the Tomtit.

We rise when we have had sleep enough—any time you like between seven and ten. If I happen to be on deck first, I begin by hearing the news of the weather and the wind from Sam, Dick, or Bob at the helm. Soon the face of Mr. Migott, rosy with recent snoring, rises from the cabin, and his body follows it slowly, clad in the blue Jersey frock, which he persists in wearing night and day—in the heat of noon as in the cool of evening. He cannot be prevailed upon to give any reason for his violent attachment to this garment—only wagging his head and smiling mysteriously when we ask why, sleeping or waking, he never parts with it. Well, being up, the next thing is to make the toilette. We keep our fresh water, for minor ablutions, in an old wine cask from Bristol. The colour of the liquid is a tawny yellow; it is, in fact, weak sherry and water. For the major ablutions, we have the ship's bucket and the sea, and a good stock of rough towels to finish with. The next thing is breakfast on deck. When we can catch fish (which is very seldom, though we are well provided with lines and bait) we fall upon the spoil immediately. At other times we range through our sea stores, eating anything we like, cooked anyhow we like. After breakfast we have two words to say to our box of peaches, nectarines, and grapes, from the hospitable country-house. Then the bedding is

brought up to air; the deck is cleaned; the breakfast things are taken away; the pipes, cigars, and French novels are produced from the cabin; Mr. Migott coils himself up in a corner of the cockpit, and I perch upon the taffrail; and the studies of the morning begin. They end invariably in small-talk, beer, and sleep. So the time slips away cosily till it is necessary to think about dinner.

Now all is activity on board the Tomtit. Except the man at the helm, everyone is occupied with preparations for the banquet of the day. The potatoes, onions, and celery form one department; the fire and solid cookery another; the washing of plates and dishes, knives and forks, a third; the laying of the cloth on deck a fourth; the concoction of sauces and production of bottles from the cellar a fifth. No man has any particular department assigned to him: the most active republican of the community for the time being, plunges into the most active work, and the others follow as they please. The exercise we get is principally at this period of the day, and consists in incessant dropping down from the deck to the cabin, and incessant scrambling up from the cabin to the deck. The dinner is a long business; but what do we care for that? We have no appointments to keep, no visitors to interrupt us, and nothing in the world to do but to tickle our palates, wet our whistles, and

amuse ourselves in any way we please. Dinner at last over, it is superfluous to say, that the pipes become visible again, and that the taking of forty winks is only a prohibited operation on the part of the man at the helm.

As for tea-time, it is entirely regulated by the wants and wakefulness of Mr. Migott, who, since the death of Doctor Johnson, is the most desperate drinker of tea in all England. When the cups and saucers are cleared away, a *conversazione* is held in the cockpit. Sam Dobbs is the best listener of the company; Dick Dobbs, who has been a yachtsman, is the jester; Bob Dobbs, the merchant sailor, is the teller of adventures; and my friend and I keep the ball going smartly in all sorts of ways, till it gets dark, and a great drought falls upon the members of the *conversazione*. Then, if the mermaids are anywhere near us, they may smell the fragrant fumes which tell of sacrifice to Bacchus, and may hear, shortly afterwards, the muse of song invoked by cheerful toppers. Thus the dark hours roll on jovial till the soft influences of sleep descend upon the tuneful choir, and the cabin receives its lodgers for the night.

This is the general rule of life on board the Tomtit. Exceptional incidents of all kinds — saving sea-sickness, to which nobody on board is liable — are never wanting to vary it pleasantly from day to day. Sometimes

Mr. Migott gets on from taking a nap to having a dream, and records the fact by a screech of terror, which rings through the vessel and wakes the sleeper himself, who always asks, "What's that, eh?" — never believes that the screech has not come from somebody else — never knows what he has been dreaming of — and never fails to go to sleep again before the rest of the ship's company have half done expostulating with him. Sometimes a little interesting indigestion appears among us, by way of change. Dick Dobbs, for example (who is as bilious as an Indian nabob) is seen to turn yellow at the helm, and to steer with a glazed eye; is asked what is the matter — replies that he has "the boil terrible bad on his stomach;" is instantly treated by Jollins (M.D.) as follows: Two tea spoonsful of essence of ginger, two dessert spoonsful of brown brandy, two table spoonsful of strong tea. Pour down patient's throat very hot, and smack his back smartly to promote the operation of the draught. What follows? The cure of Dick. How simple is medicine when reduced to its first principles!

Another source of amusement is provided by the ships we meet with. Whenever we get near enough, we hail the largest merchant-men in the most peremptory manner, as coolly as if we had three decks under us and an admiral on board. The large ships, for the most part paralysed

by our audacity, reply meekly. Sometimes we meet with a foreigner, and get answered by inarticulate yelling or disrespectful grins. But this is a rare case; the general rule is, that we maintain our dignity unimpaired all down the Channel. Then, again, when no ships are near, there is the constant excitement of consulting our charts and wondering where we are. Every man of us has a different theory on this subject every time he looks at the chart; but no man rudely thrusts his theory on another, or aspires to govern the ideas of the rest in virtue of his superior obstinacy in backing his own opinion. Did I not assert a little while since that we were a pure republic? And is not this yet another and a striking proof of it?

In such pursuits and diversions as I have endeavoured to describe, the time passes quickly, happily, and adventurously, until we ultimately succeed, at four in the morning on the sixth day of our cruise, in discovering the light of the Longship's Lighthouse, which we know to be situated off the Land's End. We are now only some seven-and-twenty miles from the Scilly Islands, and the discovery of the lighthouse enables us to set our course by the compass cleverly enough. The wind which has thus far always remained against us, falls, on the afternoon of this sixth day, to a dead calm, but springs up again in another and a favourable quarter at eleven o'clock at night.

By daybreak we are all on the watch for the Scilly Islands. Not a sign of them. The sun rises; it is a magnificent morning; the favourable breeze still holds; we have been bowling along before it since eleven the previous night; and ought to have sighted the islands long since. But we sight nothing: no land anywhere all round the horizon. Where are we? Have we overshot Scilly? — and is the next land we are likely to see Ushant or Finisterre? Nobody knows. The faces of the Brothers Dobbs darken; and they recal to each other how they deprecated from the first this rash venturing into unknown waters. We hail two ships pitiously, to ask our way. The two ships can't tell us. We unroll the charts, and differ in opinion over them more remarkably than ever. The Dobbses grimly opine that it is no use looking at charts, when we have not got a pair of parallels to measure by, and are all ignorant of the scientific parts of navigation. Mr. Migott and I manfully cheer the drooping spirits of the crew with Guinness's stout, and put a smiling face upon it. But in our innermost hearts, we think of Columbus, and feel for him.

The last resource is to post a man at the mast-head (if so lofty an expression may be allowed in reference to so little a vessel as the Tomtit), to keep a look-out. Up the rigging swarms Dick the Bilious, in the lowest spirits — strains his eyes over the waters,

and suddenly hails the gaping deck with a joyous shout. The runaway islands are caught at last — he sees them a-head of us — he has no objection to make to the course we are steering — nothing particular to say but "Crack on!" — and nothing in the world to do but slide down the rigging again. Contentment beams once more on the faces of Sam, Dick, and Bob. Mr. Migott and I say nothing; but we look at each other with a smile of triumph. We remember the injurious doubts of the crew when the charts were last unrolled, and think of Columbus again, and feel for him more than ever.

Soon the islands are visible from the deck, and by noon we have run in as near them as we dare without local guidance. They are low-lying, and picturesque in an artistic point of view; but treacherous-looking and full of peril to the wary nautical eye. Horrible jagged rocks, and sinister swirlings and foamings of the sea, seem to forbid the approach to them. The Tomtit is hove to — our ensign is run up half-mast high — and we fire our double-barrelled gun fiercely for a pilot. He arrives in a long, serviceable-looking boat, with a wild, handsome, dark-haired son, and a silent, solemn old man, for his crew. He himself is lean, wrinkled, hungry-looking; his eyes are restless with excitement, and his tongue overwhelms us with a torrent of words, spoken in a strange accent, but singu-

larly free from provincialisms and bad grammar. He informs us that we must have been set to the northward in the night by a current, and goes on to acquaint us with so many other things, with such a fidgetty sparkling of the eyes and such a ceaseless patter of the tongue, that he fairly drives me to the fore part of the vessel out of his way. Smoothly we glide along, parallel with the jagged rocks and the swirling eddies, till we come to a channel between two islands; and, sailing through that, make for a sandy isthmus, where we see some houses and a little harbour. This is Hugh Town, the chief place in St. Mary's, which is the largest island of the Scilly group. We jump ashore in high glee, feeling that we have succeeded in carrying out the purpose of our voyage in defiance of the prognostications of all our prudent friends. How sweet is triumph, even in the smallest things!

Bating the one fact of the wind having blown from an unfavourable quarter, unvarying good fortune had, thus far, accompanied our cruise, and our luck did not desert us when we got on shore at St. Mary's. We went, happily for our own comfort, to the hotel kept by the master of the sailing-packet plying between Hugh Town and Penzance. By our landlord and his pleasant, cordial wife and family we were received with such kindness and treated with such care, that we

felt really and truly at home before we had been half an hour in the house. And, by way of farther familiarising us with Scilly at first sight, who should the resident medical man turn out to be but a gentleman whom I knew. These were certainly fortunate auspices under which to begin our short sojourn in one of the remotest and wildest places in the Queen's dominions.

The islands seem, at a rough glance, to form a great irregular circle, enclosing a kind of lagoon of sea, communicating by various channels with the main ocean all around. The circumference of the largest of the group is, as we heard, not more than thirteen miles. Five of the islands are inhabited; the rest may be generally described as masses of rock, wonderfully varied in shape and size. Inland, in the larger islands, the earth, where it is not planted or sown, is covered with heather and with the most beautiful ferns. Potatoes used to be the main product of Scilly; but the disease has appeared lately in the island crops, and the potatoes have suffered so severely that, when we filled our sack for the return voyage, we were obliged to allow for two-thirds of our supply proving unfit for use. The views inland are chiefly remarkable as natural panoramas of land and sea—the two always presenting themselves intermixed in the loveliest varieties of form and colour. On the coast, the granite rocks, though not notably

high, take the most wildly and magnificently picturesque shapes. They are rent into the strangest chasms and piled up in the grandest confusion; and they look down, every here and there, on the loveliest little sandy bays, where the sea, in calm weather, is as tenderly blue and as limpid in its clearness as the Mediterranean itself. The softness and purity of the climate may be imagined, when I state that last winter none of the fresh-water pools were strongly enough frozen to bear being skated on. The balmy sea air blows over each little island as freely as it might blow over the deck of a ship.

The people have the great merit of good manners. We two strangers were so little stared at as we walked about, that it was almost like being on the Continent. The pilot who had taken us into Hugh Town harbour we found to be a fair specimen, as regarded his excessive talkativeness and the purity of his English, of the islanders generally. The longest tellers of very long stories, so far as my experience goes, are to be found in Scilly. Ask the people the commonest question, and their answer generally exhausts the whole subject before you can say another word. Their anxiety, whenever we had occasion to enquire our way, to guard us from the remotest chance of missing it, and the honest pride with which they told us all about local sights and mar-

vels, formed a very pleasant trait in the general character. Strangely enough, in this softest and healthiest of climates consumption is a prevalent disease among the people. If I may venture on an opinion, after a very short observation of their habits, I should say that distrust of fresh air and unwillingness to take exercise were the chief causes of consumptive maladies among the islanders. I longed to break windows in the main street of Hugh Town as I never longed to break them anywhere else. One lovely afternoon I went out for the purpose of seeing how many of the inhabitants of the place had a notion of airing their bedrooms. I found two houses with open windows — all the rest were fast closed from top to bottom, as if a pestilence was abroad instead of the softest, purest, heavenliest sea breeze that ever blew. Then, again, as to walking, the people ask you seriously when you enquire your way on foot, whether you are aware that the destination you want to arrive at is three miles off! As for a pedestrian excursion round the largest island — a circuit of thirteen miles — when we talked of performing that feat in the hearing of a respectable inhabitant, he laughed at the idea as incredulously as if we had proposed a swimming match to the Cornish coast. When people will not give themselves the great first chance of breathing healthily and freely as often as they

can, who can wonder that consumption should be common among them?

In addition to our other pieces of good fortune, we were enabled to profit by a very kind invitation from the gentleman to whom the islands belong, to stay with him at his house, built on the site of an ancient abbey, and surrounded by gardens of the most exquisite beauty. To the wise, firm, and benevolent rule of the present proprietor of Scilly, the islanders are indebted for the prosperity which they now enjoy. It was not the least pleasant part of a very delightful visit, to observe for ourselves, under our host's guidance, all that he had done, and was doing for the welfare and the happiness of the people committed to his charge. From what we had heard, and from what we had previously observed for ourselves, we had formed the most agreeable impressions of the social condition of the islanders; and we now found the best of these impressions more than confirmed. When the present proprietor first came among his tenantry he found them living miserably and ignorantly. He has succoured, reformed, and taught them; and there is now, probably, no place in England where the direr hardships of poverty are so little known as in the Scilly Islands.

I might write more particularly on this topic; but I am unwilling to run the risk of saying more on

the subject of these good deeds than the good-doer himself would sanction. And besides, I must remember that the object of this narrative is to record a holiday-cruise, and not to enter into details on the subject of Scilly; details which have already been put into print by previous travellers. Let me only add then, that our sojourn in the islands terminated with the close of our stay in the house of our kind entertainer. It had been blowing a gale of wind for two days before our departure; and we put to sea with a double-reefed mainsail, and with more doubts than we liked to confess to each other, about the prospects of the return voyage.

However, lucky we had been hitherto, and lucky we were to continue to the end. Before we had been long at sea, the wind began to get capricious; then to diminish almost to a calm; then, towards evening, to blow again, steadily and strongly, from the very quarter of all others most favourable to our return voyage. "If this holds," was the sentiment of the Brothers Dobbs, as we were making things snug for the night, "we shall be back again at Mangerton before we have had time to get half through our victuals and drink." It did hold, and more than hold: and the Tomtit flew, in consequence, as if she was going to give up the sea altogether, and take to the sky for a change. Our homeward run was the most perfect contrast

to our outward voyage. No tacking, no need to study the charts, no laggard luxurious dining on the cabin hatch. It was too rough for anything but picnicking in the cockpit, jammed into a corner, with our plates on our knees. I had to make the grog with one hand, and clutch fast by the nearest rope with the other — Mr. Migott holding the bowl while I mixed, and the man at the helm holding Mr. Migott. As for reading, it was hopeless to try it; for there was breeze enough to blow the leaves out of the book — and singing was not to be so much as thought of; for the moment you opened your mouth the wind filled it directly, and there was an end of you. The nearer we got to Mangerton the faster we flew. My last recollection of the sea, dates at the ghostly time of midnight. The wind had been increasing and increasing, since sunset, till it contemptuously blew out our fire in the cabin, as if the stove with its artful revolving chimney had been nothing but a farthing rush-light. I climbed on deck, and found that we were already in the Bristol Channel. Ragged black clouds were flying like spectres all over the sky; the moonlight streaming fitful behind them. One great ship, shadowy and mysterious, was pitching heavily towards us from the land. Backward out at sea, streamed the red gleam from the lighthouse on Lundy Island; and marching after us grandly, to the music of

the howling wind, came the great rollers from the Atlantic, rushing in between Hartland Point and Lundy, turning over and over in long black hills of water, with the seething spray at their tops sparkling in the moonshine. It was a fine breathless sensation to feel our sturdy little vessel tearing along through this heavy sea — jumping stern up, as the great waves caught her — dashing the water gaily from her bows, at the return dip — and holding on her way as bravely and surely as the biggest yacht that ever was built. After a long look at the sublime view around us, my friend and I went below again; and in spite of the noise of the wind and sea managed to fall asleep. The next event was a call from deck at half-past six in the morning, informing us that we were entering Mangerton Bay. By seven o'clock we were alongside the jetty again, after a run of only forty-three hours from the Scilly Islands.

Here our cruise ended, and here my narrative closes with it. Fare-thee-well, thou lively Tomtit! Tiny home of joyous days, may thy sea-fortunes be happy, and thy trim sails be set prosperously, for many a year still to the favouring breeze! And fare-ye-well heartily, honest sailor-brothers, whose helping hands never once failed us — whose zeal in our service never once slackened — whose close companionship from the day of setting out to the day of return, has left us no recollections but such

as we can now recal and talk over with unmixed pleasure!

SCROOBY.

Out of Scrooby came the greatness of America! What, then, is Scrooby?

On the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire there is a market-town, called Bawtry. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Nottinghamshire side, is Scrooby, a village that was once one of the six-and-twenty English post-towns on the great north road. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Yorkshire side, is the poor village of Austerfield. If two villages can make a cradle, here we have the cradle of one of the greatest people in the world. Obscure men — Brown, Smith, and Robinson — first set the cradle into motion. Scrooby was the acorn to the oak, at which we marvel now; Brown, Smith, and Robinson so many germinating points.

Brown — Robert Brown — was a divine, from whose teaching the term Brownist was applied to congregations that desired to separate themselves from all ecclesiastical control. In the establishment of the Church of England, the attempt was made by a tolerant spirit to bring into harmonious travel, upon one broad road, men differing concerning many points of detail in the outward practice of religion. Church forms were, as far as it

could innocently be done, adapted to the humour of those who had been long accustomed to a ceremonial spirit; and an ecclesiastical system was established which sufficed for the majority, but was too lax and heretical in the eyes of the Romanist, too unscriptural in the eyes of the strict Puritan. As long as dissatisfied people carried on within the pale of the establishment their opposition to the too much or too little of discipline they were permitted to say many very sharp things with impunity; but if they seceded into active opposition, liberty of speech and conscience were denied them. Thus, from the extreme ranks alike of Romanist and Puritan, men were raised to the dignity of martyrs. Robert Brown, in the time of the civil wars, preached, as a strict Puritan, the duty of separation from the national church, and the erection of separate or independent congregations — so many churches of their own, upon a Scripture model. The men who acted upon his advice were called Indifferently Brownists, Separatists, Congregationalists, or independents. At first, there were a few such churches of Puritan Separatists formed in London, almost none in the country. The founders of New Plymouth, the pilgrim fathers, began as one of the very few such churches maintained in a rural district, far away from London. They belonged to the Not-

tinghamshire village or mean townlet in the hundred of Basset Lawe; they were, in fact, the Church of Scrooby.

In the country surrounding Scrooby there were many recently extinct religious establishments belonging to the Roman Catholics; and it may possibly be, in some measure, on account of an antagonism so created that the pulpits of these parts were held by a great number of men with strong Puritan tendencies. These, often cleaving to their livings, clove, by so doing, to the right of speaking boldly, and could knead much of the strict Puritan spirit into the minds of the common people. One among this people, who lived afterwards to supply the business head to an emigrant church, expresses the growth of feeling, and the manner of its growth, in these characteristic words: "When by the travail and diligence of some godly and zealous preachers, and God's blessing on their labours, as in other places of the land, so in the north part, many became enlightened by the Word of God, and had their ignorance and sins discovered by the Word of God's grace, and began, by His grace, to reform their lives, and make conscience of their ways, the work of God was no sooner manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude, and the ministers urged with the yoke of subscription, or else must be silenced; and the

poor people were so urged with apparitors, and pursuivants, and the commission of courts, as truly their affliction was not small, which notwithstanding, they bare sundry years with manly patience, until they were occasioned, by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means which the Lord raised up in those days, to see further into these things by the light of the Word of God, how that not only those base, beggarly ceremonies were unlawful, but also that the lordly tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to, which those, contrary to the freedom of the Gospel, would load and burden men's consciences with, and, by their compulsive power, make a profane mixture of persons and things in the worship of God; and that their offices and callings, courts, and canons, &c., were unlawful and anti-Christian, being such as have no warrant in the Word of God, but the same that were used in Popery, and still retained. So many, therefore, of those professors who saw the evil of these things, in these parts, and whose hearts the Lord had touched with heavenly zeal for his truth, they shook off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by a covenant of the Lord into a church estate, in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all his ways made known, or to be made known, unto them,

according to their best endeavours, whatsoever it should cost them." The whole spirit of this is in striking correspondence with the spirit shown in France at about the same time, by those who seceded to form Huguenot churches in provincial towns. Every word here quoted might have been written by Bernard Palissy concerning the reformed church in his town of Sainters.

Now there was at Scrooby an episcopal manor-house, given by Sandys, Archbishop of York, to his eldest son, and leased to a gentleman named William Brewster, who had spent some little time at Cambridge, and subsequently served under Davison when he was Secretary of State. After the fall of Davison, Mr. William Brewster received the appointment of Postmaster at Scrooby, which place, it has been said, was one of the twenty-six English post-stations on the great North Road. The master of a post-station was, in those times, generally a man of good condition, who was tolerably well paid for important services. It was requisite that he should maintain a stud of post-horses for the onward despatch of mails, the distribution of letters in his district, the supply of government couriers and persons riding post. It was requisite also, that he should have premises capable of providing the accommodation of an inn to travellers by post, these being a source of further income to him. Thus a traveller

from York to London is found to have recorded that, in Brewster's time, he paid the post at Scrooby for a conveyance and guide to Tuxford, ten shillings, and for a candle, supper and breakfast, seven shillings and tenpence. On his return, he paid eight shillings for conveyance to Doncaster, then reckoned seven miles; and two shillings for burnt sack, bread, beer, and sugar to wine, with threepence to the ostler. The government salary of the Scrooby postmaster was two shillings a-day; so that, considering the value of money in and about the year sixteen hundred, even if he had no private means, William Brewster was to be regarded as a man of substance. The need of spacious premises by the postmaster accounts for his occupation of the Scrooby Manor, a great house standing within a moat, built in two courts, whereof the first was "very ample, and all builded of timber, saving the front of the house that is of brick." The ascent to the front was by a stone flight of steps. In this house a king and a king's daughter had slept, and many an archbishop had taken his pleasure. In this house the great republic of America had its beginning; for it was here that the Church of Scrooby first began to meet. William Brewster was himself a Separatist, and adopted as its elder by the little Church, to which he gave under his own roof a local habitation. He pro-

vided liberally also, at his own charge, for the bodily sustenance and comfort of the brethren (many of them coming in from the surrounding villages), by whom his dwelling was frequented.

The pastor of this little flock of Separatists was John Robinson, of whom it seems to have been said with truth, that he was the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever that sect enjoyed.

Scrooby alone was a place too small to yield many to the fold; but country people, as we have said, journeyed thither from all places within walking distance; and among those who so came was a young man, between fifteen and eighteen years of age, the same person whose account of the growth of religious feeling we were lately quoting. This was William Bradford, a youth maintained under the care of his uncles at Austerfield, a village on the Yorkshire side of Bawtry, distant from Scrooby perhaps some three miles. Austerfield is a village that consisted and consists of a few farm-labourers' cottages and a small antique chapel.

William Bradford is one of the most important persons in the little story lately brought to light by the antiquarian skill of the Rev. J. Hunter, which tells of the Pilgrim Fathers in the days before they set out on their pilgrimage. His grandfather and another man were, in fifteen hun-

dred and seventy-five, the only persons in the town-ship assessed to the subsidy. William himself lost his father when he was only a year and a half old, and his mother married again about two years afterwards. Charge of the boy was taken by his grandmother and uncles, and a note or two from the will of one of these uncles will give some idea of the social position of the family to which belonged the leader of the pilgrims. This uncle Robert bequeathed to his son Robert his best iron-bound wain, the cupboard in the house-place, one long table with a frame, and one long form, with his best yoke of oxen; also "the counter whereon the evidences are." The same Bradford had received, during his life-time, the bequest of a deceased friend's grey suit of apparel, while his son obtained as a legacy one fustian doublet and one pair of hose. Many bequests were liberal in those days which may now excite a smile. A learned divine, by whose books young William Bradford may have profited when books were dear and scarce, gave at his death to the poor scholars of the Grammar-school at Rosington, his Cooper's Dictionary, to be chained to a stall in the church, and used by them as long as it would last.

The young and earnest mind of William Bradford was aroused first by the repute of the ministry of Richard Clifton, a grave Puritan divine, who held the rectory

of Babworth, near Scrooby, and in the Church at Babworth preached what he held to be pure doctrine so forcibly that he was at last silenced by authority.

While Clifton preached in Babworth Church, Bradford walked punctually thither to receive instruction from him. When Clifton was silenced the young man burned with a spirit of resentment against church oppression; and, in spite of all temporal risk, declared himself a Separatist and attached himself to the congregation meeting in the manor-house at Scrooby. His natural ability and force of character there soon approved themselves,—he became the prompter and the guide of the little church as to all temporal matters, and when it severed itself from its native country, and the laws of England, he became in the natural course of things — its civil head. He was at New Plymouth Governor Bradford.

The separation, not from the church only but from the state, arose out of the burst of persecution with which the state was supporting all church claims. As after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, French Huguenots came in bands to England and established colonies in sundry places, Spitalfields for one; so the proceedings of English Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, drove little bands of English Huguenots to that country in Europe which alone allowed

them liberty of conscience; that is to say, to Holland.

But the Scrooby church was not the first to emigrate. John Smith, the pastor of an adjacent flock, at Gainsborough, had gone before to Amsterdam, whither he had been preceded by his tutor, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Smith was a man difficult of temper, and between Smith and Johnson bickerings arose by which the Separatist church was damaged. The Huguenots of Scrooby, under Robinson and Clifton (then a venerable man with a white beard), the elder Brewster and young Bradford prepared to follow in considerable numbers, some leaving by Boston, others by the Humber.

In each case the Dutch captains who were to have conveyed them played them false. One delivered them into the hands of the civil power; the other sailed away when half his passengers had been embarked, and left a crowd of helpless women and children half distracted on the shore. Many of the brethren were by checks like these disheartened, but at the end of the year one thousand six hundred and eight, all the stronger spirits had contrived to find their way to Amsterdam. There the church under Robinson was pestered by the Smith and Johnson discords. After a year's trial, the earnest men of Scrooby saw no farther hope of peace, and went accordingly out of the way of quarrelling from Amsterdam to Leyden.

They remained eleven years at Leyden under Robinson their pastor.

At the end of that time the promoters of the Virginia company, who were beating up and down for colonists, tempted them with the hope of a free soil, on which they might live socially as Englishmen, and not as subjects of the Dutch, though still without suffering coercion in their consciences. Sir Edwin, one of the sons of archbishop Sandys, happened to be the treasurer, and afterwards the governor of the Virginia Company, and with Sir Samuel, his brother, the Separatist Elder, Brewster, in his postmaster days, had been connected as a tenant of estate, the Scrooby manor being property diverted from the use of the church to its own use by the family of Sandys. The suggestion of a voyage to the new country thus naturally came from without to the Scrooby Puritans. It seemed good in their eyes. They sailed, a hundred strong, as Pilgrim Fathers, from Southampton, in the Mayflower, and they took, as the event would seem to prove, a blessing with them.

So it is that we find in Brother Jonathan — in the New Englander, or true Yankee — a Scrooby man, and even in the name Jonathan a token of his Puritan descent. The separated church abhorring saints' days and refusing saints' names to their children, because almost every person named in the New

Testament was canonised, were driven to make pious use of Christian gifts, as Faith, Hope, Grace, or had resort to the Old Testament, and gave their sons such names as Jonathan and Zachary. We may add that the name Yankee declares him an Englishman, the word having arisen during the colonial wars, as a corruption of the French *l'Anglais*, by Indians unable to pronounce the letter *l*.

The English part of the history of the first colonists of New England, the founders of New Plymouth, as here narrated, was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. Hunter, in the manner following: — It had been said by Governor Bradford, that the Separatists in England were of several towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincolnshire, and some in Yorkshire, where they bordered nearest together. Of the members of his own church he writes elsewhere, that they ordinarily met at William Brewster's house, which was a manor of the bishop's. Putting these statements together, Mr. Hunter made research, and found that there was only a single episcopal manor near the borders of the three counties named, Scrooby to wit, ancient possession of the Archbishop of York. So far good.

Then, because it was known that Brewster held some government appointment, and that Scrooby was a post-town, Mr.

Hunter betook himself to the accounts of the postmaster-general, in hope of discovering some mention of Brewster as living at Scrooby, in further corroboration of his theory. The result was a discovery corroborative in the fullest sense of the whole fact, and at the same time tending to throw a flood of new light on its details, — it was found that William Brewster held for many years, at Scrooby, the office of postmaster. To pursue the research and discover more corroborative and illustrative details now became easy, and in this way, the whole of the first chapter in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, — even to the connection between Scrooby men and the Virginia Company established naturally through the family of Sandys — a narrative of great historical importance was brought suddenly to light. The whole story admirably shows how, by the study of apparent trifles, antiquarians may find their way to hidden treasure.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

THE navigation of the Danube is always difficult; but, when the waters are low, it is dangerous: so we ran aground for the third time in the neighbourhood of a small Austrian military station in the Banat of Temesvar. I landed. It was well to do so,

for there is no village in the world so desolate and uninteresting that an observer may not glean something there.

It was a savage little place at the foot of a grand range of hills, but semicircled by meadows and rich lowlands towards the river side. I entered one of the peasants' huts. It was built of clay, and roofed with wood cut in the form of tiles. It was composed of a single room, with a large stone block in the centre. Upon this block burned, smouldering, the half of a tree in one huge log fresh felled. There was no chimney, so that the constant smoke and heat of the fire had completely charred the interior of the hut, and it was quite black. For furniture was a three-legged iron cooking-pot of an uncouth shape, three wooden spoons, a mat of rushes, a sheepskin, and a little tin oil-lamp hung against the wall. At the doorway, for there was no door, a man sat on the uprooted stump of a tree, larding and combing his hair. He was very particular about it, and it was easy to perceive, from the expression of his countenance, that he enjoyed a deep-seated satisfaction in his personal appearance. After some time he rose, shook himself into trim array (his loose clothes required no other arrangement), entered the hut, and taking the three-legged pot off the fire, marched with it in a stiff military way to a barn, where some mess-mates awaited him. In this barn

was piled up a large quantity of Indian corn in sacks ready for market. And the quaint-shaped three-legged pot contained the dinner of the rustic coxcomb and his friends. It was a stew of pork and a savoury miscellany of vegetables, chiefly onions. The party required neither dishes nor plates, but, seating themselves upon their hams, each man took a knife out of a wooden sheath at his girdle, and fished for the juiciest bits. So they sat on the floor with the pot in the midst of them, silent, but busy. I noticed that every man wore a ring and some other articles of personal ornament, also that they were dandies in their way, though one would not have thought it.

I watched them till they had finished their meal, and then followed the most promising looking of the party, for the purpose of holding a short conversation with him. He was a pleasant open-faced little fellow when you got close to him, and of the same healthy brown colour as most wild animals. His conversation had a fine game flavour in it, too, which I liked amazingly. For a dress, he appeared simply to have cut off the legs of a sheep, and to have got into its skin. His primitive garment was tied at the throat with thongs of roughly-knotted hide.

"I am fourteen years old," says the wild little man (he was, probably, eight-and-thirty), "and I am, of course, a private in one of the Austro-Wallachian frontier

regiments. There are eighty thousand of us altogether employed in this service. We serve on military duty one week in four, and we each receive a florin a month for pay. The rest of our time we devote to our own affairs. I am married. I have eight children, ten pigs, and two cows. I and my friend" (a long man of the same species, who sat smoking on a sack of Indian corn) "have also some sheep between us. We have no money. We do not like soldiering, but we must like it." Here he grins slyly, and I take the opportunity of observing that his legs are bound up with dingy twisted woollen rags, about the size and colour of hay-bands. Lowering still further the glance of observation, I become aware that his feet are shod with undressed sheepskin, a kind of sandal. While my new acquaintance was reposing smilingly after this brief discourse, a woman came out of a neighbouring hovel and strode with a firm free step towards us. She was a splendid gipsy-faced dame, with bright black eyes, deep set and full of meaning; they glowed with a far-away and mystic fire quite bewildering. Her hair, the glossy blue-black of the raven's-wing, shaded a complexion rich with the warm hues of health and exercise. There was something striking in her beauty, and her carriage was graceful and stately as a stag's. Nature seemed to have created her a huntress queen — fate had made her a

peasant girl. The wild little man told me with a familiar nod of intelligence that she was the wife of his long friend on the corn sack; and, emboldened by this introduction, I tried to engage her in conversation, mustering all my Wallachian for the occasion; but she only showed a dazzling set of teeth, and squeezed my hand in a half-shy and remonstrative, half-patronising way. Then, mounting a little springless waggon, to which two wiry ponies were already harnessed, she struck her husband laughingly over the head with a pig-whip, and called out with a short, good-humoured, but imperious exclamation of command to his partner. Both grinned from ear to ear. My little acquaintance cast a sort of apologetic glance at me, as much as to say, "You see there is no resisting this bewitching vixen;" and I am bound in candour to confess that he was right. So they climbed up into the waggon, and struck their wooden pipes, about a foot long, to repose in safety, in the bandages round the calves of their legs. The short man seized a pair of rope reins, and away they rattled. The dame kept the pig-whip, and, by a smart use of it, judiciously distributed among the ponies and the swains, the little waggon was soon whirling away at a brisk gallop. It was quite surprising to see how the small horses were tugged and pushed about by it, for every wheel

seemed to act like the members of an experimental government, in perfect independence of the rest. I watched it appearing and disappearing among ruts and hillocks, like a boat in a wintry sea, and I was sorry when a turn in the road hid it finally from my view.

Wandering onwards, I soon came to the Austrian corps-de-garde. The officer on duty was an intelligent, gentlemanly young man. He said he was very busy (how, I did not inquire), and that he had neither time nor inclination to go after the game in the neighbourhood, though it abounded with wild boar and waterfowl, and there were even some deer. His dinner, he told me — a simple meal — cost him two shillings a-day. It was prepared at the village inn. He might have had a better in London for half the price. So much for cheap living in these countries.

As we were talking, a cart, with a decent, orderly company of country-folk in holiday-clothes, came slowly along. They were a wedding-party — bride, bridegroom, and the old folk on both sides. The Austrian officer, who was at liberty to go where he pleased, followed them home, and he was so obliging as to permit me to accompany him.

The bride was a stout square-built country lass, with a short neck, splay feet and broad hands. Her complexion was pale and sodden. Her eyes were small

and dull; moreover, they turned slightly inwards. Her mouth was fat and white; yet the local peculiarities of race were as marked and evident in her, as in the gay, dashing, gipsy termagant who had just flaunted by; only this poor bride was probably reared in some damp, unwholesome, marshy district, and bore the traces of it in every shapeless and passionless feature. For a bridal costume she wore a red handkerchief folded into a narrow band, and encircling her head like a coronet. Her hair (of a rusty brown) had a few flowers stuck awkwardly into it, and they drooped as if ashamed to be there. She had on a short sheepskin jacket, with the wool turned inwards. It was embroidered with a rude device in coloured wool. A girdle of untanned leather was round her waist, and to this was suspended a pouch, which hung down behind, like the sabretash of a huzzar. It was bordered with a long parti-coloured woollen fringe. The petticoat and chemise of undressed linen were profusely studded with little spots of red and blue embroidery, diamond-shaped. On one of her fingers was a silver ring, a necklace of coins and blue beads glittered round her throat, and blue glass ear-rings adorned her ears.

The bridegroom, a shy, abashed bumpkin, washed for the occasion, wore a high, black, peakless, sheepskin cap, em-

broidered woollen leggings, a dirty calico tunic, or petticoat, descending below the knee, and a brown frieze jacket, with rows of little brass buttons, intended for ornament, not for use. His long, straight hair, which had never felt the scissors, descended to his shoulders. His small twinkling eyes were deep set, and had a puzzled expression. Though young, his skin was wrinkled quite in plaits, like the front of a shirt. He was shaven, save for a ragged moustache clipped close to the lip, but descending in long uneven locks at the ends. He was very thin. He talked readily, though he was somewhat confused and flustered with the events of the day. He told me that when I had first seen him, he was returning from the chief station, whither he had been obliged to go with his bride to ask permission to marry of his commanding officer. The compulsory attendance of the lady on these occasions, he added, often caused hot blood among the peasantry. His commanding officer was a captain and a count. He had four subalterns also young men, serving under him, and twenty-four privates. They were stationed at a small village about a league away.

Leaving the wedding party, after a time, to finish their rustic merrymaking undisturbed by the presence of a stranger, I wandered forwards among the rich pastures of the river-side, and at last lay down a musing by the

troubled restless waters of the mighty Danube. At a little distance from me were a herd of some two hundred swine. They lay chumping their food and fattening in the mild grey air of the November noon. They were strange pigs, with woolly coats, long tails, long heads, and monstrous tusks. Two swineherds tended them. One carried a rude musical instrument, made of a reed, and played on it, from time to time, some plaintive and monotonous airs, not unmusical. The other leaned on a stout staff (it was a peeled sapling newly cut) and listened silently. When the music ceased they spoke together in drowsy murmurs. There was a world of untold poetry in the little group, a poetry of which the dwellers in cities little dream. But I could hear their low voices mingling with the ceaseless flow of that haunted river, and they seemed to me very eloquent.

Of such a race as these poor youths was the last Prince of Servia, — a swineherd, who hewed his brave way through many vanities, galled and sore, through fierce enmities and hostile interests, up to sovereign power. What wild will-o'-the-wisps among the marshes of human affairs are such rare successes, gleaming only to lead astray and lure on young ambition unto scorn!

So I mused on. From a little distance came, at intervals, the listless tinkle of bells round the

necks of grazing cows. Some geese walked in grave dignity among the reeds and stubble further a-field. The wind sighed like the voice of human sorrow grown gentle in its solemn depths, and spoke its sad message to the leaves, in a voice low, soothing, and full of pity. The rich tints of wondrous autumn are departing fast. The forest kings upon the opposite hills put off their glorious panoply of state with which they welcomed in the new born month, and shiveringly prepare for their winter sleep. A solitary wayfarer goes singing along the road, and smiting the stones with his staff. The echoes of his strokes ring clear and shrill. Their clank startles the partridge in her cover; the wild duck flies with tremulous pinions and a short fearful quack as he draws near; the frog dives, with a gurgling croak, among the marsh weeds; and the deer goes bounding over the thicket on the heights. On the other side, where our ship lies crippled with broken paddles, stretch the tall poplars far away by the dusty road. They stand like the spirits of the departed heroes of some patriot band who have fallen in battle, and whose souls have passed into tall trees, ever more sighing over the ruin of their land, according to the mournful traditions and sweet fancies of the Dacian legends. The willows nod in clusters of twos and threes entwined together by the waters, like sisters at the fountain; and

afar off stands a noble oak-tree, majestic and alone. I grew sad and thoughtful when the closing evening gradually drew her veil over a sylvan picture so enchanting as that which brooded over these charmed glades.

TRAVELLERS' CONTRIVANCES.

THE art of travel, wherever gold and silver are current coin, consists chiefly in having plenty of both. With these, and the small change of a civil tongue, a skin indifferent to entomological attacks, a spare shirt, and a cube of soap, a man may travel comfortably for thousands of miles, buying his experience and his baggage as he goes along; here laying in a cold fowl and bread for a Spanish expedition; there purchasing a sheepskin cloak, or a thin pair of breeches, according to the climate; but the moment that the traveller, more adventurous, turns his steps into those savage regions where towns, roads, banks, pumps, and butchers' shops are unknown, he must prepare to uncivilise himself, and relearn the arts of his ancestors before they were corrupted into living in houses, and spinning the wool of innocent sheep into broad-cloth.

The difference between civilised and savage life is between dependence and independence. Civilisation grows and expands by wants. The savage wants

nothing: he can find for himself; and therefore cares nothing for nobody; and, of course, does nothing beyond the wants of the hour. As he owns nothing he improves nothing; he eats when he is hungry, or when he is not hungry, because he can't always make sure of a meal; drinks when he is dry; and goes to sleep when he has nothing else to do, without waiting for bed-time.

The more civilised we become, the more we rely on society to help us to our wants. We do not study landmarks; because roads and sign-posts save us the trouble of thinking. We do not know how to cook, or to make candles, or tan hides, or carve wooden bowls and horn spoons, because candles, shoes, crockery, and metal spoons can be bought cheaper than they can be made at home. When the savage walks out, there is one book he is always reading; and therefore he reads it fluently, for his existence depends upon it: the book of Nature. His eyes are constantly upon the ground; his nose sniffs the air, and detects the haunts of various animals; his ears are erect to catch the faintest sound. "There went a deer," he says to himself, "but a long time since. There went a bear; and he's not long gone. That grey tuft, afar off on the plain, is a sleeping fox." His living depends, not on his purse, but his personal acuteness of eye, and ear, and smell. Without the full use of these organs he may soon starve, as old people

actually do among many savage tribes. The white man relies on the water company, or, at any rate, on a well with a bucket, for drink, if out of reach of beer, mead, quass, wine, or brandy. He goes to the butcher for his joint, to the tailor for his jacket; and rather disdains the pot-hunter, who makes sure of hare with a cunning greyhound and a pointer, for the sake of a roast or a jug.

But the white man's faculties are only dormant, not dead. White children brought up in the bush, or on the prairie, are quite as sharp as savages. Even full-grown men attain by practice the power of performing many of the feats that astonish us so much among Indian and negro tribes. London pickpockets, before horses were common in New South Wales, ran down cattle, and flung them with a dexterous twitch of the tail. American backwoodsmen and Australian bushmen make their way through forests, and even deserts, trace cattle by their foot-prints, and find fire, and shelter, and game in a manner almost worthy of brown aborigines; while in feats of strength, in fleetness of foot, and sureness of aim, white hunters, well trained, are usually superior to savages.

Some critics and statesmen who ought to know better attribute the winter sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea to the helpless character of the modern Englishman. It would seem that

they had either never read, or have forgotten, the adventures and letters of our emigrants and travellers. The English soldier is taught — disciplined — to be helpless; but the English emigrant has proved himself, in every climate, equal to the situation. In the backwoods of America, the bush of Australia, and among the Klots of South Africa, he has settled and housed himself, and found means to live and thrive in spite of climate frigid or tropical, savages and wild beasts, without shops or police. As for English travellers, for endurance, patience, acuteness, resources under difficulties, and general ability to do the best under the most adverse circumstances, such men as Pallisser, Mansfield Parkyns, Lieutenant Burton, the English Hadji, Francis Galton, and Gordon Cumming, may be matched against the hunters and travellers of any age or nation since the time of Marco Polo.

Francis Galton — the son, if we mistake not, of a respectable Birmingham banker of Quebec descent, after having rendered valuable services to geographical study by his explorations of an unknown region of Africa, in which he commenced from love of sport, but prosecuted for the benefit of science — has published the results of his experience and notes from his commonplace book in the *Art of Travel in Wild Countries*, for the benefit of emigrants, missionaries, soldiers, and all who have to

rough it. In these times, when one half our adventurous young men are soldiers and the other half sailors or emigrants, it may be useful to give an idea of its contents, with a few additional hints from other travellers and our own experience in savage lands.

Water is one of the great wants in travelling, and water is scarce in every hot country where wells have not been made. Sometimes it must be dug for, sometimes gathered from the cup-like leaves of great plants. To find streams and pools, birds are the best guides, especially towards evening. Parrots are never far from water in hours of drought. Bathing in brackish or even salt-water will tend to allay thirst, and if a thunder-shower comes on it will be well to follow the plan of the West Indian negroes, — strip to the skin, by which the benefit of a refreshing shower-bath is obtained, while the clothes, rolled up tight, are dry and ready to put on when the shower ceases, and, as is not unfrequent in tropical countries, a cold breeze comes on. This was the plan of Mansfield Parkyns, a modern traveller in Abyssinia. In South Africa, after a long chase, the hunters will cut open the stomach of the white rhinoceros, and some other animals, and drink the store of water there to be found. But the traveller must beware of the black rhinoceros, which, like King Mithridates, according to classic stories, feeds and thrives

on poison — the poisonous acacia-leaves. A bucket of turbid water may be cleared by three thimblefuls of alum, and a filter may be made impromptu of moss, grass, and gravel, if there be no charcoal at hand, but a few pounds of charcoal will filter a great deal of water. Mr. Galton gives useful advice for digging wells, for watering cattle, and for carrying water in kegs or leather bottles. For getting water out of a river or pool, with steep banks, we have found a barrel, strongly hooped, fitted with an axle and rings, extremely useful. The barrel, with long traces attached, is sunk in the river; when filled the bung is driven in, then one or more oxen attached to the traces, and, the barrel being round, rolls easily up a steep bank along the ground, however rough, to the camp. Two of the hoops should project an inch and a half from the barrel, so as in some degree to protect the staves from wear and tear. This plan is recommended to soldiers watering from a river. The Arabs carry their leathern water-flasks on the shady side of the camel.

Fire is as almost essential to the comfort of a traveller as water even in tropical countries. The morning is usually intensely cold before daybreak. Nothing can be relied on but flint and steel, and a burning-glass. The invaluable lucifer may be lost, spoilt, or used up, but we learn from Galton, that the wax-lucifers are the best; with these there

should be a tin-saucer, or some other simple, safe contrivance for shading from the wind, is important. A dozen other modes of getting a light are enumerated. The crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye has been successfully used as a burning-glass. Fire sticks lighted by friction are used by savages, but we never heard of a European who acquired the knack. Tinder may be made of cotton or linen rags. Amadou is a fungus from trees dried, sliced, and boiled in saltpetre. The ashes of a cigar, or wet gunpowder, rubbed into paper will convert it into touch-paper. To keep anything dry, to light either a fire or a pipe, is very difficult when camping out during a week's rain. A Scotch shepherd taught us to tie a small packet of tinder under the armpit during the rainy season in the bush. This is the plan of Highland drovers coming south. To kindle a spark into flame our plan was to have ready a handful of dry grass, wrap it loosely round the tinder, and then, taking it in one hand, whirl it round and round at the full length of the arm — first slowly and then rapidly — windmill-fashion, until it bursts into a flame; this is a surer plan than blowing with the breath. Firewood should be looked for under bushes. Dry manure makes a fire, and is used for that purpose all over the world. The Canadians call it *bois de vache*. Bones make a good fire. In the Falkland Is-

lands they cook a bull with his own bones and a little turf or tussock grass. Travellers in the east carry prepared charcoal slung in the form of large buttons, as a necklace. Mr. Galton's golden rule is: — Always manage to have, if possible, a good fire towards morning.

To bivouac, or camp out, comfortably, as Bushmen say, is a great art. "Study the form of a hare," says Galton. "In the flattest and most uncompromising of fields the creature will have availed herself of some little hollow to the lee of an insignificant tuft of grass, and there she will have nestled and fidgeted about till she has made a smooth, round grassy bed, compact and fitted to her shape, where she may curl herself snugly up, and cower down below the level of the cutting wind: follow her example. A man as he lies down is but a small object; and a screen eighteen inches high will guard him securely from the strength of a storm. A tree forms a roof, not a wall. What is wanted is a dense low screen, perfectly wind-tight, as high up as the knee above the ground. Thus, if a traveller has to encamp on a bare turf plain, he need only turn up a sod seven feet long, by two feet wide; and if he succeeds in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind."

The near neighbourhood of water is objectionable for a sleeping camp in hot climates.

One resource is to bury oneself in sand, all but the head. "In this way Moffat the South African missionary passed a comfortable night when it was bitterly cold." The Laplanders carry bags of reindeer skin, into which they creep, and allow themselves to be buried in snow. Some friends of ours, including ladies, on a visit to the North Cape, passed twenty-four hours under the snow, enveloped like ferrets, without any serious inconvenience, and they all felt much warmer than when travelling. "In making up a bed on the ground," Mr. Galton remarks, "the underside is as important or even more important than the covering. A mattress is useful not only for softness but for warmth. The earth is generally cold and often damp; therefore a strip of mackintosh and a large blanket or plaid are indispensable for camping out. Even in the dry climate of Australia, rheumatism punishes those who sleep out without great precautions for being warm the night through. Leaves, fern, heather, reeds, bundles of faggots, or even two trunks of trees rolled close together, are worth the trouble of collecting and arranging, rather than trusting to mother earth." A blanket made into a bag large enough to hold you may also contain in the day a leather, or, still better, a mackintosh sheet, the most valuable of bivouacking inventions. "Let the traveller (or

soldier), when out in trying weather, work hard at making his sleeping place perfectly comfortable: he should not cease until he is convinced that it will withstand the chill of the early morning; when the heat of the last sun is exhausted, and that of the new sun has not begun to be felt. It is wretched beyond expression for a man to lie shivering, to feel the night air becoming hourly more raw, while the life-blood has less power to withstand it, and to think, self-reproachfully, how different would have been his situation if he had simply had forethought enough to cut and draw twice the quantity of wood, and spend another half-hour in making a snugger berth. The omission once made becomes irreparable; for, in the dark and cold of a pitiless night he lacks stamina, and has no means of coping with his difficulties."

Mansfield Parkyns says: "Some will ask, how did you manage to sleep on the sloppy bosom of a bog? Every night we made ourselves mattresses of pieces of wood, large stones, &c., laid together until of sufficient height to keep us well out of the wet. A tanned hide spread upon this formed our bed; and, when it came on to rain, our covering also. It is not altogether luxurious until you are used to it. It requires a little knack and turning round like a dog, to adapt the risings and hollows of your body to those of the bed; but with

patience, a little management, and a hard day's work, a good night's rest is not a difficult thing to obtain under any circumstances." A large dog in a cold country forms at once a companion by day and a blanket by night. Parkyns had his "maychál Boggo," a mastiff with long thick coarse hair; and Pallisser had his beautiful Ishmah, who drew a small sledge, with food and clothes, all day, and saved his master from being frozen to death at night.

The aboriginal natives of New South Wales, as well as the cattle that roam at large in its woods, invariably choose the top of a moderately-elevated hill to sleep on during the winter months; the hills of that country being always warmer than the valleys at that time of year, while in summer the valleys are sought both by men and animals. "I have often been surprised," says a traveller, "at feeling a warm current of air on the top of a range of hills after ascending from valleys where the breeze was chilling. These breezes blew from the northwest."

As to tents, a circular tent is the worst of all, and a three-poled tent the easiest to improvise, with two stakes driven into the ground and a third, or a rope, at the top. A sheet, a lot of blankets, or a mackintosh thrown across, form no despicable tent for the want of a better. Always get off the ground a few inches if

you can, to avoid cold, damp, or a snake for a bedfellow. Gordon Cumming in South Africa once, neglecting this precaution, slept in the hole of a cobra, and Mansfield Parkyns in Abyssinia in that of a deadly adder. Hints, in tent pitching, to obtain the morning sun or to secure the most shade may be gathered from gipsies: it is quite an art. If you are likely to make a rude hut, it is well to have a bag with nails, hooks, and strips of cloth or leather to put round the walls to hang on or stick in anything you like, to be handy.

To sleep on horseback is not difficult if you are well packed with blankets or skins, rolled before and behind a saddle. "About midnight," says Mansfield Parkyns, "I thought I would take a nap, and so rested my hands, one on each side of the saddle, monkey-fashion, and soon closed my eyes. Reopening them after what appeared to me a five minutes' doze, I found the caravan proceeding precisely in the same order as before — some talking, some nodding, some singing: but on looking round the sky, I perceived that the morning star was already a quarter of an hour above the horizon. Gradually the sky became bluer while I was wondering, and the sun rose in full splendour."

The importance of dress depends on the climate and the man. Galton lays stress on flannel next the skin — that is to say, flannel shirts for damp,

windy, cold weather, and coarse calico shirts for fine hot dry weather. A poncho is a very useful garment — better for horseback than a plaid. A blanket with a hole in it makes a good poncho. A sheet of calico saturated in oil makes a waterproof poncho. Galton and Pallisser agree that a shooting costume of thick Tweed is the best for all except tropical countries. Leather, both breeches and coat, answers well except in wet climates. Leather overalls, with a spring to fasten them at one motion, are better than jack boots, because they may be unfastened and hung to the saddle when the traveller wants to run on foot. Galton strongly recommends braces; why, we don't know; they are not agreeable in hunting. About stockings and shoes, Galton and Mansfield Parkyns differ entirely. Galton recommends thick woollen socks, and thinks nothing equal to European shoes, while Parkyns is all for bare feet; but all must depend upon the nature of the country to be trodden. Gordon Cumming wore a wide-awake hat, secured under his chin, a coarse linen shirt, sometimes a kilt, sometimes a pair of lambskin breeches and Cape farmers' made shoes. He discarded coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and always hunted with bare arms. Galton wore leather breeches, jack boots, and a hunting cap. The late General Sir Charles Napier wore a white hunting cap, with

muslin twisted turban-fashion to keep off the sun in Scinde. Mansfield Parkyns went even more bare than Gordon Cumming; and Parkyns, we must remember, is a Nottinghamshire gentleman and a Cantab, therefore early accustomed to comfort. The following is his own conception of life in the Abyssinian bush:

"I have more than once," he says, "started off on an expedition into the wild woods without even saying where I was going, or even knowing myself. My dress on these occasions consisted of a short kilt of nicely-tanned antelope's hide, a piece of coarse cotton cloth wrapped round my waist as a belt by day, and a covering by night, and a small skin (a wild cat's or jackal's) thrown over my left shoulder. Add to these a kid's-skin filled with flour, a little horn of Cayenne pepper and salt mixed, and a small piece of thin leather for a bed, and you have all necessary for a fortnight's outlying in Abyssinia of a frontier man. A flint and steel, slow-match, an awl, nippers for extracting thorns, a rifle and ammunition! If a man cannot be happy in a dry climate, what would he wish for? Even if you have no sport with game, there are always small birds, snakes, fish, lizards, &c., to be had; so that you need never want."

As to feet-coverings, he observes: "In a country abounding in rocks (like Abyssinia) it would be dangerous to attempt to pass

many places excepting barefoot. I went four years barefoot, and know that it is by far more comfortable to go without shoes, after a very short practice. But abstinence in these climates is always a good thing, and often necessary. During my long period of semi-starvation, I never felt lighter in my life. Wounds of all kinds healed like magic. Once, in running down a slimy and almost precipitous path, I struck my bare foot against the edge of a rock as sharp as a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole of the nail of my little toe except the root, was cut off. I could not stop longer than to polish off the bit that was hanging by the skin, for we were in chase of a party of Barea who had cut the throats of three of our friends the night before, but was obliged to go on running for about twenty miles that afternoon, the greater part of the way up to our ankles in burning sand. I scarcely suffered from it at all; the next day I forgot it; the day after, the nail grew again. Another day, in running after an antelope, I had wounded, in my eagerness, I jumped over a bush on to a jagged stump of a fallen tree, and one splinter, of about the thickness of a tenpenny-nail, entered the ball of my foot, passed so far through, that the point appeared like a black spot under the skin half-an-inch above the junction of the third and fourth toes, towards the instep, and then broke short off. I got

my game, cut it up, carried it home, some two miles, and then drew the splinter with a nail-wrench. My foot bled a good deal; but with the exception of a little stiffness for a day or two, which in nowise prevented my walking, I suffered no pain at all. Under European diet in Europe, I should have been laid up with a bad foot for at least a fortnight.

Parkyns seems to have always taken the matter of dress very easy. When he decided on returning to civilised life, he says: "My first efforts towards establishing a wardrobe consisted in the purchase of a few yards of coarse calico, which I obtained of an Egyptian pedlar, who was good enough to show us how he cut them into shirts, and we had two days' employment in stitching them. Most of our party were very good with an awl, but cobbling did not much assist us in hemming shirts. Our friend the hawker, in gratitude for my doctoring him, gave me a white skull-cap, and I set about having my head shaved, with our knives, without soap. After an hour and a half's exquisite torture, the scene closed with one-third unshorn, the rest in patches, bleeding from nineteen severe wounds. Not being presentable in this state, I made myself a turban of a pair of drawers! But the next morning the owner of the neighbouring coffee-house brought me a friend who owned an old, country-made, iron razor, and soon finished me

off. Two Albanian irregulars, learning my want of clothes, told me that the wardrobe of one of their comrades was to be sold by auction. Accordingly, I bought for thirty-three piastres (about six shillings and ninepence), a greasy red-cloth waistcoat, a striped cotton ditto, and the remains of a red-and-yellow cotton sash, with a red cap, nearly black from age, knocked down at fourteen piastres; so, at a cheap rate, I was equipped like a Turkish soldier who had not received his pay for eighteen months."

And at another time in the desert, he says: "I was dressed in the light costume of the Arabs: a pair of drawers, a ferda thrown over my shoulders, a heavy two-edged sword hung over my left arm, to which were also bound a heap of amulets and a knife. In dress I was a nigger; in colour, a Turk."

After this, those who can follow our traveller may despise and abandon portmanteaus for the East.

For sporting excursions in cold climates, part of the hunting costume in use on the Carpathian Mountains is worth attention. Warm knitted stockings; and, over them, a pair of soft Russian leather boots, which can be turned down in folds below the knee, or, if needful, pulled up to the hip. To keep the hands warm in severe weather, so as to be able to handle the gun, in addi-

tion to thin gloves, a small fur muff may be slung from the neck, in which the hands may rest until wanted. The metal parts of the gun in hard frosts which the hands are likely to touch, should be bound with leather.

A good saddle is indispensable. Galton and Pallisser both agree that there is nothing like an English hunting-saddle, and Galton found it as useful with an ox as with a horse. Saddles for foreign use must be much more stuffed than in England, as all half-wild horses are smaller, and often carry the saddle badly for want of fine shoulders. We consider the Yorkshire hunting saddle, with plain unstuffed flaps, the best for wear, as it is not spoilt by heavy rain. A blanket rolled and strapped over the pommel, in the Australian fashion, is handy when you camp, and forms a better support for the knees, in going down steep hills, or with a breaking half-broken brute, than stuffed flaps. In posting on horseback in France twenty years ago, we used to keep, expressly for the purpose, a demi-pique saddle, made wide between the cantle and the pommel, with a well-stuffed seat — one could sleep in it. But in wild countries, with strange horses, especially in chasing deer or boar, your nag is sure to fall occasionally. A fall at a fast pace on a hunting-saddle, flat before and behind, is nothing to a good horseman, for he rolls out of the way; but stuck fast in a high-

piqued military saddle, it is very dangerous, as you are sure to be crushed when the horse rolls over. We are inclined to believe that a saddle invented by the late Captain Nolan, described in his *Cavalry Tactics*, is much the best for travelling or hunting, if altered a little from its military shape. This saddle, instead of stuffing pads, has a cover of serge into which three or more slips of felt are put, according to the size of the horse's back; if on a journey, he falls off in condition, an extra slip of felt makes it fit, and prevents a sore back. There are no leather flaps, but instead, a saddle-cloth of felt an inch thick. Such a saddle is as strong and much lighter than an ordinary saddle, and will fit any horse. You can saddle a restive horse with greater facility; while the seat of the rider is more firm, and the control more complete, in consequence of his legs pressing again the horse's side without a slippery leather flap between — this is an especial advantage after riding all day in the rain. A bridle should be made that it may also be used as a headstall, with links and hooks, or that the bit can be slipped out of the horse's mouth for the purpose of feeding without taking the bridle off his head. By having a great number of hooks (D) strongly sewn to a travelling saddle, anything required can be fastened on with strings or straps. Cruppers we don't use in England, but they are essential for

safety abroad as well as breast plates.

Food and cookery must be considered together. Galton advises the traveller to study the crops of birds in order to learn whether the berries or leaves of the country he is in are poisonous or not. This rule has exceptions, but is the only guide that can be suggested. Rank birds should be skinned, as the rankness generally lies in the skin. On the sea-coast cooks baste sea-birds, skinned, with salt water, on the probably correct idea, that it diminishes the fishy flavour. For kinds of food we refer to Galton. In Java they cook trout by wrapping them in rice-straw, and setting it on fire: when the straw is burned the fish is cooked. Scotchmen say that the fish is turned into a capital imitation of a Loch Fyne haddock. But, says Mansfield Parkyns: "It does not do for a traveller to be particular about food — for instance, *metàh* is the standing dish of Nubia, composed principally of *bàrnya*, a vegetable pod of a mucilaginous nature, with pounded meal and other ingredients, being about the consistency of hasty-pudding, but so sticky that when eating it with bread you are obliged to clean your fingers, which become webbed like a duck's foot. Nevertheless, I never tired of it." He also got quite into the way of eating raw beefsteak, after the Abyssinian fashion, cut in long strips, and then a convenient slice, fast held

by the teeth, is divided by an upward blow of a sabre, just missing the eater's nose. He tried locusts fried on an iron girdle as dessert, and found them very dry, much like frizzled quill-ends. An iron pot, with a lid the size of a crown-piece, will cook enough for three at a time, and the lid makes a good frying-pan. We have known an instance of a kettle for tea with a wooden bottom doing duty in the bush. The plan was to bury it in the earth, and make the fire round it.

Galton gives an excellent chapter on guns, but we prefer quoting from Pallisser. Galton's plan for carrying a gun on horseback is the best that has ever been suggested. He says:

"Make a canvas or leathern bag large enough to admit the butt of the gun pretty freely, the straps that support it buckle through a ring in the pommel. The gun is perfectly safe, never comes below the armpit; even in taking a leap, it is pulled out in an instant by bringing the elbow in front of the gun and close to the side, so as to throw the gun outside of the arm; then lowering the hand, the gun is caught up — any sized gun can be carried in this fashion." Any plan for carrying a loaded gun muzzle downward is dangerous, as the ball is likely to slip down away from the charge and burst the gun when fired. A horse may soon be taught to stand still while the rider dismounts and fires, by pegging the bridle

thrown over his head to the ground, firing, returning and rewarding him; eventually he will fancy that he is pegged fast whenever the bridle is thrown loose.

A double-barrelled rifle is invaluable for deer shooting, but you must not reckon on accuracy of execution beyond one hundred and fifty yards equal to a single barrel. As to calibre, I prefer from twenty-four to sixteen to the pound. The larger the ball the greater the necessity for superior powder. "Gunpowder," says Pallisser, "should be kept in air-tight packages. The best knife for hunting purposes is a good plain wooden-handled butcher's knife, the handle long, the blade thin — thick-bladed illuminated knives of the German Jäger fashion are only fit to hang over a chimneypiece — a knife stuck in a sheath below the knee is handier than elsewhere. Do not burthen yourself by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities. Beyond your guns, good horses, with their appurtenances, you will require nothing on the prairie but your knife, flint and steel, pipe, an iron ladle for melting lead, a tin mug, and two iron kettles — the covers will do to fry in."

We shall not quote any more from Galton, because it is a cheap little book, and those who want to study the art of travel can buy it; but shall conclude with a few notices on this inexhaustible subject by returning to

our own experience, and to the book of the Abyssinian denizen.

To cross rivers, you may make a raft, or swim. The Abyssinian way is to pack your watch and other small perishable things, and a few articles of clothing, into a goatskin bag, blow it out, secure the mouth with a string, and tie one end to the faggot; then mount on the faggots astride, and be towed across. But the best and simplest contrivance for swimming across broad dangerous water, or for teaching any one to swim, is the following, which we cut out of a country newspaper twenty years ago, and have tried and recommended since with the greatest success to both sexes. By this plan, in a fortnight, a timid lady became an excellent swimmer. Cut two pieces of cork into an oval shape, the length of the points of your shoulders, join the two pieces together with a hinge of leather or gutta-percha on one side and strings on the other; cut a hole in the centre large enough for your neck, but too small for your head to pass through. When put on, it should rest longwise on your shoulders, and project four or five inches before and behind your head. This cork collar will carry two persons easily; it leaves the arms quite free, does not raise you too high out of the water, or obstruct you in swimming; and when taken off, can be doubled and carried easily on the head or back. It will also make, if needed,

a very good trimmer for fishing, and a pillow at night. By the help of this slope of cork (which is not liable to be punctured like a Mackintosh belt) we have crossed rivers holding a gun over our hat, with powder in the hat; in fishing, by the same means, we have carried a dry shirt, stockings, and thin coat across wide flooded streams; and once, in skating twenty miles on a river, the cork collar saved us.

But more important than outfit or arms, to carry a man through savage lands, are courage, temper, and tact, with a contented cheerful spirit. Of these qualities we have never met with better examples than in the travels of our Notts Cantabridgian Abyssinian. He recommends, above all things, civility. There is nothing like a civil tongue, and quiet unpretending manners, to get on not only in savage countries but everywhere and under nearly every emergency. "Many travellers," says Mansfield Parkyns, "take a soldier with them from the chief or king of the country, where they may be travelling, and many affect a harsh demeanour to the natives, demanding lodging, food, &c., in the most peremptory manner. This is a plan not at all to be recommended, it often leads to a quarrel, and is not likely to obtain for the traveller, what he ought so much to court, if he wishes to study the manners and customs of the people — their good-will and confidence. Here

I should very much dislike any one's forcing himself into my house against my will, and am disposed to act generally on the principle of 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' On my arrival in a village, I have found it the better plan to do as the native travellers would — wait under a tree until some one asks me in. A little patience is sometimes needed. People often gather round you to look at you, and occasionally make rather personal remarks; though, generally, they are very civil. Answer their questions good-naturedly, take pleasure in making yourself agreeable, you will find it will become a habit, and you will be welcome everywhere. I hope future travellers may agree with me, that it is not absolutely necessary to enter forcibly into other people's houses, or to demand as a right the supper which one ought to receive with thanks, if voluntarily given. For instance, on one occasion he was taken prisoner by mistake, and the next day —

"I woke up quite in my usual state of philosophy, highly amused at my situation. The soldiers collected in numbers, to amuse themselves at my expense. After some little 'chaffing,' they began to dance about, going through their dounfátu or war boast, slipping their lances at me, and catching them by the butt when the point was within an inch or two of my body. I knew I was in no danger, if I only

kept my temper. So when the first man had performed his part, I took a piece of straw and gave it him, telling him that was the sword he needed. This raised a laugh against him, and entering into the spirit of the thing, we went on famously. I acted the part of a chief: gave one man a straw coronet, to another a bracelet, to a third an imaginary mule, and so on; while to make the matter more real, I invested a dollar, luckily hidden in the corner of my belt, in some drink, and each bringing his share of dinner, we had a grand carnivorous feast. Thus, by a little management, I became a great favourite with the soldiery, instead of being bullied by them. Let this be a warning to hot-headed travellers. My greatest discomfort arose from my complaint. But this only served to draw out the good qualities of my comrades, who contrived for me all sorts of little necessary conveniences, and went about in search of medicines. They procured me a pungent root, which did me so much good, that on the third day of my imprisonment I was quite well!"

We think, that while England, Scotland, and Ireland can produce such specimens of travellers as those we have quoted, no one need dread the enervation of our modern gentlemen, as long as they escape the influence of Generals Pipeclay, Martinet, and Routine.

BLOBBS OF WADHAM.

My name is Withers — Richard Withers, of Jermyn Street, London, ostensibly an importer of foreign wines. I don't mention it by way of advertisement, but that I may not be introduced to the public under false pretences. I am not Blobbs of Wadham; that is what I wish to be understood clearly. In the year eighteen hundred and ten, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company falling short, I suppose, in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates — facsimiles — and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins: there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to whisper each to each, "Thou hast a double;" no cuticle, or smallest superfluity of skin, as had been granted to the Siamese, to hint that there was a ditto somewhere. Long Experience, our only common mother, was left to teach us this; and in my education, at least, that lady has proved herself a Tartar.

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other lusus was not till some few years ago. As I was walking along Fleet Street, on my way into the City on business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned round between purple and white; for, angry as I was, a little reminiscence flashed across me of a certain bill transaction — a

thing that will mix itself up somehow with the wine trade — and I thought it just possible that this assault had arisen from some unprofessional view of that matter: but an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beaming smile, confronted me.

"Deeloighted to see you, old boi," said he. "How is the woife and the piccanninnies?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mane to say ye are not Blobbs?" said he.

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with warmth.

"Well, then, it's nothing more nor less than a coincidence," said he.

"Sir," said I, "it is a blister." And it was a blister.

The very next day, and almost in the same place, across the shoulders, I received two thwacks from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakeable Hibernian accents, I heard it shouted; "I took another man for you yesterday, Blobbs; but, bedad, I've got you to-day."

I happened to have a nephew at Wadham College, Oxford, at that time; and, not without an eye to business, I went down to stay there for a week. I had heard a good deal before of the hospitality of the University, but the cordial manner of those Fellows did surprise me.

"Well, how are you, old boy? So, you are come down to see us at last," exclaimed one, at the

very gate, as he shook my hand most heartily. "But you're getting bald, my friend—henpecked about the crown—eh, eh? And you're stouter than you were, too, a good deal."

"Really, sir," I began, "these familiar remarks"—but my nephew came up just at that moment, and prevented any explanation. In the combination room, after dinner, I sat next to the sub-warden, and was treated with all imaginable kindness. "I have some wine of this character," I was casually remarking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twenty years."

"Then I don't know where you put it to," observed a gruff voice, lower down. "For a man who drinks habitually, I must say, I don't know worse wine than yours."

"Don't you mind what Savage says," said the sub, gently; "you know his strange ways."

"But I do mind what Savage says, sir," I replied; "and I don't know his ways. I am not going to sit here, and hear my wine run down by Savage, or any other man."

"Why, Blobbs, Blobbs, you did not use to be so touchy as that up here," interposed the dean; "bad at chapels, bad at lectures, shocking bad at knocking-in, but always good-tempered and ready to take a joke."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed I, "once for all, I am not Blobbs!"

Alas! it was but little good for

me to say "once for all;" I went out to breakfast at another college, and was purposely introduced to everybody as Richard Withers; but the association of ideas proved almost as bad as the confusion of persons, and I was asked about six times whether I knew Blobbs of Wadham. I got quite to know when it was coming, by the way in which the interrogator would survey my features, give a little smile at the absurd likeness, and begin his question with "Mr. Withers?" to prevent himself from addressing me by the wrong name. I astonished one of these persons a good deal when he had got thus far by anticipating the rest, and saying—

"No; I don't know Blobbs at all," which rather terrified him.

The disadvantages of my resemblance to this person have been counterbalanced by no benefits; nobody has ever paid me money for Blobbs, or asked me to dinner, or given me so much as a lift in his carriage; no charming young creature has ever embraced me by mistake, as being the wife or sister of me, Withers. On the contrary, Mrs. Blobbs has been presented to me, more than once, in the form of a Nemesis, or avenging female. At the casinos and the like, for instance, which I solemnly assert I only visit as the haunts in which sundry young gentlemen, with whom I am professionally connected are most likely to be

found, it has been often whispered to me —

"Lucky Mrs. Blobbs don't see you here to-night, my boy;" and, on one occasion, "If you don't lend me that fifty we were speaking about, as sure as you live I'll tell your wife." I should not wonder if some domestic recriminations took place somewhere in consequence of my firm refusal; I believe and hope that Blobbs is not altogether exempt from the results of our similitude; that the toil and truth of our double has befallen him likewise.

After a few score of these mistakes had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even lodged in Newgate for murder, to-morrow, it would not much distress me; "It's Blobbs," I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unlikely, for he is a very fast character, or, at all events, has lots of half-mad friends; just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at my ordinary quiet pace (for I am very respectable, and not thin), when I was violently seized by the shoulders, and threaded — run in and out — through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the mid afternoon, and the proceeding attracted every eye; but what did I care? What was the use of caring? "It is some friend of Blobbs's of Wadham, having

his lark," I said to myself; "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man!" as soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blobbs's friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles' fare further back — from Honiton, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the insides, all swore to my having travelled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money — I have no doubt for Blobbs.

And yet it was better so, perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and beheld oneself sitting opposite in the dim obscure! Echoing, perhaps, one's cry of terror, wearing his hair after the same porcupine fashion, and with cheeks of the like fear-stricken hue!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an enfranchised-looking female, in a widow's cap, comes suddenly upon me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blobbs is dead.

THE TOMB IN GHENT.

A SMILING look she had, a figure slight,
 With cheerful air, and step both quick
 and light,
 A strange and foreign look the maiden
 bore,
 That suited the quaint Belgian dress she
 wore;
 Yet the blue fearless eyes in her fair face,
 And her soft voice told her of English
 race;
 And ever, as she flitted to and fro,
 She sang (or murmur'd, rather), soft and
 low,
 Snatches of song, as if she did not know
 That she was singing, but the happy load
 Of dream and thought thus from her
 heart o'erflow'd:
 And while on household cares she pass'd
 along,
 The air would bear me fragments of her
 song;
 Not such as village maidens sing, and
 few
 The framers of her changing music knew;
 Chants such as heaven and earth first
 knew of when
 Allegri and Marcello held the pen.
 But I with awe had often turn'd the page,
 Yellow with time, and half defaced by
 age,
 And listen'd, with an ear not quite un-
 skill'd,
 While heart and soul to the grand echo
 thrill'd;
 And much I marvell'd, as her cadence
 fell
 From the Laudate, that I knew so well,
 Into Scarlatti's minor fugue, how she
 Had learn'd such deep and solemn har-
 mony.
 But what she told I set in rhyme, as meet
 To chronicle the influence, dim and
 sweet,
 'Neath which her young and innocent
 life had grown:
 Would that my words were simple as her
 own.
 Many years since, an English work-
 man went
 Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,
 Where English skill was prized, nor
 toil'd in vain;
 Small, yet enough, his hard-earn'd daily
 gain.
 He dwelt alone — in sorrow or in pride;

He mix'd not with the workers by his
 side;
 He seem'd to care but for one present
 joy —
 To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly
 boy.
 Severe to all beside, yet for the child
 He soften'd his rough speech to soothings
 mild;
 For him he smiled, with him each day
 he walk'd
 Through the dark gloomy streets; to him
 he talk'd
 Of home, of England, and strange stories
 told
 Of English heroes in the days of old;
 And (when the sunset gilded roof and
 spire),
 The marvellous tale which never seem'd
 to tire:
 How the gilt dragon, glaring fiercely
 down
 From the great belfry, watching all the
 town,
 Was brought, a trophy of the wars
 divine,
 By a Crusader from far Palestine,
 And, given to Bruges; and how Ghent
 arose,
 And how they struggled long as deadly
 foes,
 Till Ghent, one night, by a brave soldier's
 skill,
 Stole the great dragon, and she keeps it
 still.
 One day the dragon — so 'tis said — will
 rise,
 Spread his bright wings, and glitter in
 the skies,
 And over desert lands and azure seas,
 Will seek his home 'mid palm and cedar-
 trees.
 So, as he pass'd the belfry every day,
 The boy would look if it were flown
 away;
 Each day surprised to find it watching
 there,
 Above him, as he cross'd the ancient
 square,
 To seek the great cathedral, that had
 grown
 A home for him — myterious and his
 own.
 Dim with dark shadows of the ages
 past,
 St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and
 vast;
 The slender pillars in long vistas spread,

Like forest arches meet and close o'er-
 head
 So high, that like a weak and doubting
 prayer,
 Ere it can float to the carved angels
 there,
 The silver clouded incense faints in air;
 Only the organ's voice, with peal on peal,
 Can mount to where those far-off angels
 kneel.
 Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-
 arch,
 Would listen to its solemn chant or
 march;
 Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
 Melted in childish dreams, and both in
 air:
 While the great organ over all would roll,
 Speaking strange secrets to his spotless
 soul,
 Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
 Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing
 higher
 Than aught but love and prayer can
 reach, until
 Only the silence seem'd to listen still;
 Or gathering like a sea still more and
 more,
 Break in melodious waves at heaven's
 door,
 And then fall, slow and soft, in tender
 rain,
 Upon the pleading longing hearts again.
 Then he would watch the rosy sunlight
 glow,
 That crept along the marble floor below,
 Passing, as life does, with the passing
 hours,
 Now by a shrine all rich with gems and
 flowers,
 Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
 Then, leaving it again to shade and
 gloom,
 And creeping on, to show, distinct and
 quaint,
 The kneeling figure of some marble
 saint:
 Or lighting up the carvings strange and
 rare,
 That told of patient toil and reverent
 care,
 Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
 Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush
 spears,
 And all the thousand tangled weeds that
 grow
 In summer, where the silver rivers
 flow;

And demon-heads grotesque, that seem'd
 to glare
 In impotent wrath on all the beauty
 there,
 Then the gold rays up pillar'd shaft
 would climb,
 And so be drawn to heaven, at evening
 time.
 And deeper silence, darker shadows flow'd
 On all around, only the windows glow'd
 With blazon'd glory, like the shields of
 light
 Archangels bear, who, arm'd with love
 and might,
 Watch upon heaven's battlements at
 night.
 Then all was shade, the silver lamps
 that gleam'd,
 Lost in the daylight, in the darkness
 seem'd
 Like sparks of fire in the dim aisles to
 shine,
 Or trembling stars before each separate
 shrine.
 Grown half afraid, the child would leave
 them there,
 And come out, blinded by the noisy glare
 That burst upon him from the busy
 square.
 The church was thus his home for rest or
 play;
 And as he came and went again each day,
 The pictured faces that he knew so well,
 Seem'd to smile on him welcome and
 farewell.
 But holier, and dearer far than all,
 One sacred spot his own he loved to call;
 Save at mid-day, half-hidden by the
 gloom,
 The people call it The White Maiden's
 Tomb:
 For there she stands; her folded hands
 are press'd
 Together, and laid softly on her breast;
 As if she waited but a word to rise
 From the dull earth, and pass to the blue
 skies;
 Her lips expectant part, she holds her
 breath,
 As listening for the angel voice of death.
 None know how many years have seen
 her so,
 Or what the name of her who sleeps
 below.
 And here the child would come, and
 strive to trace,
 Through the dim twilight, the pure
 gentle face,

He loved so well, and here he oft would
 bring
 Some violet blossom of the early spring;
 And climbing softly by the fretted stand,
 Not to disturb her, lay it in her hand;
 Or whispering a soft loving message,
 sweet,
 Would stoop and kiss the little marble
 feet.
 So, when the organ's pealing music rang,
 He thought amid the gloom the maiden
 sang;
 With reverent simple faith by her he
 knelt,
 And listen'd what she thought, and what
 she felt;
 "Glory to God," re-echoed from her
 voice,
 And then his little spirit would rejoice;
 Or when the Requiem sobb'd upon the air,
 His baby-tears dropp'd with her mourn-
 ful prayer.
 So years fled on, while childish fancies
 past,
 The childish love and simple faith could
 last.
 The artist-soul awoke in him, the flame
 Of genius, like the light of Heaven, came
 Upon his brain, and (as it will, if true)
 It touch'd his heart and lit his spirit, too.
 His father saw, and with a proud content
 Let him forsake the toil where he had
 spent
 His youth's first years, and on one happy
 day
 Of pride, before the old man pass'd away,
 He stood with quivering lips, and the
 big tears
 Upon his cheek, and heard the dream of
 years
 Living and speaking to his very heart, —
 The low hush'd murmur at the wondrous
 art
 Of him, who with young trembling fingers
 made
 The great church-organ answer as he
 play'd;
 And, as the uncertain sound grew full
 and strong,
 Rush with harmonious spirit-wings along,
 And thrill with master power the breath-
 less throng.
 The old man died, and years pass'd on,
 and still
 The young musician bent his heart and
 will,
 To his dear toil. St. Bavon now had
 grown

More dear to him, and even more his
 own;
 And as he left it every night he pray'd
 A moment by the archway in the shade,
 Kneeling once more within the sacred
 gloom
 Where the White Maiden watch'd upon
 her tomb.
 His hopes of travel and a world-wide
 fame,
 Cold time had sober'd, and his fragile
 frame;
 Content at last only in dreams to roam,
 Away from the tranquility of home;
 Content that the poor dwellers by his
 side
 Saw in him but the gentle friend and
 guide,
 The patient counsellor in the poor strife
 And petty details of their common life, —
 Who comforted where woe and grief
 might fall,
 Nor slighted any pain or want as small,
 But whose great heart took in and felt
 for all.
 Still he grew famous, — many came to be
 His pupils in the art of harmony.
 One day a voice floated so pure and free
 Above his music, that he turn'd to see
 What angel sang, and saw before his
 eyes,
 What made his heart leap with a strange
 surprise,
 His own White Maiden, calm, and pure,
 and mild,
 As in his childish dreams she sang and
 smiled,
 Her eyes raised up to Heaven, her lips
 apart,
 And music overflowing from her heart.
 But the faint blush that tinged her cheek
 betray'd
 No marble statue, but a living maid.
 Perplex'd and startled at his wondering
 look,
 Her rustling score of Mozart's Sanctus
 shook;
 The uncertain notes, like birds within a
 snare,
 Flutter'd and died upon the trembling air.
 Days pass'd, each morning saw the
 maiden stand,
 Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her
 hand,
 Eager to study, never weary, while
 Repaid by the approving word or smile
 Of her kind master; days and months
 fled on;

One day the pupil from the choir was
 gone;
 Gone to take light, and joy, and youth
 once more,
 Within the poor musician's humble
 door;
 And to repay, with gentle happy art,
 The debt so many owed his generous
 heart.
 And now, indeed, was one who knew
 and felt
 That a great gift of God within him
 dwelt;
 One who could listen, who could under-
 stand,
 Whose idle work dropp'd from her
 slacken'd hand,
 While with wet eyes entranced she stood,
 nor knew
 How the melodious winged hours flew;
 Who loved his art as none had loved be-
 fore,
 Yet prized the noble tender spirit more.
 While the great organ brought from far
 and near
 Lovers of harmony to praise and hear.
 Unmark'd by aught save what fill'd every
 day,
 Duty, and toil, and rest, years pass'd
 away:
 And now by the low archway in the
 shade
 Beside her mother knelt a little maid,
 Who, through the great cathedral learn'd
 to roam,
 Climb to the choir and bring her father
 home;
 And stand, demure and solemn by his
 side,
 Patient till the last echo softly died,
 Then place her little hand in his, and go
 Down the dark winding stair to where
 below
 The mother knelt, within the gathering
 gloom,
 Waiting and praying by the maiden's
 tomb.
 So their life went, until one winter's
 day,
 Father and child came there alone to
 pray,
 The mother, gentle soul, had fled away.
 Their life was alter'd now, and yet the
 child
 Forgot her passionate grief in time, and
 smiled,
 Half-wondering why, when spring's fresh
 breezes came,

And summer flowers, he was not the
 same.
 Half guessing at the shadow of his pain,
 And then contented if he smiled again,
 A sad cold smile, that pass'd in tears
 away,
 As re-assured she ran once more to play.
 And now each year that added grace to
 grace,
 Fresh bloom and sunshine to the young
 girl's face,
 Brought a strange light in the musician's
 eyes,
 As if he saw some starry hope arise,
 Breaking upon the midnight of sad skies;
 It might be so: more feeble year by
 year,
 The wanderer to his resting-place drew
 near.
 One day the Gloria he could play no
 more,
 Echoed its grand rejoicing as of yore.
 His hands were clasp'd, his weary head
 was laid
 Upon the tomb where the White Maiden
 pray'd;
 Where the child's love first dawn'd, his
 soul first spoke
 The old man's heart there throbb'd its
 last and broke.
 The grave cathedral that had nursed his
 youth,
 Had helped his dreaming, and had taught
 him truth,
 Had seen his boyish grief and baby tears,
 And watch'd the sorrow and the joys of
 years,
 Had lit his fame and hope with sacred
 rays,
 And consecrated sad and happy days, —
 Had bless'd his happiness, and soothed
 his pain,
 Now took her faithful servant home
 again.
 He rests in peace, some travellers men-
 tion yet
 An organist whose name they all forget:
 He has a holier and a nobler fame
 By poor men's hearths, who love and
 bless the name
 Of a kind friend; and in low tones to-day,
 Speak tenderly of him who pass'd away.
 Too poor to help the daughter of their
 friend,
 They grieved to see the little pittance
 end;
 To see her toil and strive with cheerful
 heart,

To bear the lonely orphan's struggling
 part;
 They grieved to see her go at last alone
 To English kinsmen she had never
 known:
 And here she came; the foreign girl soon
 found
 Welcome, and love, and plenty all
 around,
 And here she pays it back with earnest
 will,
 By well-taught housewife watchfulness
 and skill,
 Deep in her heart she holds her father's
 name,
 And tenderly and proudly keeps his
 fame;
 And while she works with thrifty Belgian
 care,
 Past dreams of childhood float upon the
 air;
 Some strange old chant, or solemn Latin
 hymn
 That echoed through the old cathedral
 dim,
 When as a little child each day she went
 To kneel and pray by an old tomb in
 Ghent.

THE ROAD IN INDIA.

DASHING up to the station in a Hansom, and finding oneself safe in a first-class railway carriage, after a brief mandate to a porter and a policeman on the subject of luggage, and receiving some change and a piece of card through a limited pigeon-hole, are very different transactions to those imposed on a traveller before he starts on a journey in India. In the first place, he must inquire whether he can go at all; and the affirmative being ascertained, he must make comprehensive arrangements to be as comfortable as possible. I, who have made two journeys from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, without

counting occasional jaunts of two or three hundred miles in deviating directions, have learned that art of taking care of oneself, which is the first thing to be learnt in India, and am competent to be of some use to society by imparting it.

The commencement of the process is this. After becoming quite tired of Calcutta — which happens in a very little time — you inquire at one of the two principal Dâk Companies, when you can manage to get away. This depends upon the number of candidates, and their proportion to the number of carriages and horses along the road. It is Monday, let us say, and you find that on Tuesday Ensign Grift and Lieutenant Green are going up a long way to join their respective regiments (which the Ensign has not yet joined at all) at some place the name of which probably ends in "bad." On the next day, a judge, who has just returned from England, where he has spent two years in abusing the climate, is also to go up the country, with the determination to abuse its climate still more. On the day following, seven young ladies, who have all come out to be married, by the last mail, are all travelling in the same direction, under the care of seven ayahs (female natives of the lady's - maid persuasion), and have of course engrossed all the unavailable horses on the route. On Thursday, accommodation is graciously vouchsafed, and the

payment of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty rupees, if one is going about as far as Agra (some eight hundred miles) settles the rest. Of course we — I am not writing editorially, but really mean that I am not alone — of course we do not start until night — nobody does; and of course we make the starting as pleasant as possible. We are dining out, probably, the same evening, and the people of the house do their best to make us comfortable. Have we everything that we want? Are we warm enough? Oh, yes. We have a hamper, packed under the licence of a very general order by Spence's people (Spence's is the great hotel). It is supposed to contain sherry and beer; pale ale, of course; a little brandy; potted meats, such as those which are so pleasantly described in the *Lancet*; a tin case of biscuits, another of tea, another of sugar, and perhaps some concentrated soap. We have plates and knives and forks; for in these respects it is far better not to trust to the chances of the road. As for warmth, there is the *resai* a padded counter-pane, with an exterior of soft crimson silk. Still we must have something, and we contrive to accommodate the people of the house by accepting a corkscrew — which we have forgotten, owing to our reminiscences of English pic-nics — and a tumbler or two, which have been also omitted in the arrangements.

The carriage is a square contrivance, painted green or brown outside, according to the prejudices of the respective companies. It is on four wheels, and evinces other symptoms of sanity, though in the article of springs I must say it is singularly deficient. Inside it is probably lined or probably not lined — it is certainly not padded. It has two seats, and the space between the two is usually occupied by luggage, the top being covered by a cushion; so that the traveller extends himself with his feet up during the entire journey, and has just room to lie at full length if he feels so disposed. The well, as we should call it in respect to an Irish car, is usually devoted to the provisions; and the top of the *gharree* (this is the local name for a carriage), is piled with trunks, or as many of them as one is not obliged to send by another conveyance — by a stray servant or two, it may be, and by the coachman. But the loading of the outside is not half so important a matter as the fitting up of the inside. On each portion of the walls of the *gharree* not occupied by the windows, there are pockets, where those articles are stowed which are in most constant requisition. Some soda-water is a very desirable article, as the water on the road, especially if brought at night, may not be clean; and even if it is clean, one prefers not to take it from a brass *chillumchee*, which is usually devoted to lavatory

purposes. Some brandy or sherry is also a desirable thing to place in one of the pockets, and the corkscrew should always be deposited in one of the near ones, although the point is apt to cut through its covering, and run into your shoulder. In the corresponding pocket to that of the corkscrew, I would recommend that you place your Colt's revolver, a precaution which many Indian travellers neglect. Since the Santal rebellion, however, I fancy that few will be so unwise as to do so. The biscuits should also be in an accessible place; and if you are travelling alone, or with a companion of your own sex, you must have a five hundred box of Manillas (I recommend number two) placed at your feet, in that little economical space which is saved under the seat of the driver; but you need not kick this about too much in your sleep. If you are travelling up with the object of your matrimonial affections, I see no reason — unless she does — why you should not have the same box, because there are many opportunities when you may make it mutually agreeable for you to sit up with the coachman, and improve your mind and Hindostanee by converse with that not always uninteresting individual.

But all this time we are forgetting to start. The coachman is quite accustomed to wait hour after hour for his passengers: and, if they chose to delay, would, I feel assured, wait at least a fort-

night, occasionally smoking his hookah, and once a-day asking to go off to his khana (dinner) without manifesting any symptom of impatience. But the period having arrived, and the horse — to whom your delay has been so much distinct gain — having been put in, there is no longer any excuse, in anybody's case, for not starting. The real difficulty of starting now in all probability, commences, though the first horse is generally a very favourable specimen of those you are likely to get on the road.

The horse generally commences his performances in the following manner. First, he won't go — and the uninitiated traveller begins to think that the authorities have made a mistake, and that the wrong horse has been put into the wrong place. A simple inquiry, however, dissipates this delusion; and it is found that not to go at first is the regular thing. The traveller accordingly sinks back upon the pillows which he has carefully stowed under his shoulders, and surrenders himself to our old friend Circumstances, over which he has no control. The principal circumstance in question — that is, the horse — having declared that he won't go in the beginning, is not disposed to change his mind in a hurry. He backs inevitably, rears probably, snorts contingently, and evinces other symptoms of having a will of his own, and not being disposed to add a codicil to it. The driver, who is

now fairly launched into the demands of the crisis, twitches at the reins in as uncoachmanlike a style as is demanded by the very unprofessional conduct of the animal — slashing away with a leather-thonged whip, and accompanying its conduct with vocal remonstrances. He is reinforced by a dozen natives, who seize the wheels, two or three of them at each, while others push on from behind, with a chorus of guttural exclamations, intended partly as a private gratification, partly as an encouragement to the Circumstance. He owns no medium. When he does move, he moves with a vengeance. He commences a mad gallop, which swings the gharree from side to side, the traveller's apprehensions being drowned by the notes of a demoniacal post-horn which the driver considers it his duty to sound upon all great occasions. A mile is soon traversed in this manner, and then the Circumstance shows itself amenable to human control, and gets into his ordinary pace, which, after this, is not too quick to be alarming.

And now comes on the dead night, and the desolation of the journey. We look intently at nothing for a little time, through the windows listening to the rattle of the vehicle which becomes familiar to our ears. Then we make a start on a sudden, and find we have been to sleep. It is the stopping of the vehicle which wakes us. We have done the first stage — only six miles —

and have arrived at a "chokee" station. Here is a miserable little hut, and a conglomeration of partitions formed of mud, in which the horses are stalled, destitute of roofs, and apparently of beds. It is a hideous place, like a huge dunghill, with little mouldering fires here and there, from one of which a chance stranger — native and naked — gets you, after a great deal of fruitless poking about, a light for the cheroot which you are sure to want by this time. As the horse which has brought you over the stage is being led up and down to cool, you think that you never saw a more wretched-looking little beast; but you change your mind on seeing the animal which is to draw you on. He is a little worse, though it is evident from the way in which he kicks at the shafts while being harnessed, that he has some strength and go in him. He is in all probability young, and his chief defects arise from being almost unbroken when first called upon to make a figure in the world. It is very likely that the starting will be attended by as great difficulties as before; but of course this does not uniformly happen; some of the horses vary the proceeding by starting well, and so beguiling the traveller into a false confidence, which is dissipated when he finds himself lying in a ditch at the side of the road, the gharree smashed, and the horse lying motionless among the broken shafts. This happened

to the present narrator during a very early period of his travelling experience, and the same misadventure occurs to most persons who trust themselves often on the road. There is only one course to take; to set the gharree upon its legs as well as you can, and be drawn in by bearers to the nearest station, where, if everybody is as fortunate as myself, they will be able to borrow another vehicle from the Dâk Company's agent. It is a very inglorious mode of transit — being drawn in by a dozen men, any number of whom are always to be found in India to do the work of horses — all howling a monotonous chant.

After these incidents of travel, you become callous, and make yourself as comfortable as may be, with the aid of a book, and those other resources for which you have made the gharree eminent among its kind. Reading, however, can of course be indulged in only by day. During the night there is nothing for it, but to wrap yourself in your resai, and sleep if you can. This is, if you do not feel inclined to stay at a Dâk bungalow, which one is very apt to spurn at first setting forth, and take advantage of afterwards in a mean-spirited manner. The great trial of sleeping in the gharree is in the very early morning from two or three until four or five o'clock, when for a great part of the year it is piercing cold — a cold which makes the cheroot doubly dear, and anything else detestable. There is no doubt that it is trying, and you determine to stand it no longer. You have tried brandy-and-water, and it is of no use; some hot tea will be just the thing. You accordingly push your legs out of the gharree, getting duly rasped by the wheel in the process, and call out to the driver to know how far off the next Dâk bungalow is. The answer is very satisfactory. The nearest is two miles behind you; you have passed it in your sleep. What is to be done? To turn back would be childish, but the next bungalow is fourteen miles further on. Still it would be childish to turn back; so you go on. In about three hours the coachman blows on his post-horn the announcement that you have arrived at a bungalow. It is carefully closed up at all points, and presents the appearance of the family being absent on a foreign tour. The jalousies, which reach to the ground are elaborately dusty, and make no sign. The house has apparently not been entered for ages, and, as far as the last fortnight is concerned, this is no doubt strictly true. There is no sign of life in the vicinity, but this it is, of course, the business of the traveller to create. Standing upon the verandah in his slippers, in a dressing gown and nightcap, his cheek pale, and his eyes hollow, the bungalow authority calls out "Qui hai?" — an equivalent for "Who's there?" Presently a

man with a large beard emerges from some inscrutable out-building, who calls somebody else to his assistance, and then makes his obeisance to the traveller. The somebody else, who does not seem to like it, somehow gets into the house, and opens the principal doors, and the traveller is made free of the desolate dwelling.

The momentous question comes next. What can he have for breakfast? The man with the beard, who is the khausamah, or major-domo, goes through the usual formulæ of people of his kind — talks of mutton chops, of iron-y-stew (by which Irish stew is understood), and of curry, but eventually strongly recommends the only dishes to be had, grilled moorgee, or fowl, and unda, or eggs, boiled or roasted at pleasure. The traveller yields to these delicacies, and agrees to spend the time employed in their preparation, at his toilette. Fortunately, there is always a bathing-room adjoining, and plenty of cold water; for the rest, the traveller's own resources are sufficient. In the intervals of dressing he strays out into the verandah, and has a pleasing view of the khausamah, who has been for some twenty minutes occupied in chasing the promised breakfast round the house. It is an old bird, and is not to be caught by the kind of chaff which is proffered; but, in the end, his head is chopped off, after Mahomedan fashion, with suffi-

cient want of resignation to acquit him of any charge of hypocrisy in meeting his death. This spectacle is not cheering, and, the traveller, being by this time dressed, a change to the interior has its advantages. The room is of moderate size, and is not beset with too much furniture. Besides three chairs, there are two beds — without curtains and without bedding; each traveller being supposed to bring his own. To these are added a table, and on the mantel-piece a compact little bookcase, the books carefully locked in, and a printed list of them pasted outside. The notice heading the list informs us, that they are deposited by a Tract Society for the benefit of travellers. We of course overhaul them. There is a History of Rome, written from a serious point of view; a History of Greece, written from a serious point of view; a Life of Alfred the Great, written from a serious point of view (with a parable made somehow out of the cake story); and a Life of Dr. Dodd, written from a particularly serious point of view, the moral being that it is a great pity that such pious persons as he should come to be hanged.

On the wall he finds suspended a notice informing him that travellers occupying the bungalow for less than three hours, will be charged eight annas, or one shilling; for more than that time, and less than twenty-four hours, one rupee; that travellers must not

stay too long, to the inconvenience of later arrivals, and that they must complain of any deficiencies to the post-master of the district. Under the last announcement will be generally found a comic style of note in pencil, such as "You don't say so!" or, "What's the use of that?" and other satirical manifestations. Occasionally, one sees something a little more eloquent scrawled upon the walls. In a bungalow near Shergotty I saw last year a drawing of a rural cottage, with a garden, and a stream running through it, on the bank of which a gentleman was represented landing a trout nearly as big as himself, in that triumphant manner so peculiar to sporting pictures. Underneath was written the name of some place in Perthshire, and some lines of Briant's description of the pleasures of home and a country life. Some homesick traveller had written this while lying on the bed during an afternoon reverie. Poor fellow! he told his tale plainly enough! and a very common tale it is in India.

"Yes, it comes at last!" Not so bad, after all. The fowl is certainly more resigned to his fate than he was half-an-hour ago; and the eggs have the merit of being still in the freshness of their youth. The tea is not so good as in England; but we are too near China to expect that; besides, it is made with lukewarm water, after the favourite fashion of Indian servants. The

sugar, too, looks as if it had been brought promiscuously from the desert; but this, again, is an article of local produce, and is, therefore, sure to be bad. There is no bread, too; but the native chuppathe, though not good, nevertheless can be eaten. The absence of butter is not a very severe infliction, considering that the cook will very likely bring some red-currant jelly in a little bottle that has formerly contained pomade for the hair.

The meal over, and the traveller in that well known condition which would permit a child to play with him, he prepares to start; but there is an important ceremony to be performed. He must enter his name, starting-place, destination, and the hour of his arrival and departure, in the travellers' book, in which he may make remarks upon the subject of his accommodation. As these books contain many records of the kind, they are perhaps the most amusing species of literature procurable in the Dâk bungalows, and are eagerly gloated over by travellers on the look-out for any names that they may know. Here the different characteristics of the Indian community freely develop themselves. Some of the entries are formal; many facetious; some flippant; others severe. The following is a fair specimen of the entries:

Mr. Jos. Sedley, C.I., and family, from Calcutta to Bogglewallah. Stayed two

hours. Breakfast good. Khitmatgar attentive. Paid two rupees.

That is the formal style. The facetious is something like the following:

Lieutenant Bolt and Ensign Scamper (funny fellows generally give wrong names), on sick-leave for pig-sticking. Came last night. Going presently. Paid two rupees. Breakfast beastly. No beer. Had to kick the Khitmatgar for not understanding English. Why doesn't the fellow get his hair cut?

This sort of entry is illustrated occasionally by a sketch of the traveller being sick, as a sarcasm upon the refreshment; or the portrait of the commanding officer of the travellers' regiment (if he be unpopular) hanging on a gallows, and smoking a short pipe.

This is succeeded, probably, by something like the following:

Mrs. Major-General Muggins, C.B., and five daughters. Arrived at three in the afternoon, and stayed to tea. Bungalow very clean. Everything very nice. Servants attentive.

Underneath an announcement of the kind, we saw written by a mad wag:

All rot. Everything disgusting. And only two chairs in the place. Where did four of the Miss Mugginses perch themselves?

Of course the crusty British traveller, who complains of everything, comes out strong upon these occasions:

Curry detestable. Khausamah filthy. No cream. Harvey's sauce not to be had. Disgraceful to the authorities.

The servant always receives back the book with a humble

salaam, and, as he cannot read English, tries to discover by the look of the traveller whether something to his advantage, or the reverse, has been recorded. He generally looks mystified at the illustrations, and, I believe, considers them as signs of the traveller belonging to some secret society, or exclusive caste.

Once more on his road, there is very little to remark of the other incidents likely to befall a traveller during an ordinary journey. All Dâk bungalows are the same, and so are all the chokee stations where they change horses. At the latter, a European is still an object of special curiosity, to judge by the way in which men and children — the latter very pot-bellied, and without any clothing — stare in at the windows; without counting the cripples and idiots, of whom there are generally two or three, who hop about and whine for pice. They are disgusting exhibitions, and may be advantageously bought off.

But of late a new feature has introduced itself into travelling in the north-western provinces; turnpikes — an innovation which has excited the greatest disgust. Very different are these from the jovial pike of the British highway. There is a bar stretching across the road, and a big bungalow on one side. Here the toll-keeper may be generally seen seated at a table in the verandah, with his books, and all the official et ceteras about him. Sometimes

he is a native; but if a European, he is sure to have a very large family, as the holders of all small appointments in India have. His is, perhaps, the only house for miles and miles round, and a lonely life it must be for him. In England, turnpike-men are said to be misanthropical; in India, they are sad, by way of distinction, and generally wish you good morning, or good evening, with a resigned air, and always look as if they wished they were going on with you. In the mean time, the traveller proceeds on his way, considering himself very hardly used because he is made to pay a shilling, and must pass another night or two on the road, before he can be once more among his friends.

Let me hope that in a few years longer, railroads in India will render this description a curiosity, and that they will convert it into history.

COLOURS AND EYES.

In the twenty-second volume of this journal, p. 353 sqq., we gave a sketch of what was then known upon the subject of colour-blindness, or, as it is still called frequently, after the most distinguished subject of this curious state of deprivation—Daltonism; John Dalton having been, like M. Sismondi, and Professor Dugald Stewart, unable to distinguish between colours. Dr.

George Wilson, who was our principal authority for what was before said, has diligently prosecuted his researches, and as the defect, however seldom noticed, is to an astonishing degree prevalent, Dr. Wilson, who has had the field of research in this country almost to himself, has been able to accumulate and publish a great deal of fresh information.*

For our own parts, we certainly were not prepared to learn (and the more inquiry is extended, the more certain it seems to become) that among males the proportion of persons who are, in some degree, wrong as to their perceptions of colour, is not less than one in twenty, and that colour-blindness of a striking character — such as a liability to mistake red for green, brown, or black — occurs, on an average, in one person out of every fifty. This refers only to males. In women the sense of colour is more fully cultivated, and any defect of it, when it occurs, is much more carefully concealed than among men. Very few women are known to be colour-blind, and it is probable that they are all, in a much less degree than men, subject to the infirmity in question. We may here say, that in our former summary of the subject, the reverse was stated, by an error of the pen, the correction of which was perhaps sufficiently supplied by the

* Researches on Colour-Blindness. Edinburgh, Sutherland and Knox.

character of the succeeding sentence.

All classes appear to be pretty equally subject to this curious infirmity. Of a hundred gentlemen sitting together in the House of Lords, or of a hundred members of a mechanics' benefit society sitting together at their inn, it is equally likely that two are colour-blind enough to match a red coat with green trousers under the belief that they are purchasing a suit of sober black or drab, and that three more if they were asked to match a few delicate shades of worsted for their wives or sisters would startle them by their odd notions of a match. In every large congregation it is almost certain that there are a few men liable to make the mistake into which a colour-blind nobleman once fell, who, meeting a lady of his familiar acquaintance dressed in green silk, asked, with much concern, for whom she was in mourning. In the same assembly there would probably be dozens who would be much puzzled to see the difference between pink and pale blue, these being colours confounded frequently by persons otherwise not subject to confusion.

In the more marked cases of colour-blindness, sometimes the majority of colours are distinctly appreciated, but there are at least two, as red and green, or generally four, as red, green, olive, and brown, that are not distinguished from each other. Of the three primary colours,

yellow is the one which least frequently escapes perception. Most colour-blind persons see it perfectly. A pure blue, well illuminated, is in the next degree least likely to pass unperceived; some colour-blind persons pronounce it to be the colour of which they have the most vivid perception. On the other hand, combine yellow and blue into green, and you have the greatest of all stumbling-blocks. Green is, by the colour-blind, mistaken commonly for red, often, though not so commonly, for blue, and now and then for yellow. Of the three primary colours red is the distracting one. The colour-blind identify it very frequently with green, sometimes with perfect black. The red in purple not being perceived, that colour counts with them as blue. The red in orange being undetected, that colour counts with them as yellow. Red and green, then, are the two colours which the colour-blind are least able to appreciate. It is one of the most ordinary cases in connection with colour-blindness, that A or B, seeing a scarlet verbena in full blossom, can detect, at a little distance, no difference in colour between leaves and flowers, or can perceive no contrast of colour in ripe cherries and the foliage of the cherry-tree. Yet it so happens that red and green are the two colours commonly employed in railway and ship signalling! Of course there is no folly or ignorance imputable to

anybody in the matter. The colours contrast vividly to ordinary eyes, and when the signals were established little was known of colour-blindness, nothing of the extraordinary frequency of its occurrence. It simply happens to be an odd coincidence, that, considering the matter from this point of view, precisely the wrong colours have been chosen. One great railway company, having been made acquainted with the nature and extent of colour-blindness, has already felt it to be necessary to admit no person to the post of guard or signal-man until his sense of colour has been tested by a regular examination. The difficulty may be tolerably well overcome by the use of this precaution, but, as we shall presently point out, in adopting Dr. George Wilson's suggestions, there may possibly be better ways of overcoming it.

We will first draw upon Dr. Wilson's experience for a few illustrations of the subject. In one of his cases, a gentleman (Mr. A.) studying medicine at Edinburgh, was baulked in his love of chemistry by an inability to decide upon the colour of precipitates, and among other points mentioned by this gentleman was the following. Before studying medicine he had, for some years, followed the profession of a civil engineer. When acting as assistant to the engineer of the Granton railway he frequently returned in the evening from Granton to Edinburgh on one of the engines, taking no part in its management. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed towards the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, till he was close upon them, distinguish whether they were red or green. He felt certain that he could have distinguished between a blue and a red light at a distance which made red and green appear the same.

Another gentleman, Mr. B., sees in the rainbow no colours but blue and yellow; red on the lips and cheeks appears as blue to him; and yet, when once asked to represent with colour from a paint-box his notion of the colour of the lips, he chose an earthy green to do it with. This gentleman, when requested to collect together all the greens that he found in a heap of variously-coloured glass, put, side by side, green, red, brown, yellow, claret, and pink; when further asked to state which green appeared to him the purest, he at once chose the claret-coloured glass.

In this case, as in most others, it was to be observed that a great part of the difficulty disappeared if the colours were observed by gaslight. Mr. C., who cannot tell a geranium from a geranium leaf by daytime, delights in the sight of a conservatory lightened artificially, because he then appreciates with double force the contrasts of the colours. There is

also within Dr. Wilson's experience, Mr. D., a draper, who, being colour-blind, retires from his shop into a gas-lighted room when he wishes to perceive the colour of his wares.

Mr. E. says: — "I am an engraver; and, strange as it may appear, my defective vision is, to a certain extent, a useful and valuable quality. Thus: an engraver has two negative colours to deal with — i. e., white and black. Now, when I look at a picture, I see it only in white and black, or light and shade, or, as artists term it, the effect. I find, at times, many of my brother engravers in doubt how to translate certain colours of pictures which, to me, are matters of decided certainty and ease. Thus, to me, it is valuable."

Mr. F., an artist who, in the same way, considers that his crayon drawing is the better for his colour-blindness, has, when his crayons have been displaced, represented trees with their foliage in red chalks, and put pink crests to the waves of the sea. When out hunting, he has been unable to distinguish between scarlet coats and black ones — a difficulty to which one or two other colour-blind fox-hunters have already confessed.

Admiral G. once bought a pair of green trousers, thinking they were brown, and is of opinion, as a naval officer, that the colour alone of flags can never be relied on as sufficient to distinguish them. "I would not," he says,

"dispense with colour, for in particular lights it assists the eye more than shape, especially when flags do not blow out, or are fluttering in the breeze. But, on the other hand, when transparent bunting, which has become worn, is seen against the light, the darker colours are often mistaken for each other, and therefore it is essential, and is the practice in the navy, to represent different patterns, so that each tint is connected with a peculiar shape, and the risk of mistake is lessened."

Professor H. has sketched in sap-green, believing that it was sepia. Dr. J. never buys coloured articles except with the help of a friend, and says, having often observed a railway signal-light, seen from my window, "I am convinced that its colours would be lost upon me, nor dare I trust to their flags." Professor J. writes: "I am sure that I should make a dangerous railway signal-man, as I most certainly would not know a red flag from a green one."

Mr. K., an artist, had a pupil whom he released from his engagement, on finding that he copied a brown horse in bluish green, painted the sky rose-colour, and roses blue. Mr. L., a bookseller, had a boy who matched pale green with pink, and brought him into frequent trouble by binding books in wrong colours. Mr. M., who is a good draughtsman, painted a face muddy green; and Mr. M.'s brother cannot distinguish by gaslight between the various

brightly-coloured bottles in a chemist's window.

Of the family of N., six members — uncles, nephews, and cousins — are to a remarkable extent colour-blind. They are Quakers. One of them desiring a brown coat, bought himself a bottle-green one; and intending to purchase for his wife a quiet, dark dress, bought her a scarlet merino. Another, who is an upholsterer, cannot tell scarlet from drab, and upon all matters of colour consults persons in his employment. Mr. O. is a minister in the Society of Friends, who selected scarlet cloth as suitable material for his Sunday coat.

Mr. P. is a tailor's foreman, who knew nothing of his colour-blindness till, after excelling as a cutter, he had been promoted to his present post. He then had to match colours for the journeymen, and his distresses began. The scarlet back of a livery coat was provided with green strings to match. A purchaser was informed that a red and blue stripe on a piece of trouser cloth was all blue; and in general, greens were confounded with reds and browns, crimson with blue. He would give any reasonable sum to be cured of his defect; but his defect is one that appears to be in all cases incurable, and capable of alleviation by the use of coloured spectacles only to a very limited extent indeed.

The Countess of Q., describing her case in October, says, that "the yellow tints now seen on the

trees appear to me exactly the same as those of their spring shades; indeed, I cannot conceive the possibility of any one seeing them to be different." Here the term yellow includes all the autumnal tints, and they are regarded as identical with the bright green of spring.

It was observed of Miss Q., in a drawing-class, that she was obliged to help her discrimination of the colours, when not marked with their names, by placing them upon her tongue, and that when she had tints to compound she was entirely at a loss, and trusted wholly to the help afforded by her teacher.

Mr. R., a surgeon, thrown from his horse, suffered concussion of the brain. In consequence of this, he became to a marked degree colour-blind, and still recalls the shock he experienced on first entering his garden after his recovery, and finding that a favourite damask rose had become in all its parts — petals, leaves, and stem — of one uniform dull colour. Add to this the case of a gentleman to whom, while he was suffering some hours from a sense of giddiness, the whole population in the street seemed to be dressed in green.

S. was an artillery soldier at Leith Fort, who, being shown a square of chrome yellow paper, at once declared it to be purple. This is a rare kind of error. The same soldier, when asked to select the purple skeins from a large bundle of coloured wools,

began with the chrome yellow, and held that in his hand as his best guide, while matching it successively with orange, pink, crimson, red-purple, and purple-brown, as if feeling his way from yellow to purple, which, however, at the last he did not reach. He stopped at the purple-brown, and continued, without saying a word, to retain the yellow skein in his hand, as if it came the nearest to his view of purple.

Mr. T., mistaking red flakes of paint upon the pavement for soot, remarked to a companion with whom he walked, that a chimney must have been on fire. He has also supposed a lady to have gone into mourning who put on a crimson velvet bonnet.

Mr. U., a clerk in the Edinburgh post-office, has sometimes surprised his superiors by signing official papers in red ink, this having happened when he has neglected to distinguish between red ink and black in the only way possible to him, by the smell.

Mr. V., a banker near London, frequently annoyed by the results of his own inability to distinguish by the colour between black ink and red, had each ink put into a bottle different in shape, in order to insure himself against farther mistakes.

Mr. W., in early life, was apprenticed to an undertaker, and being sent to buy some black cloth for a coffin, he brought scarlet. Add to this the case of a young surgeon, who, before

sealing a letter, had to ask which was the red and which the mourning wax.

X., a tailor's journeyman, having received a young gentleman's dark blue coat for immediate repair, very much surprised the mother of the youth by taking it home with a scarlet patch let in at the elbow. This person made many similar mistakes, whenever by chance left to his own judgment of colours.

Captain Y., an officer in the navy, purchased a blue uniform coat and waistcoat with red breeches to match.

Finally Z., who shall be Dalton himself, writes thus: "All crimsons appear to me to consist chiefly of dark blue; but many of them seem to have a strong tinge of dark brown. I have seen specimens of crimson, claret, and mud, which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy and splendid colour. Woollen yarn, dyed crimson or dark blue, is the same to me." Again: "The colour of a florid complexion appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish blue, upon a white ground. Dilute black ink upon white paper, gives a colour much resembling that of a florid complexion."

Here is an alphabet of colour-blindness, which any person may extend out of his own experience. Companies of soldiers, persons collected in asylums, students in a class, patients in a hospital, private friends, have been sub-

mitted by Dr. Wilson to the test; and by adding to his researches those of others, it is made to appear that, on an average, one man out of fifty is as distinctly colour-blind as any of the more marked cases here recited, and that one man in twenty will err in distinguishing at least among some of the lighter shades of the mixed colours. With a bundle of Berlin wools containing two of every tint, a double series of tinted papers, or an assorted collection of small pieces of coloured glass, any one may cause his own eyes to be tested, or may bring the eyes of his companions to the test. Common as colour-blindness proves to be, oculists in large practice very rarely see a case. Hundreds are unacquainted with their own infirmity; many know it, but pay little heed to it; others conceal it; others, not caring to talk about it, quietly take measures to guard against the errors into which they have found that they are liable to fall.

Our purpose in again calling attention to the subject is to point out—it cannot be requisite to urge—the obvious utility of some adaptation of the practice of railway and ship-signalling, to the knowledge we now have of the direction in which eye-service may so often fail. The eye blind to colour is even preternaturally sharp as a distinguisher of form. To the majority of eyes colour gives the distinctest help, but if there were allied

with every different colour used in signalling also a different form, common eyes would be doubly warned, and colour-blind eyes, quick to observe form, would be nearly, or quite as serviceable as the rest. A change in the colours used—which are now green and red by land and sea—might also be found advisable. The position of unsymmetrical vanes, as battle-axes, fishes, broad-feathered arrows, would be more distinctly read by day-time than symmetrical signals; and by night, if the white light were single, the green double, the red triple, errors of perception would be difficult. A steam-vessel at sea carries a white light on the foremast head, a green light on the starboard side, a red light on the port side; and any vessel that approaches is warned by the colour of the light as to the direction in which this vessel is steaming. A colour-blind pilot would not know with certainty whether a red or a green light crossed his bows. Place two red lights on the port side in a horizontal line, and two green lights on the starboard side, one under the other, and the chance of false perception, on the score of permanent or temporary colour-blindness, is removed.

These particular suggestions we give, not dogmatically, but by way of very simple illustration. The difficulty against which provision has to be made being once granted, and the requisite inquiry instituted, it will be for the

persons who have charge of the existing plans of signalling to make such alterations in them as they shall discover to be sufficient and consider to be best. If no change be made in the signalling, then, without doubt, by means of coloured wools or tinted papers, persons upon whose full and prompt sense of colour lives will be staked, must be examined strictly, in order that the colour-blind may be discovered and excluded from such trusts. It is obvious, however, that the interests of the public would be served most perfectly by a revision of the railway and ship-signals now in use, for the purpose of correcting every one that speaks by colour only.

DR. GRAVES OF WARWICK STREET.

PARK LANE — or that part of Park Lane in which the Three Crowns Tavern was situated — was not, a hundred years ago, the fashionable quarter which it now is. It was chiefly known for the mountainous cinder-heaps which the dustmen, who had settled there from unknown times, had accumulated in waste places by the roadside. It was a wild, ragged, desolate region, into which few persons except the inhabitants of mean houses in the lane, or the brickmakers or dustmen who lived in wretched hovels in the fields, would like to venture after dark. But the

Three Crowns was a good house. It was both a coffee-house and a tavern, with a bowling-green, and was frequented much by military men, some of whom met there regularly at night. The mounted patrol, who accompanied visitors at night on their way from Marylebone Gardens, frequently stopped for refreshment there, and left one or two of the convoy to swell the company — fellows who liked to finish their night's amusement with a bowl at the tavern. They had sometimes, perhaps, less reputable visitors — for the Three Crowns pryed no more into its customers' affairs than other taverns. The man in the laced coat and jaunty three-cornered hat, who drank and played with any one who would, might be the terror of the western roads — mayhap, the very hero of that dismal paragraph in the Daily Postboy, which some neighbour would read to him aloud. When his bill was paid, and his foot in the stirrup, neither the Three Crowns nor its company troubled their heads any further about him.

One evening — it was in the winter time — there came into the Three Crowns two strangers of respectable appearance, who desired to stay there for the night. One was a man of about forty years of age, of a short, strong-built figure; he carried his right arm in a sling. The other was older, of much larger stature, and evidently a man of

great muscular strength. They attracted little attention; though it was afterwards remembered that they remarked to Mr. Bond, the landlord, that they had just arrived from Richmond, and that having business in London, they intended to remain there for a day or two. The elder one wrote some letters, about which they appeared to consult together sitting at a little table apart. Their manner, as far as could be called to mind, was easy and cheerful; they partook of supper; and the younger one, remarking that it was yet only nine by the great clock that stood in the room, proposed to take a short walk, as he said he was in the habit of doing after supper. They accordingly went out, and it was subsequently observed in confirmation of the truth of that intention, that although they were both booted and spurred, they left their horses in the stables. How long they were absent became afterwards, for reasons which will be mentioned, a question of dispute. Some thought the time must have been near an hour; but it was stated and confirmed by two persons that a short time after they came in, it was noticed by some one to be exactly half-past nine, by the same clock which had marked the time of their going out.

That night was committed one of the most singular and terrible murders ever remembered in the metropolis. Before showing how suspicion fell in some degree on

these two men, it is necessary to relate the circumstances exactly as they occurred.

There resided at that time, in Warwick Street, Charing Cross, a physician, whose name was Graves. He was a man in the prime of life, in good practice, and, though reputed to be of a somewhat stern character, well known for a man of perfect honour and integrity. Late on the evening of the arrival of the two strangers at the Three Crowns, a man with a whip in his hand, and carrying a horn lantern, presented himself at the physician's house, and requested a woman servant to convey to her master a note that he had brought with him. The contents of the note were not known, nor did the servant observe the handwriting. Mr. Graves, on reading it, immediately rose from his book, and desiring his servant to keep burning the fire in his study until he should return, ordered his great-coat and hat, and went out with the messenger. It was a black and bitter cold night, a keen wind sweeping the streets and carrying in their faces a cloud of sharp dust from the frozen ground. A male servant of Dr. Graves, as he was coming home, met his master and the man in the street, and he had observed a hackney-coach standing at the corner of Warwick-street, in Cockspur-street. The doctor stopped him to give some trifling direction, and passed on; and a moment after the man heard the

hackney-coach drive away, from which he concluded that his master had hired it to visit some patient.

The household of Dr. Graves sat up for him that night; but he did not return, and no tidings came of him for several hours. Some time after he had left home, there drove up to the door of the watch-house in Bishops-gate Street a hackney-coach, the driver of which, who appeared to be in great terror, informed the watch that he had found in his vehicle the body of a gentleman, apparently dead. He stated that he had been hired about nine o'clock that evening in the Haymarket by a gentleman, who ordered him to drive to the corner of Warwick Street. He then bade him leave his coach there, and take a letter to one Dr. Graves in that street, who would, he said, come back with him. When he returned with the doctor, the same man was standing in the doorway of the coach. He made some observation to the Doctor, who entered, and desired the driver to go to Barnard's Inn, in Holborn. On the way, the man who had hired him looked out of the window, and requested him loudly and angrily to hasten, and continued in that position for some time, urging him to speed on the account of the importance of their business.

At Barnard's Inn, his two passengers alighted; and the one who had hired him giving him

three shillings for his fare to that place, and thence to Camomile Street in the city, bade him proceed to a certain number in the latter street, where he was told that a gentleman would be ready to come away with him as before. They then went in at the gate of Barnard's Inn, and the driver left them; but when he came to Camomile Street, he could not find the house to which he had been directed, and therefore took his place at a spot in that neighbourhood, where chairs and coaches stood for hire. But some time afterwards, happening to look into his vehicle for a new candle for his lantern, which he kept in a box beneath the seat, he found a man still sitting in the corner, and apparently reclining against the back of the coach. Much astonished to find any one there so long after his two passengers had gone, he called to him, but received no answer; whereupon he shook him and called to him; but finding him still silent, and feeling that his arm was heavy, he raised his lantern, the light of which was flickering out, and recognised the features of the Doctor to whom he had conveyed the note. His eyes were fixed and staring, his tongue protruding, and his countenance livid, like that of one who had suffered strangulation. A subsequent examination showed the lips were swelled, and one of the nostrils scratched, as if violence had been used to prevent his

uttering any noise; his wrists also were marked as though they had been grasped tightly. The manner of the murder was immediately discovered. A thick cotton handkerchief was found round his neck, still tight and twisted, as if a stick had been inserted in a loop, and turned violently; and between the neck and the handkerchief was discovered a small block of a hard kind of wood, little bigger than a marble, which the murderer had inserted for the purpose of pressing harder upon the windpipe, and had apparently forgotten to remove. A purse of gold was found in one of his pockets; but another pocket was found hanging out, and it was conjectured that a pocket-book had been stolen.

The coachman maintained the truth of his statements, before a magistrate, insisting that only two persons had rode with him, and that he had distinctly seen two persons leave the vehicle at Barnard's Inn. Nothing was known at the physician's house of the nature of his errand, or of the contents of the note; nor could the note itself be found; from which it was imagined that he had cast it, after reading it, into the fire. There being no evidence against the coachman, and no reason to doubt the honesty of his statements, he was discharged; and although he was privately watched by the authorities, nothing suspicious was discovered in his conduct.

Considerable excitement was

caused by the intelligence of the murder, and many theories started to explain the extraordinary statements of the coachman. What could have been the nature of the message which was brought to the Doctor, and which induced him at a late hour on a wintry night to leave his study, and direct the man to drive to Barnard's Inn? Inquiries were made there; but it could not be discovered that any person in that quarter had known, or had any dealings with the murdered man. The Doctor, though said to be somewhat harsh in his manners, as men of his profession frequently are, was known to be at bottom a good-hearted man, and had few enemies. He was a tall man, and a man of great strength, whereas, by the coachman's description, the stranger who had hired him was a short man, and in all probability much inferior to him in that respect. How, then, could he have obtained such a mastery over him as to have been able to strangle him without attracting the attention of the driver? There was, it is true, the statement of the man, that two persons had left his vehicle; but few doubted that the darkness of the street, and his own natural presumption that as two persons were within, two must have alighted, had deceived him, and prevented his observing the real fact. As to the direction to drive to Camomile Street, no one believed that this was any other than a trick to gain time,

and to delay the discovery of the murder. But the mystery remained unsolved, and public curiosity looked eagerly for the announcement that some person had been fixed upon as the perpetrator of the crime.

We shall now see in what way the two strangers who arrived on the night of the murder at the Three Crowns were found to be sufficiently connected with the murdered man to direct attention to the question of how they had employed themselves on that evening. Their names were Jonathan Springett and Samuel Bate. They retired to rest that night, after playing some games at cards, at the same time as the other guests; but the house being then full, they had been placed in the room generally occupied by Mallet the head waiter, in which two bedsteads had been placed for the occasion. They arose at the ordinary breakfast hour in the morning, and went out; and about noon they presented themselves at the door of the house of Dr. Graves in Warwick Street, and desired to speak with him. On being informed that he was dead, they expressed much surprise, and said that they had not observed that the shutters were closed. They informed the servants that they had written to the Doctor only the night before, appointing to meet him at twelve o'clock that day on some business connected with a trusteeship. A letter, indeed, had arrived there that morning to the

effect stated, which had been opened by the police. Its contents were simple enough; but where nothing is known, any fact is eagerly seized.

Some inquiries were made, and, that evening, both Springett and Bate were suddenly arrested at the Three Crowns. It was shown that Doctor Graves was the sole surviving trustee of a settlement made upon the wife of Springett on her first marriage; and that by the terms of that settlement, Bate would become trustee on his decease. It was also found that Bate and Springett were very intimate, and that the wife of Springett had been once or twice in London within the last month, to have an interview with Doctor Graves, as it was supposed, upon the subject of his trust. Mrs. Springett admitted that the object of her visits was to endeavour to induce the Doctor to allow her husband to employ a portion of the trust-money in establishing a business in London, and that the Doctor had resolutely refused to do what he declared would be contrary to his duty. The two men maintained that their journey to London had no other object than to endeavour to induce the deceased to comply with their request, by offering a legal indemnity from Bate against any loss that he might suffer in consequence. As to their absence from the tavern on the night of the murder, they said that they had walked as far as a hosier's

shop at the corner of Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, where they had posted a letter for Richmond, and another for Doctor Graves, which was the letter received on the following morning; and it was admitted that their absence had been too short to allow the possibility of their having been engaged in the murder. The coachman recognised neither of them. Springett, he said, was most like the man who hired him; but he had not carried his arm in a sling, as Springett did. Springett explained the fact of the sling by saying that he had injured his arm by a fall some time previously. His voice, moreover, was unlike that of Springett, being hoarse and deep, like one who was suffering from a cold. It was argued, also, by the prisoners that it would have been impossible for them to induce Doctor Graves to accompany either of them in the way described, as he did not know anything of Bate, save by name; and that, disapproving of the second marriage of Mrs. Springett, he had always endeavoured to avoid her husband, and had never communicated with him, save 'by letter. These facts afforded so strong a presumption of the innocence of the prisoners, that, although it was suspected that they had reason to be glad of the Doctor's death, they were discharged; after having been frequently remanded and kept in prison during nearly two months.

Full a year after these events, when the subject of the murder had ceased to be talked about at the Three Crowns, there arrived at that house one night, a tall, elderly man, attired like a clergyman, and wearing an old-fashioned, full-bottomed wig, who brought with him some trunks, and stated that he had just come by coach from the West of England, having business connected with a lawsuit in London. He desired to be accommodated with a sleeping-room, saying that he should probably remain there some time. Mallet, the waiter, showed him a room which was vacant; but he made some objection to it, and inquired if they had no other. The waiter then showed him another room, which he also found fault with, on account of its being near the top of the house — he being, as he said, naturally afraid of fire; but being informed that they had then no other bed-room unoccupied, he at length consented to sleep in the room which he had first seen.

His objections to the sleeping-rooms were regarded as the whims of a naturally prim and fastidious man; but there was a strangeness in his manner which attracted the attention of Mallet. He wore at all times a pair of spectacles with broad black rims, and had several patches upon his face; and his clothes were large and ill-fitting. He absented himself during the day-time, and when there at night, he in-

variably sat apart from the rest of the company, and appeared to be deeply engaged in the perusal of an ancient volume, which he carried with him. He seldom spoke, and his voice was singularly harsh and disagreeable; but Mallet was several times struck with the idea that he had heard a voice somewhat like it before. He watched him, and one evening, when he supposed that he had retired to rest, he met him up-stairs in a passage that had no connection with his own room. He was so near the door of the chamber in which Mallet himself slept, that he could not divest himself of a suspicion that he had intended to enter there, but had found the door fastened. He excused himself by saying that he was about to descend, and had missed his way; but Mallet, though unwilling to communicate his suspicions to any one, resolved from that time to watch him more closely.

Mallet's bedroom had a long window opening on to the leaded roof of a building which formed part of the tavern. It was the very room in which the two men had slept who had been suspected of the murder of Dr. Graves. One night, being unable to sleep, and having his eye fixed upon this window, he suddenly perceived the figure of some person who appeared to be intently examining the room through the glass. The bed was in a dark recess at the other side of the apart-

ment; so that he knew that no one at that distance could see whether he was awake or sleeping. Mallet, therefore, stretched out his hand, and taking a loaded pistol which he had placed by the bedside since the night when he had met their singular guest in the passage, he continued to watch the figure in silence. He was a courageous man, and was determined to ascertain what the object of his visitor was, before giving any alarm.

A moment after, he perceived that the window, which reached to the ground, and was divided lengthways, slowly opened, and he heard the footfall of a man cautiously stepping into the room. The intruder closed the window gently behind him, and then stopped a moment to listen. Mallet breathed loudly, to convey the impression that he was asleep; and expecting that he intended to do him some injury, or perhaps to endeavour to possess himself of the contents of a box in which some persons might know that the waiter kept money, he determined to spring upon him the moment he approached the bed. But, after remaining motionless for some moments, he perceived to his surprise that the man went directly to the fireplace, and groping about there, seemed to have discovered that it was closed up by a wind-board. He forced the board in, apparently by pressing it at the edges; and having thus made a slight noise, he paused to listen

again. Finding that the inmate of the chamber was still breathing deeply, he appeared to grope for a while inside the lower part of the chimney; after which, having gently replaced the wind-board, he walked noiselessly again towards the window.

At this moment Mallet sprang from the bed, seized the stranger, and demanded his business there. The man made no answer, but struck him several violent blows in the face, hoping to overcome him and make his escape. Mallet, however, grappled with him, and determined not to quit his hold. He was himself of strong make; but the intruder was a man of extraordinary muscular power. He pressed his antagonist heavily against the wall; and, seizing his neckcloth with one hand, endeavoured to throttle him. Mallet had been unwilling to fire his pistol, but in the struggle it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the pane of glass without injury to either; and the noise of this quickly brought assistance. Long before this time, Mallet had discovered in him the pretended clergyman in the full-bottomed wig; but on lights being brought, he being then without his disguises, he recognised him immediately as the man Bate, who had slept there a twelvemonth before, and had been suspected, with his companion, of the murder of Dr. Graves.

His object in entering the room at night was soon sur-

mised. In his possession were found a pocket-book and a silver-gilt snuff-box, both of which were subsequently found to have belonged to Dr. Graves. They were begrimed with smoke and soot, and had evidently been just removed by him from a ledge in the chimney, where he had, no doubt, secreted them a twelvemonth before. But a stronger evidence of guilt was discovered against him in the fact that, in one compartment of the pocket-book was found the very letter which had induced the doctor to leave his house on the night of the murder. It purported to come from an acquaintance of a woman whom the doctor once befriended, and who was stated to be then lying dangerously ill at a house in Barnard's Inn, whither it was requested that he would come immediately in a coach which would be waiting for him. Though signed in a fictitious name, and in a disguised hand, it was clearly recognised for the writing of Bate, and it was conjectured that, having removed the pocket-book and box from the body of the murdered man while his companion was busier urging the coachman to drive quickly, and having determined to keep them himself, and conceal the fact from his partner in the crime, he had hidden them in the chimney before he had found an opportunity to examine them; and, being suddenly apprehended, had been prevented from taking them away. The length of time

which he had suffered to escape was explained by the natural supposition that, although anxious to remove evidences of his guilt, he had not dared to appear again at the Three Crowns until the events we have related might be supposed to be almost forgotten.

Springett was immediately after apprehended, and hoping, perhaps, for some favour, by throwing the guilt more completely on his associate, he confessed his participation in the crime. It was he who had hired the coach; and Bate, being a tall man, very much of the doctor's figure, it had been resolved that he should get into the coach while the driver was gone with the letter; so that, although the doctor would find two men there, a circumstance which they explained to him by saying that they also had been sent for by the sick woman, being relatives of hers, the driver would be ignorant of the fact, and would naturally suppose, when they alighted in the dark, that Doctor Graves and Springett had both left the vehicle. Springett admitted that his arm was not so weak as he pretended, and that he had removed the sling before hiring the coach, and had endeavoured to disguise his voice, but he denied that he had actually assisted in the struggle. Bate, he said, had suddenly attacked the doctor when he (Springett) was urging the driver to hasten; but he could not deny that they

had both expected to derive the benefit from the doctor's death, and that they hereby obtained full control over the trust money which they had since employed in keeping a gambling-house in Leicester Fields. As to the time of their absence from the tavern, Springett acknowledged that before calling the attention of several persons to the time of their return, he had taken an opportunity of putting back the hands of the clock in the room.

Bate, on the other hand, finding that the denial was useless, and being enraged at the conduct of Springett, declared that it was he who had obtained the particulars of the doctor's friendship for the woman, and had conceived the idea of pretending that she had come to live in Barnard's Inn and had fallen sick there, which story he felt assured would be sufficient to entrap Dr. Graves into their snare. As to the murder, itself, he declared that Springett had grasped the doctor's wrists, and otherwise assisted him, and that he had only looked out of the window, and endeavoured to distract the attention of the driver, when their victim was already too weak to make further resistance. Springett gained nothing by his accusation of Bate. He was soon afterwards executed at Tyburn; but Bate was found one morning, sometime previously, self-strangled by a piece of cord, which he had found means of obtaining.

THE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

No one would have believed them to be sisters — yet sisters they were: loving each other with more passion than calm affection; for they had passed no great part of their lives together. They were at their window, watching the fiery glow of the sunset, burning itself upon the golden limes and copper-coloured beeches on the other side of the road, and struggling through the blackness of a great yew overshadowing one half their garden.

Hildred, the elder, stood erect; the rich light falling full upon her broad brow and dark eyes. Those eyes did not flinch or seek to veil themselves from the radiance; rather, they seemed to dilate, as if endeavouring to receive all the glory. Against Hildred, a slighter figure leant; a fair head lay upon her shoulder, somewhat hidden by the black tresses that, though looped up behind, fell loosely and low down upon each side of a stately throat. It was some time since either had spoken, when Hildred said:

“So you think he loves you, Millie?”

A smile that had had a dash of disdain in it, grew wholly tender as she glanced down upon the delicate face, and saw how the drooping eyelids drooped yet more, and the faint colour flushed

rosier as she spoke. She threw herself into a great chair that stood near. Millie slipped down, on to a cushion at her feet, having given no answer. Hildred repeated her question, passing her hand caressingly over the beautifully-shaped oval head resting against her, as she did so. No word yet; but, bending forward, she caught the last flicker of a smile dying from off the rosy mouth, and took that for a sufficient reply.

“Ah, child!” she said, “no need for further answer. God bless you!” Then she added, “I am very glad!” Millie’s soft little hand stole up into Hildred’s. She did not cry out, though her sister’s fervent clasp pained her.

“I should not have liked to speak of this yet,” the elder went on, glancing at the mourning they both wore; “but it is needful I should know. I have to plan for the future. We stand alone now — you have only me to take care of you at present.”

“But Hildred,” Millie said, “we need not do anything different, need we? We may live together now? You will stay with me always, won’t you?”

“That is impossible, Millie,” was said very decidedly.

“Why impossible?” Millie asked, earnestly. “Indeed, I can’t do without you.”

“You soon will learn to do without me, child. Never fear! I shall not leave you till there is a dearer some one else to care for you. You are one of those who

ought always to have strong arms round you, Millie."

"But why leave me? You say you love me very much. If you think I could be happy knowing you left alone, it is not kind of you to judge me so. You ought not to be proud to me, Hildred, although I am rich!"

"Bravely said, Millie mine; but listen. You think this pretty place yours — left you by your uncle —"

"Our uncle. You are my sister, and must share his gift. If—if — I should ever go to live anywhere else, it might be all yours, if you won't come with me."

"I say your uncle, Millie. He did not hold me as his niece; he had heard how like I am to my father!"

"If he had only known you, sister, he would have loved you in spite —"

"Would I be loved in spite of what I glory in?" Hildred said, vehemently. "No, child. We must not stop to quarrel, for I have something to tell you: — Millie, you are *not* rich. You know uncle died suddenly; he was always irresolute, procrastinating, weak — a good man, though, for loving you so well as he did. He had made no will when he died, and an heir-at-law has turned up."

Millie raised her head, and looked up at Hildred inquiringly. Hildred went on: "I should have enjoyed the excitement of disputing his claim; but it would be of no use. I should not like to be

beaten; so you must give up to him quietly."

"Then the dear old place is not mine? I can not give it you?" Millie said, in pained surprise.

"I should not, could not have taken it, dear one. I must and will be independent. No, child, nothing — at least, almost nothing — is yours. You are mine, and I am glad —"

"Of what, Hildred?"

"That we are free of all obligations. It is glorious to be free — free!"

Hildred repeated the word, glancing out with a fierce look in her eyes that told of her having known some kind of slavery.

"I was getting sick of life," she went on; "it was not life, it was only living death I had with my aunt — great-aunt, as she was, but would not be called great-aunt. Every day I grew more wicked, Millie. I liked better to be feared — hated — than loved by them. Now I am free, I will live a glorious, battling life! Much as I love you, I should have been miserable again if, to take care of you, I had had to share your fortune and life in respectable idleness."

"But, Hildred, if we are poor, what shall we do? You will have to go back again; and hadn't I better go out as a governess?"

"I go back again? Never! I should be an idiot to do so. And you! You do not think your being poor will make any difference to that lover of yours, do

you? If you do, you — we — will starve, before you shall marry him. But there will be no need to starve, or even to want: I shall work, as I have always longed to do."

Millie lifted up her eyes, and said quietly:

"O Hildred! I did not mean that. But I should not like — he's not rich — and —"

"I see. But you are not penniless even now: you shall still be a bit of an heiress." And Hildred then first conceived a resolution she afterwards acted out.

"But, Hildred, was not your aunt kind? O, if I had but known you were not happy!" Millie spoke so earnestly that tears came into her eyes. "Why didn't you write?"

"Do you think I was going to tell you all my wild troubles, child? I bore them, and they did not break my spirit. Indeed, if I had been a meek, mean, hypocritical creature, I might have been very comfortable."

With what scorn she said the last word!

"If I wanted to go back ever so much," she added, "I could not. I lost all chance of reinstatement by coming to you. Mine was too good a place to be empty long. I had a spiteful letter from the old lady this morning, bidding me an affecting farewell, and telling me of an amiable and accomplished cousin of mine who is filling my place to the old lady's entire satisfaction; reminding me, too, that I could

not live on the miserable pittance left me by my father!"

"You had other letters, hadn't you, Hildred?"

"One from this same heir in answer to an epistle of mine. His is so polite that I feel mine was unnecessarily bitter. He talks about duty to those nearest him compelling him to do what is painful, and such stuff as that. Perhaps he satisfies his own conscience, however."

"Your other letter?"

Hildred looked fearlessly into Millie's inquiring eyes; but a richer colour came into her cheeks as she answered:

"An enclosure in my aunt's. A cruel letter," she went on dreamily; "yet it pleases me well enough. Truly it has been somewhat long in reaching me — five, six months — well! thank you, aunt, that you sent it at all, though it wasn't out of kindness you did so. I shall see now what truth there is in some of these fine words. If they are true, why then, the 'world is not so bitter but a smile may make it sweet' for somebody. But tell me, Millie, child, is it true that men are deceivers ever? Do you expect to find any man constant, loving one for oneself alone?"

"I would I were dead if not," Millie answered faintly.

"Is it so, Millie?" Hildred said, half-startled at the fervency of that low reply. Stooping down, she pressed a kiss on the girl's forehead, saying, "That is right; be thorough in all your life."

"Dear Hildred, some of us have to suffer: no one suffers thoroughly who does not suffer patiently."

"Suffer! You shall not know much about suffering if I can help it. Now, tell me," she went on, "when does this mysterious friend of yours, whose name I have not heard your name yet — when does he return?"

"Very soon — any day. O Hildred! when you see him, you will think it strange that he cares for such a girl as I am. I never could fancy it true, that he liked me much, till — till I was in great trouble, and then he was so tender — But I don't like talking about this, even to you, for he has never said to me plainly that —"

"That he loves you: wishes to marry you?"

"So I don't feel as if it were right to talk about it."

"Ah! when he comes back you will not care much about poor Hildred any more."

"I shall, Hildred, you know I shall, I am not fickle, I never forget. But isn't it odd? He did not even know I had a sister until a few days before he left. You see, I did not know you well, didn't love you, or I should have spoken about you. When I thought of you, Hildred, it used always to be with fear."

"Why, silly one?"

"I don't know; I had heard you were very proud — and so you are. I thought you would despise poor me, but you don't."

I was right in picturing you in other things, though. When I crept into the room, the day you came, and, before you knew I was come, saw you standing erect, stately, there, by the window, looking so grand in that splendid dress (you have not had it on since), I knew directly that you were my queenly sister, Hildred."

"And what did Queen Hildred do, child?"

"Turned, looked, smiled, and took poor little trembling, crying me into her dear arms. Was I like what you fancied me, Hildred?"

"Not one whit. I expected to find a fretful, spoilt girl; helpless, and rather heartless."

"Why did you come; if you did not think you should love me?"

"Because you were my mother's child. I knew you were in trouble, and thought you might want my strong arm to protect you."

"You did not know about there being no will?"

"No; but I expected it might be so when I heard how sudden my uncle's death was. If I had found you a rich, well-befriended young lady, Millie, I should not have stayed with you long — But, now, no more pleasant twilight talk. We must have candles, shut out the beautiful night and go right earnestly to business."

"Business! how funny, we two girls."

"Very funny, but no farce with me, child."

And so it seemed. The room shut up and lights brought, Hildred settled herself at the table, and was soon absorbed in looking over sundry old papers; some her uncle's, some relating entirely to Millie's affairs. A lawyer was coming to-morrow; but Hildred would not be content ignorantly and passively to leave all in his hands; although Millie advised her to do so, saying that surely no one would cheat two orphan girls. Hildred's dark look of bitter pride came back as she answered that she did not know; that, at any rate, she preferred knowing a little into the matter herself. So she sat for hours puzzling out very complicated and irregular accounts, and Millie stayed by her, giving her what assistance she could, till Hildred marked the pale weariness on her face, and sent her to bed.

It was long past midnight when Hildred herself finally raised her head with the triumphant look of one who has mastered a difficulty. She locked up the now methodically arranged papers; paced the room some time, looking rather wild with her hair pushed back from her flushed face, and her dark brows knit in eager thought; and then went upstairs; knelt — no nightly form with her — by the window looking up at the stars, and prayed fervently for two most dear to her; undressed in the dark, and

laid herself down softly beside her sleeping sister.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, as they sat at breakfast, the sisters were gayer than they had yet been. Millie's mood was sobered and chastened by remembrance that one who had loved her well lay in the churchyard; yet her face was full of a tender hope that, in its calmness, seemed more like certainty — content. Hildred's gaiety was somewhat forced, and her manner rather absent; her face fixed by resolute purpose, which her keen eyes, looking onward, appeared to see already fulfilling. Millie was relieved from a great dread when her sister told her, that she need not yet leave the house she so much loved; that they might stay in it, at least, till after Christmas — only paying rent for living in what Millie had thought her own property, which was strange. In that time, Hildred said, though Christmas was not far off, much might happen, and they could settle plans for their future. Hildred had many schemes for herself — glancing all of them at a possibility, but falling off from it shily, and then growing confused in all but one central idea, that she would be independent, and would make herself famous; for Millie she had but one plan, fixed and constant.

The day was one of those serenely beautiful days we often get in late autumn: the sky

cloudless, the air fresh yet soft, the whole earth dazzlingly bright-vestured.

"A holiday morning, Millie!" Hildred exclaimed, as they stood in the sun on the door-step. "Let us be children now: this afternoon I shall put on my woman of business and of the world aspect. You shall take me one of your favourite rambles. We will go blackberrying, if any berries are left for us."

Hildred and Millie went out together and spent the whole bright morning in aimless wandering, and gay hopeful talk. The expression of Hildred's face softened, and grew sweeter with every hour she spent with Millie; she did not often startle the girl now by the vehemence of her demonstrations of affection, or by the abruptness of her manners, as she had constantly done at first; but still Millie's fear returned a little now and then.

Millie was very pretty: so Hildred told her as they sat on the hill-side, overlooking their house and the valley beneath it. She watched the colour deepen on the soft, clear cheek, and the beautiful light sparkle in the dove-like eyes that generally shone with a meek, calm lustre. When Millie answered simply: "I am very glad!" her sister knew of what she was glad, and of whom she thought most. Then, Hildred's passionate heart beat high, full of love, longing, unrest, jealousy; and her eager eyes looked out

into her own future somewhat fiercely.

Lying on the turf beside Millie, she stretched out her right arm appealingly, not heeding that she threw her hand violently upon a short tuft of prickly gorse, she was thinking too absorbedly to feel the pain. It was not till Millie exclaimed — "O Hildred! your poor hand!" that her attention was drawn to it. Hildred's were beautiful, though not very small hands; well-formed, and as white as Millie's own. She was sorry the right hand was scratched, for it looked ugly, and she took delight in having everything belonging to her admirable — not that she cared for admiration, save such as innocent Millie's; for, often in her short life she had turned from it with disdain; but that it seemed to her right and fitting that she should be handsome, proper that she should be proud. Hildred gloried in all consciousness of power, — and beauty was a power. She had never wished to be deformed, or ugly; although often she had disliked to read in people's looks that they saw her beautiful. Hildred was sorry, therefore, that she had disfigured her hand; but she liked to feel Millie's soft, caressing touch as she bound up the wounds. Yet, when patched-up, it looked very ugly, and Hildred transferred the two or three splendid rings she always wore on it to her other, that the wounded one might not be so conspicuous.

It was growing afternoon, and clouding over drearily; Millie looked chill. Hildred proposed that they should go home, and they wound their way down the hill-side.

Daylight was fading when the expected lawyer came. Hildred had fancied that Millie looked a shade paler than usual, and seemed weary after the morning's ramble. She said, she would not have her pretty head troubled about business, and left her lying on the sofa in the fire-lighted drawing-room.

For the first time since his death the uncle's study was lighted up, and Hildred sat there with the man of law.

As Millie lay thinking how sweet it was to have a sister so strong, so wise, to take care of her; wondering if it were sweeter yet to have a mother, and then, perchance, pondering deeply how it would be to have a husband — her thinking, after awhile, became dreaming; she did not stir when someone opened the house-door, as if with a privileged hand; when a firm step came through the hall; and, after a moment's pause, into the very room. The study was at the back of the house; Hildred sitting there, bringing the whole power of her intellect, concentrating her attention upon the matter before her, heard nothing external to that study, apart from that matter. She had some trouble in persuading Mr. Blankardt that it was any use for him

to go over the business with her; more — for he was a sensible, conscientious, practical man — in making him understand, that she had fully determined, and that it was no use to oppose her, upon a course of action he could not approve, and from which he tried to dissuade her; most of all, in extracting from him a promise that (as she would have her own way), he would take the necessary steps for her when she sent him her final command to do so: all this took time, energy, and what was far more difficult to Hildred, patience.

Meanwhile, what was passing in the drawing-room?

That some one who had entered so unceremoniously, came softly up to where the bright fire-light played upon a fair, young head, thrown back upon a crimson sofa-cushion, as Millie lay dreaming with her hands folded, crossed quietly upon her breast. That some one was a large man, and he looked gigantic in the dim, uncertain light; yet he had walked quite noiselessly up the room, and bent down over the sweet, calm face, before even an eyelash stirred. He bent very low; and a heavy lock of his strong hair swept across a pale cheek; then Millie awoke, in tumultuous fright, conscious of a presence. But when she sat up, and could be quite sure that she was not still dreaming, no one was near her; only a tall, dark figure stood by the fire, a grave face was looking into it, its light

flashed upon a noble brow, and stern set mouth.

Millie uttered a name with such a sweet accent of simple glad surprise, that its owner was quickly at her side. He not only took her hands, both of them, but he drew her into his arms, saying —

“You are mine, sweet Millie, is it not so?”

She answered only “Yes.”

“And you love me — very much?” he continued.

Vaguely thinking that he, perhaps, should first say that to her. Millie remained silent.

“Millie! my Millie!” he went on, in a tone she could not resist. “You must not be proud and cold with me. I love you because you are gentle, meek, infinitely sweet. I want your love to soothe me, to give me rest. I have had much pain and trouble, Millie.”

Her little fingers tightened their grasp of the great hand that held both hers. That might have been answer enough surely; but he was not satisfied, for he added —

“So, Millie, you must say, ‘I do love you very much, dear Erle.’”

A low tremulous voice repeated —

“I do! indeed, I do! I love you very much, dear Erle!”

“That is right, sweet Millie. Now, how are you? Have you been grieving much, my child? Have you been alone all these long days since I left you?”

And he looked down fondly upon her.

“No! My sister came! O Mr. Lyneward, I love her dearly!” Millie began.

“Silly child! I am not Mr. Lyneward for you any more, and I do not care to hear how much you love anybody but me.”

“And don’t you love anybody but me?” Millie asked, lifting up her head, fixing her “wise-innocent” eyes on his. But he did not answer, only kissed her eyes gravely, saying softly —

“How pretty you are, Millie, my Millie!” then he drew her down to him again, and — sighed.

After a little he asked Millie why she wept, for he felt warm tears drop down upon his hand, and when she breathed out, that it was because she was so happy, his strong arm wrapped her round closer yet, and he said reverently, “God keep you so!”

There was very little said during the hour or more, that Millie and Erle Lyneward sat together. He had never talked to her much, and she — her little heart was too full!

At last Millie said, “That man is gone now, and I must go to my sister.”

Millie said “my sister,” with a strange pride in the words. She could only say them speaking of one person in the wide world. She felt sure that the lawyer was gone, for she had heard the bustle of departure, some time since, and wondered, uneasily,

why Hildred did not come in. But when she rose, Mr. Lyneward drew her back. He did not choose to spare her yet; there would be plenty of time for sisters and explanations to-morrow, he said.

Neither of them had heard the door softly opened a little while before; nor seen a tall figure stand at it a moment; a bewildered face grow conscious of misery. Neither could be conscious of the agony of a passionate heart, that believed itself breaking.

Hildred had come to the door; and, seeing no bright light stream from underneath it, had opened it very gently, expecting to find Millie asleep. What had she seen so horrible in that room?

The gloomy afternoon had wildened into a weird, wet night; a few moments before, she had been hospitably sorry to allow Mr. Blankardt to go out into it, well defended as he was; now she rushed out with uncovered head, up the steep garden, up on to the bleak bare top of the hill. It was blackly dark. The darkness seemed to touch her on all sides, to press round her, to crush against her strained eyeballs, to madden her. She shrieked — no one could hear — and she shrieked out that Erle Lyneward was a traitor. She had almost cursed Millie's innocent sweet face.

She had thrown herself on the ground. After lying there half-

stupefied awhile, she rose; the proud, strong heart called up all its strength. She even smiled to herself, saying that she could bear it—ay, and more a thousand times.

There was one bitter consolation: her pride was wounded in nowise. She was not deserted; this man had never known that she loved him. She had treated him like a dog when he had dared speak to her of love, as she did all who so spoke in that past that seemed many a life-time ago; for her wild heart had been driven to desperation by its early enlightenment of the world's hollowness. She had spurned all men. He, like the rest, she thought *then*, wooed the heiress, Hildred Vynern; not the woman, who had a heart richer than much fine gold.

It was long months since he had written her that letter — his indignantly passionate appeal — the last, as he told her, he would ever make. It had never been answered. Who was guilty, then? No trust had been betrayed, if she had placed none. Ay! but those happy weeks she had spent with Millie! What had she not learned to believe? What hopes had she cherished? What wild way her love had made!

Some one must be deeply guilty, or whence this racking misery? Then she thought of the false old woman who had kept that letter back from her so long — sent it at last in mockery, to show that she no longer cared if

niece Hildred hanged herself, or married a Lyneward — one of a race she hated. As Hildred thought, she put up her two strong hands, and with them clasped her brow tightly, as if she felt that, indeed, the horrible pain there might split it. She sat a long time in that posture, the wind raving round her, driving the rain against her in sheets.

Upon the stormy troubled sea of her thoughts Millie's face soon shone down, surrounded by a halo; no sin, no sorrow, must tarnish the effulgence of that encircling radiance.

For awhile this was the one distinct thought — all else was surging pain and scorn — scorn, infinite scorn, of a man who could love here and love there (if, indeed, he had ever loved her) — for whom one love, even if unreturned, could not suffice for a life-time — who, disappointed in his first few feeble attempts to win a response to his passion, turned to love elsewhere, instead of either putting love out of his life, or consecrating and concentrating all power he had to the gaining of what he had first wanted. One of these two things Hildred felt she would have done had she been such a man as she was woman.

After all, was it possible that Erle Lyneward should *love* Millie Grey? Millie was fair, sweet and good; but could a man whose heart and mind had so vast an emptiness to be filled, rest satis-

fied with shrining there the little child Millie? No! If not, what danger was there for Millie from her? Hildred was conscious of power — of power over Erle Lyneward such as no one else had ever possessed. What should she do? — how shield Millie? She had judged her sister's character well enough to feel sure that if ever the love that had been between Hildred and Erle Lyneward came to her knowledge, she — child as she was — was capable of resolutely sacrificing herself to make two she loved beyond all the world happy. Millie must discover nothing. There was safety for Millie, as well as consolation for Hildred, in the one thing: Erle Lyneward did not suspect that proud Hildred Vynern had ever loved him. This knowledge must be kept from him for ever. What a weary, dreary, heart-sickening future!

Hildred retraced her way with difficulty; gained her own room, and locked her door, in safety. She had but just escaped meeting Mr. Lyneward. She shrunk back, shrouded in darkness, had almost felt him touch her, as he went away down the garden. Millie now would come seeking for her. What must she do?

She had torn off her wet dress, hidden it, wrapped her dressing-gown round her, and shaken some of the cold rain from her hair, when Millie knocked at the door. Hildred opened it, but

turned quickly from her sister's gaze.

"How pale you are, Hildred!" the girl exclaimed.

"And cold and tired. I've been at work, you know. I'm going to bed now. It is late, isn't it?" Hildred said, hurriedly.

"Not much past nine, and tea is waiting for you; and, O Hildred! I have so much to talk to you about," Millie exclaimed.

"Have some mercy, child! I am utterly weary. Erle Lyneward has been here. You see, I know already."

"Hildred, how *did* you learn his name? I never mentioned it, because —"

"Because it is an enemy's name."

"You are not angry, dear Hildred —"

"No. No. Tell me all to-morrow. Put out your light. My head is bad, and it hurts me."

"O, dear Hildred, forgive me! How selfish I am! You have been tiring yourself for me. Lie down quickly dear, and I will bring you up some tea. It will do your head good," Millie pleaded, tearfully.

"I will lie down (that I might never wake! was in her heart); but no tea, I cannot be troubled. Don't think me unkind, or angry; but you had better let me sleep alone to-night."

"If you wish it, you shall."

"I do wish it. Good-night. I shall lock my door, and then

throw myself, straight, upon my bed."

Millie went away, feeling as if she had acted very selfishly; and as if Hildred were only too good not to scold her. Hildred did throw herself upon her bed: but she did not sleep the night through. How should she?

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING had come between them both when they met next morning. Hildred was calm and kind, but cold, Millie thought. Indeed, Hildred did not dare to be tender — she could not afford it: she needed all her strength only to keep firm, resolute. Her face looked like sculptured marble in its fixedness; but her eyes gleamed strangely. Millie's face changed every moment, as she told Hildred all that had passed between herself and Mr. Lyneward the night before.

It still blew and rained.

Did Millie expect Mr. Lyneward that morning? Hildred asked. When Millie answered, perhaps he would not come, as the weather was so bad, Hildred smiled scornfully; thinking how much better she knew him and that the wild weather was one sure inducement to bring him out. She followed up her question by asking Millie, where he lived: about what time he generally came, and whether walking or riding? Then she took up her station at the window which overlooked the road, and sat there.

Millie was unhappy; she was sure Hildred was ill; thought she was angry, or sorry, too. All sorts of miseries entered into the little head bent down assiduously over some work.

Hildred (who never shammed except to gain some great end) made no pretence of reading, or working, but sat idle; leaning back in the great chair Millie had made her take, her cold hands lying listlessly on her lap, her eyes glittering, and intent in watching. At last she saw Erle Lyneward coming: he was a long way off, but she knew him.

She turned her rigid face round to Millie, and said:

"Millie, your lover is coming — I want to speak to him alone. Go into the study for a little; there is a fire there. You are not afraid," she added, seeing that Millie lingered, "not afraid that I shall steal him from you, are you?"

It did not occur to Millie, to wonder how it was that Hildred knew him.

"Not afraid of that!" Millie said; and she came to Hildred's side, knelt beside her twining her arms round her waist, and looking up beseechingly into her sister's dark eyes: but Hildred knew that Mr. Lyneward was almost at the house-door. She felt desperate; rose, and half led, half carried Millie from the room. When she had her safe in the study, she kissed her — not tenderly, but fiercely — and went

away, leaving Millie full of tearful wonder.

She got back into the drawing-room before Mr. Lyneward had entered the house. She stood awaiting him, her face turned from the light. She heard him stride across the hall. He had opened the door — was in the room; he stood still. His face grew bewildered and deeply troubled, as he looked at her. She spoke first. Coldly greeting him, she pointed to the chair he was to take, opposite to her. He obeyed her stately gesture, and she condescended to explain:

"I am Millie's sister, Mr. Lyneward. You are surprised to see me here?"

"Miss Vynern — Hildred Vynern!" he said, perplexedly.

"I have cast off that name — my aunt made me adopt it. I have left her. I am Hildred Grey. I hear," she went on, steadily, "that you are my sister's accepted lover. I am her elder sister and self-constituted guardian."

"Hildred Vynern, Millie's sister?"

"Even so. What do you find so strange in that?" Hildred asked.

"Much," Mr. Lyneward replied, proudly. "Is it not very strange that my Millie — sweet, loving, Millie Grey — should have so ungente and haughty a woman for sister?"

"Yes, that is strange," Hildred said, smiling scornfully: "Yet not stranger than — but I will not

detain you. I merely wished to see you alone that you might be prepared — that, before Millie, you might not show surprise at seeing me. She does not know that we have ever met before.”

“You are kind, Miss Vynern — considerate. But I think you have taken an unnecessary precaution. I have a great deal of self-command,” Mr. Lyneward said.

Hildred bit her lip, and an angry flush crossed her face; but she said coldly, “I acted only for Millie’s sake. I have no more to say.”

She rose, and so did Mr. Lyneward: but, instead of letting her go as she had intended, he stopped her, laid his hand upon her arm, and cast a haggard look into her face. She noticed, then, how many of the lines about that face had deepened since she had last seen him. Feeling as if her heart would break, she shook off his hand — indeed, she could not bear it there; it seemed to burn her to the bone — and proudly returned his gaze.

He resented her haughty gesture, and spoke with a voice thick with passion:

“I owe it to myself to say that I will not be scorned by any man or woman — you, least of all. Hildred Vynern, your pride has blinded you; you have dashed back the love of the only man who ever did, or will, love you worthily. You dared confound me with the rest: dared to believe I paid my homage to your ex-

pected fortune. Had you not been utterly blind, you might have seen that could not be. Would Mrs. Vynern have given you one penny if you had married me — a Lyneward? Did she not hate me? Didn’t I know she hated me? I condescended to entreat, to explain, to offer you my love a second time, because I thought your heart a rich great treasure. I was wrong. It is dross; it is eaten up with pride. You left unanswered that last letter I wrote you — ridiculed me and it.”

“That is slander. I only,” — she stopped, remembering that must not be said — “I received it only two days ago,” she had been about to say.

He did not heed, but went on: “And you think me light and fickle, and smile contemptuously at my former protestations to yourself. I will keep my Millie’s name holy — will not speak of her now, save to say, that only when she was alone, friendless, poor, and when I had learnt how incapable you were of truly loving, did I first think of making her my wife.”

“When I found she loved me,” he might have said.

Hildred did not speak. She stood opposite to him, erect; her marble-white hands drooped among the folds of her black dress; her dark eyes dilated; he thought with pride and anger. The wild longing of her heart was to throw herself at his feet, say once that she loved him, and

— die. But Millie! She kept firm. His next words sounded almost like a curse: —

“Hildred, as you are a woman, one day you will love, and then you will suffer — O Heaven! how fiercely! Only one right worthy love comes to the life-portion of any man or woman. You have rejected that. When you suffer, remember me!”

He moved towards the door. Possessed by a vague idea that they could not part thus — even for Millie’s sake — Hildred said:

“Mr. Lyneward, you speak harshly — only for Millie’s sake” — He started at the tenderness with which those haughty lips uttered those three words — “for Millie’s sake, we must try to be — friends. You have made me respect you. Some day, perhaps, you may respect me.”

She offered him her hand, but he would not take it.

“And, Millie?” she said, as he was going. Had he forgotten Millie? He stopped, and then said hastily:

“I cannot see her now. Tell her — anything you please. I am not fit for her innocent eyes to look upon. There is something black, fierce and wild in my heart — hate, perhaps.”

He was gone. She turned to the window and watched him, sure that he would not look round: he did not. What should she do?

She walked to a mirror, and looked into it. The shining of such lustrous eyes in that white

face looked unearthly, and startled even herself. But she admired and commended her own behaviour, muttering that she acted well; had begun her farce or tragedy, whichever it was, bravely; bade herself take courage, and be assured that she would be a grand actress in time.

Just then Millie came in, full of wonder and fear. She had seen Mr. Lyneward go away, and dreaded that he and her sister had quarrelled. “Was anything wrong?” she asked, tremblingly.

“Not much,” Hildred answered. “We have been angry. But never mind, love, we shall be good enough friends in time. My future brother-in-law is a proud man. Have a care how you anger him, Millie. But I forgot,” she added, smiling, “you never anger anyone, do you?”

Hildred stayed a little to talk to her sister, particularly impressing upon her that the marriage must be soon.

“Is that Mr. Lyneward’s wish?” Millie asked.

Hildred laughed, and answered that of course it was.

Millie began to feel reassured, and to think that, after all, she had been foolishly fearful — that all would be well; that though Hildred at first felt grieved and vexed that she must call a Lyneward brother, she would soon relent.

Then Hildred said she should go out. Millie tried to dissuade her, saying it was dreadful

weather, raining and blowing and very cold; but Hildred answered, that it was just the weather for her, in her present mood. After sitting down a moment, and dashing off a business-letter — so she called it — in less time than Millie would have taken to write the three first words, Hildred set off to the post, nodding gaily to Millie as she went down the garden. This letter contained her final command to Mr. Blankardt to have her own little property settled on Millie. After posting her letter, and being clear of the village, she went on at a wild rate. Fighting her way against the howling wind, splashing on through the mud and marsh, she made a circuit of some eight or ten miles home, crossing the bleakest country in all the neighbourhood. It was dark when she returned. Millie had been getting anxious, and came running into the hall to meet and question her. But Hildred parried her questions, and seemed in such high spirits, that her gentle sister only wondered, and was content.

Hildred chose to spend that evening alone; finding one excuse or another, or proudly withholding any. She generally did so for that time. Erle Lyneward was there to entertain Millie. Hildred had seen him as she stood inside the house-door shaking the rain from her cloak — had seen him standing looking moodily into the fire, instead of meeting her as her future brother

might have done. Mr. Lyneward, weary from the emotion and passion of the morning, turned to Millie for rest; he felt her gentle ways infinitely soothing. He was more tender and devoted that evening than she had ever known him. He too told her that their marriage must be soon — very soon. Christmas was not far off, and, early in the next year, before the snow-drops were out in his old gardens, he must have his Millie home, he said, to make his desolate house cheery. With all his tenderness, he seemed so strangely sad, that pure, unselfish Millie, though reluctant to assume so suddenly this great responsibility, could not find in her heart to say, No. So it was a settled thing that early in the ensuing January, Millie was to be made a wife.

CHAPTER IV.

MILLIE was not at ease in the time that intervened; simple, sweet Millie was troubled and perplexed. In the world, she loved only two persons entirely, and she could not make them love one another. Hildred acted well, too, all that torture time; daring to leave nothing to the impulse of a moment. Each morning she planned what her conduct through all the probable events of the day should be.

Mr. Lyneward was too proud to act, too bitter against her to try to seem brotherly; and loving and unconscious Millie often made him wince by expressing

her regret that he would not be kind to her sister. Hildred was cold, even in her manner to Millie herself, and uncertain in her temper. She dared not be affectionate; if the spring of passionate tenderness in her heart once thawed, she feared it might overleap all restraints. She saw that Millie was uneasy — as unhappy as it was possible for a young girl who loves and is loved to be; but she stood proud and secure in the great sacrifice she was conscious of making. She could not stoop to care about the lesser daily and hourly sacrifices. She said to herself, that all would be well soon for them; they would be married, and she would go away and be forgotten.

At first Erle Lyneward always stopped Millie when she began to talk of Hildred; but that was not easy to do; and, after a while, he rather liked to listen. In time he came to have some glimmering suspicion of the truth.

Hildred was to pass through the fiery trial of another temptation before the consummation of the sacrifice.

Only the day before Christmas Day, Hildred sat alone and idle, musing by the drawing room fire. Millie was gone out to distribute some Christmas charities to poor people to whom she had been a constant friend.

Hildred had many associations of pain and pleasure with that day — some two or three of the latter calculated to soften her heart infinitely. She felt now

that the last act of her tragedy was almost played out — that her unnatural strength need endure but little longer; so, as she sat alone, she suffered her heart to soften, and let the tears fall slowly and unheeded a-down upon her lap.

Suddenly Erle Lyneward stood before her. She was startled, confused, unnerved. One glance at her softened face, her tearful eyes, her tremulous hand, made him forget all but his old love for her. Before she could recover the cold composure with which she always met him, he had taken her hand, and was pouring out a strong passion of burning love, and wild sorrow.

Hildred dared not hear him out. One moment's irresolution and all would be lost. She had not time to weigh, or choose words. She thought only of Millie. Her answer was fiercely indignant — full of vehement resentment. He was humbled this time: she full of pride and power. Once and for ever her fate was decided.

Was it, after all, so great a sacrifice? Loving Millie as she did, was she not conscious that she did not voluntarily give up her own happiness; for that happiness at Millie's expense was simply impossible. If Hildred had deemed Millie's nature one that could forget and love again, after awhile, she would long since have wavered in her purpose; but she knew the girl's words were true when she said she "did not forget."

She felt that she was as firm as she was gentle. She had read a world of unchangeableness and remembrance in the depth of Millie's dove-like eyes.

Yes, the sacrifice *was* great, appalling. Alone with her own heart that night Hildred quailed. She suffered most pain from a keen sense of the cruelty of the position in which she had found herself.

The dawn of Christmas morning shone upon a wildly haggard face gazing out upon its brightness from an ivied-window. Hildred's eyes had not closed in sleep that night. Vivid pictures, devil-suggested of things that might have been, presented themselves to her fancy. She had seen herself acting out, scene after scene, a proudly-happy life, as Erle Lyneward's wife; and she had felt no power to bid the tempter get behind her. It seemed as if her all of strength had been exhausted in that final master-stroke put to her own dark destiny; as if she now lay weak and weary and utterly defenceless at the mercy of all evil suggestions. Happily her bitter words of indignant upbraiding had firmly closed the door of that proud heart against herself.

The dawn grew into bright day; the sun shone full into her room; the birds twittered busily among the scarlet berries of the holly without; and soon she heard Millie singing a quaint, pathetic, scrap of old Christmas-song, as she waited below for her sister's

coming. The whole world then, like Millie's hymn, was rejoicing in peace and good-will! She only was torn by inward strife, and utterly abandoned, even by her own poor pride.

But there was something yet to be borne and done! Had she come so far and could she not drag herself one step further, before she lay down, finally, to die? It was yet possible to madden Erle and to make Millie miserable, though it was too late to help herself. Should she spoil all now, at the last hour?

No! She found strength enough to battle on a little longer. She dressed hastily, but neatly; dashed ice-cold water into her face and dried it so roughly that the delicate skin glowed again; and, before that glow had time to fade, or a practised smile to die away from her mouth, she had joined Millie; had given her all fair good wishes of the season, and borne the mockery of having them returned to her with many a soft kiss and fond word.

"And now to breakfast," Hildred said; "for it is late, and Erle will be here directly to take you to church."

"And you will come with us?" Millie asked.

"No! I shall spend this happy Christmas morning alone. I am not well." Hildred answered.

"And yet you had such a colour when you came down! Let me stay with you? I had much rather."

"Certainly not; there's no oc-

casation. Millie, have you not found out yet, child, that I love my own company better than even yours?"

Hildred hurried back to her own room before Mr. Lyneward came to fetch Millie. She could not have met him calmly. But when they were gone, he and Millie, and the servants; when all the country people, churchward bound, had passed along the road, Hildred felt that she could not bear the great quiet that fell upon the house. The silent shining-in of the sun; the way it lay still and serene upon all it touched, even upon her, was maddening. She could not bear to remain there, alone. She would go to church, too. It was a sudden resolve, suddenly executed. A frenzied fear of being too late appeared to seize her. She did not mean to go to the village-church, where Millie and Erle, and many people who knew her, were; but to a little old church on the other side of the hill, to which but very few ever went.

She reached it at last, with difficulty; for she found herself very weak, and her trembling eagerness defeated itself. She made her way into a curtained pew, once a long dead-and-dust squire's. It was musty, dusty, and deserted. She crouched down in a corner where no one could see her.

During the hour that Hildred passed in that old faded pew, listening, hardly conscious that

she did listen, to holy words often heard before, a new chord was struck within her. Some will call this unnatural, improbable; I say it is not so; but simply and only mysterious. It was solely one of God's providences (of which so many talk, in which so few firmly believe); an instance of his infinite mercy in providing for a soul in sore and utmost need.

Millie's words came back to Hildred's mind. She remembered Millie's saying, that those do not suffer thoroughly who do not suffer patiently. After thinking of this, Hildred did not know distinctly what she heard. The service was over, — the few worshippers gone home to happy firesides and Christmas mirth, — yet she sat still, unconscious that not another human being was in the little church, and that the old door was shut upon her.

Hildred was glad when she found that she was alone. She came out of her corner, went up the aisle, to the communion-table, knelt there, and opened the great Bible.

She found grand, great, glorious words — words that filled her excited mind with awful joy — appealing to her glowing imagination and her power of heroic self-sacrifice.

The sun descended lower in the heavens, slanted in at a little stained west window, and threw hues of soft amethyst and of golden glory upon the fine dark head bent low in reverent wor-

ship. Then it faded out altogether. Still Hildred knelt on.

The church grew dim and dusky—she could read no longer, but she prayed.

As she passed out of the then dark church the sexton—an old, lame man—was coming in with a lantern to put away the books and lock it up; a task neglected till then for his Christmas dinner. He drew back aghast as Hildred gently bade him good-night, and looked with awe after the tall figure that soon disappeared in the darkness. He hurried over his duties and hobbled back to his fireside; where, no doubt, he told a grim ghost-story; of having seen, and been spoken to by, the long-deceased lady of a long-deceased squire, in the church-porch, after dark, to very credulous listeners.

Erle and Millie had been anxiously expecting her for a long time—Millie had even urged Erle to go and seek her—but he, saying that most likely she had only gone for one of her mad rambles, excused himself from doing so. And, as they waited and the night fell, Erle Lyneward had made a short humiliating confession of his weakness and sinfulness. And Millie? She pitied him, smiled upon him and forgave him, quite content with his assurance that now he loved her only. Erle did not tell Millie who had been the object of his fierce love, and she did not ask; he had spoken too bitterly and harshly of Hildred. Neither ever

alluded to that subject again; neither ever knew of Hildred's devotion.

Mr. Lyneward's manner that evening when he first met Hildred was full of troubled consciousness; but she set him at ease. She stayed with them all the time, because it was the evening of Christmas day, and because her heart was at once softened and strengthened. She was loving to Millie, and so friendly to Erle that Millie's sweet face brightened into pure unalloyed gladness.

The marriage took place a few days after. To the last, Hildred was full of motherly affectionateness to motherless Millie. She made Erle Lyneward feel that she accepted him as a brother; forgiving him his sin against her sister, and asking forgiveness herself only for the harsh way in which she had rejected and upbraided him then.

It was a very hard time, but Hildred got through it. She filled Millie's cup of joy as full as she could—made her sacrifice as complete as she was able, for she made it cheerfully, and suffered its cost patiently. Suffered! was suffering rather. It is a slow fire, from which women-martyrs step forth pure and white-robed—a fire that oftentimes burns lifelong.

When all was done, Hildred went away. She breathed more freely the further behind her she left the scene of her fiery ordeal. She thought the new air would at

once give her strength. But she fell ill among strangers: sick unto death, but she did not die.

Her strength, and with it the consciousness of power, returned — as there was need they should in the life she had chosen.

No matter what that life was. Hildred Grey lived it out nobly. She was known as a good, by many who could not recognise in her, a great and gifted woman.

CHIP.

SMUGGLING NOTES.

IN the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow-tradesmen declared ruinous. He undersold the trade, and obtained troops of customers. These boots must be stolen, said his rivals; but there was no evidence that they were: certainly they were not smuggled boots, for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom-house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterwards his secret was accidentally discovered: — although he had paid duty for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough

to hold a watch. The great profits obtained by the trade in smuggled watches, made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while, again, because of course, by the extension of his boot-trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty-free.

Some years later, an elderly lady and a lap-dog travelled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally considered at the custom-house that her travels were for the sole purpose of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject to exceedingly high duty: but neither the examiners of her luggage, nor the female searchers at the custom-house who took charge of her person, could by the narrowest scrutiny find matter for a single accusation. At last, when she was about to decline the smuggling business, this lady accepted a bribe from a custom-house officer to make him master of her secret. Calling to her side the lap-dog, who was to all strangers a very snappish little cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife and rip the little creature open. Like a few of the dogs (which have sometimes even proved to be rats) sold in the streets of London, it gloried outwardly in a false skin; and between the false skin and the true skin was space enough to provide a thin cur with the comfortable fatness proper to a lady's pet, by means

of a warm padding of the finest lace. In the reign of Louis the Eighteenth — it may be noted, by the way — very fierce dogs were trained to carry valuable watches and small articles under false skins across the frontier. They were taught to know and avoid the uniform of a custom-house officer. Swift, cunning, and fierce, they were never to be taken alive, although they were sometimes pursued and shot.

Not very long ago, a great number of false bank-notes was put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported; but although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no smuggling of false notes was discovered. So strict is meant to be the scrutiny at Russian custom-houses, that the ship-captain, who is bound to give an inventory of every article on board, may fall into unheard-of trouble if he forget so much as his own private Canarybird. There was an English captain once at Cronstadt who, by accident, forgot to enter a fine turtle upon his list. He told the leading custom-house official plainly and honestly of his unfortunate omission, and the functionary, who was a good-natured man, saw no plain way out of the difficulty. He recommended that the matter should be glossed over by assuming that the turtle was intended for the emperor. The captain did, therefore, declare that, if he had not

entered the turtle, it was because it had been brought expressly as an Englishman's gift to the Czar, and to the Czar the turtle was despatched accordingly. Soon afterwards there arrived a government messenger inquiring for this most courteous of captains, who brought the gracious thanks of the Czar Nicholas, together with the gift of a gold snuff-box, embellished with the autocratic cipher set in diamonds. Instead of fine and persecution there were gifts and honours for this lucky sailor. But when, afterwards, some other trading captains, acting, as they imagined, cunningly upon the hint, brought turtles to exchange for snuff-boxes, his astute majesty quietly made the turtles into soup, but declined by any act of exchange to add snuff-boxes to the articles of Russian trade shipped at the port of Cronstadt.

Now to go back to the forged notes. Accident brought also that mystery to light. Several cases of lead-pencils arrived one day from England, and were being examined, when one of them fell out from a package, and the custom-house officer picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the cases to the consignee. He kept the one loose pencil for his own use; and a few days afterwards, because it needed a fresh point, cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. Another chip into the cedar brought him to a roll of paper

nested in a hollow place. This paper was one of the false notes, engraved in London, and thus passed into the dominions of the Muscovite.

During the last epidemic fever which displayed itself in this country as a rage for antique furniture, much of this was imported from the Netherlands. A shrewd Dutch tradesman very much preferred an order for sofas and chairs to an order for sideboards or tables. Horsehair, he knew, was plentiful enough in England; the duty upon tea, however, was excessive; and by an arrangement entered into with his English agent, it was understood that tea should be used, instead of hay or horsehair, as the stuffing of all cushions attached to furniture transmitted by his house. In this way there was a fortune made.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LADEN with memories of tears and laughter;

Of sin and loving faith, and joy and woe;

Of warfare that shall live in fame hereafter;

Into the past the Old Year turns to go,
Looking upon the world with loving eyes,
Once more before he dies.

Then, a young warrior in armour mail'd,
The New Year, entereth the sleeping world,

And greets in awe his home with snow-
robes veil'd;

While in his hand he holds his flag unfurl'd,

Whereon are writ the destinies of fate
That his long reign await.

Their eyes encounter, the old man's and the stranger's;

The meek New Year reveres the kingly form,

Austere, with myriad griefs and world-felt dangers,

And owns that nobly he has pass'd the storm,

And sighs, "May it be granted unto me
To do great things like thee!"

But the Old Year, in sorrowful contrition,
Beholds the warrior's robe that bears no stain.

"Ah! that my countless sins could gain remission,

And I, as thee, be young and pure again."

In fervent agony the Old Year cries,
"Pray for my sins," and dies.

As his last breath ascends, the stillness breaking,

Glad Christmas-music, from a thousand bells,

Mingles two voices in their glad awaking;
One, pealing forth a myriad-parting knell

For the pale dead, — the other, loud and clear,

Greeting the new-born Year.

CLARET.

DOUBTS and difficulties have been raised as to the origin of the popular word which stands at the head of this article; but it is possible to make a difficulty of anything — of opening your lips and saying, "How do you do?" In certain parts of Spain the greater portion of the wines, and the best of it, is red; it is a light, brilliant, crimson liquor, spoken of as *claro tinto*, owing to the considerable admixture of white grapes used. This alone would be a sufficient etymological hint; but in the French dictionary you will find *clair* to be claret wine,

and eau clairette to be cherry-brandy, both derived from the adjective clair, light, bright, transparent; thus, clair-brun means light brown. Claret, in short, is a bright, light red, transparent wine, and is readily distinguishable by the vulgar eye from the black-strap of the various London shades, and even from the denser and stranger wines of the south of France.

In this sense, Burgundy might often be called claret, and still more so the wines of the Loire and its tributaries; the latter, indeed, are passed off in enormous quantities as true clarets, either in their natural state, or mixed in various proportions with wines of genuine growth. Pink champagne might even more strictly be called claret; but merchants and their customers have agreed to limit the term to the red wines produced in certain portions of the vast ancient province of Guienne: notably in the department of the Gironde. The white wines raised on the same spots are not clarets, though they may be Bordeaux wines; thus, the pleasant and strong family of Vins de Grave (so called from their being produced on the Graves, or gravelly plains, which skirt the south-western side of the river Garonne, and completely surround the city of Bordeaux, as far as the Médoc to the north-west, some seven miles to the west, and some twelve to the south-east) are not clarets; nor are the delicate, mignonette-

scented, and insidious wines of Barsac and Sauternes. But, Bordeaux being the capital of the district, Bordeaux wines are spoken of as generally synonymous with clarets—in contradistinction to wines from Burgundy, Champagne, Tours, or the Rhine—whether they come from the Médoc, from St. Emilion, or from Libourne; the latter town being itself a minor metropolis of claret; which would shine in the constellation of Jean Raisin as a fixed star of very respectable brightness, were it not reduced to the rank of a satellite by the overpowering volume and splendour of Bordeaux.

The qualities claimed for good clarets by their partizans rank with the merits of only children, the miracles of Russian saints, and other pet phenomena. They make the old man or woman young, and they strengthen the young with two-man power; they cure the sick, and corroborate the healthy; they are an antidote to fevers; but—say slanderers—they bring on the gout, though I do not believe a word of that calumny. They will keep till no one knows when, and will travel to no one knows where. They are endued with the property of exhilarating without intoxicating, unless you drink too much. The choice growths are remarkable for richness of colour, like the light streaming in at a stained-glass window, exhibiting a slightly violet or purple (but sometimes a bright crimson) tinge and refrac-

tion, a seductive nosegay resembling a mixture of jessamine and violet blossoms, a pleasant fresh flavour and after-taste, considerable body, and a fair share of spirit, as you will find after a few days' indulgence in wine-tasting. The latter half of a bottle of claret, after it has been uncorked a day or two, mostly assumes a decided flavour of cedar pencils. Good Bordeaux wines, as a general rule, require to remain at least five years in the wood; they do not ripen, in some instances, under eight, and they continue to improve in delicacy and fragrance till the tenth year. When new, they are apt to betray a trifle of harshness.

In consequence of several distinct causes, claret always, up to a certain epoch, has been an article of immense export rather than of native consumption. What was not drunk upon the spot, was almost entirely sent away to the stranger. In the first place, it keeps longer and bears a sea voyage better than most French wines. Burgundy has notoriously a dislike to travelling; even a short journey will sometimes put it completely out of sorts. For ages, the roads leading from the banks of the Garonne to the interior were so bad and so unsafe, and the means of communication between one province and another so difficult, that the quantity of claret sent to other parts of France was almost a nullity. The English, who were masters of Guienne for many

years, sent home large supplies of liquid tribute, and retained the taste for it, which they communicated to still more distant countries. Paris found it more convenient to procure her wines from Burgundy, Champagne, and the Touraine, than from Bordeaux; those wines, therefore, became the mode in the capital, and still remain so, in the popular taste. Bordeaux still continues, to a certain degree, isolated from the central, northern, and eastern parts of France. Monsieur Claret, consequently, was one of the deputies who specially represented the foreign commerce of his native land.

But the great revolution put a stop to Claret's career of prosperity. Foreign trade rapidly declined under the republic; and the republican wars gave it a deadly check. Napoleon went further; he resolved to attack England by wounding her commerce, and by the utter prohibition of her merchandise. Claret was then obliged to go a-begging, and to entreat to be taken in, on any terms, in Paris and other large cities in the interior of the empire. The vineyard owners of the Médoc were reduced to the last extremities. At the restoration, hopes were entertained that old commercial relations would be re-established; but it turned out otherwise. Napoleon's prohibitive system, and our own also, were continued in existence by means of custom-house duties. The French beet-sugar makers,

cotton manufacturers, and iron-founders, who had saved large fortunes during the continental blockade, were afraid of free-trade and English competition, and had sufficient influence to perpetuate a restrictive policy. Our own people did the same, and continue to do so, in respect to the wines of France. Between Napoleon the Third and England, who are now sworn friends, the same commercial repulsion virtually exists — in consequence of the imposition of excessive duties — touching one of the staple products of the empire, as was in force between England and Napoleon the First, then bitter and implacable foes. What is Portugal to us, or we to Portugal — the same of Spain — that we should give either of them the slightest preference, to the disparagement of a neighbour whose loyalty and hearty good-fellowship we are daily acknowledging with uproarious shouts? “Defend us (in commerce) from our friends!” the French may fairly say; “a plague on such protection!” In spite of the specious sophisms put forth by red-tape writers — such as, that beer and wine are one and the same, consumed by identically the same class of persons, and thirsted after under exactly the same bodily conditions, and therefore replaceable one by the other; a slight symptom has unmistakably betrayed what the French themselves think of the enormous tax which we lay on their wines. The

subject of one of the large semi-circular transparencies which decorate each end of the Palace of Industry is, Equity presiding at the regulation of exchanges. It is a broad hint, that if we prohibit wine, our own staples must be prohibited in return.

“But,” say the British knights of the Red-Tape Garter, “you can’t want wine, when you have beer and porter; you can’t require claret, so long as you have abundance of whiskey and gin. If I let you have claret cheap, you will never more touch a drop of either beer, porter, whiskey, or gin!”

If that be true, O second Solomon, why do you ask your doctor for quinine, when he offers you Epsom salts? Why do you tease him for poppy-heads, while he would give you plenty of cayenne pepper? Why do you urge him to mix a sedative for your stomach, when he has prepared you a nice caustic gargle, which will cure, or give you, a bad sore throat? What is the wretched doctor to do, if you leave salts, pepper, and fiery gargle, like mere drugs in the market, on his hands? He will be obliged to shut up shop: what happens to you is of no consequence. Such, O Solomon, is your argument about the admission of French wines into England at a drinkable price for the vulgar herd.

I have described the palatial cellars of champagne — claret is housed, as well as reared and

educated, in a quite different style. In the first place, its residence is not called a "cave," or underground cellar, but a "chai" — the local term for an above-ground cellar, if such an expression be permissible. The chais are all alike, differing only in size and in the value of their contents. There is a striking family likeness between them, whether you visit the cellars of M. Wustenbirg, peer of France, or peep into those of a mere commoner. Their principle is that of burrows contrived by rabbits who have an objection to dwelling in subterranean holes. In a chai, you might fancy yourself in the clay-covered way or level passage made by gigantic termites, to lead from one mountainous ant-hill to another. Though you are in the dark, breathing a close, musty atmosphere, you feel instinctively that you have not descended towards the bowels of the earth, but are still taking your walks upon its surface. From the Quai (suppose des Chartrons), you enter a naked mysterious-looking passage, whose open mouth shelters beneath its shadow three or four lounging guards or workmen. You walk through continuations of this long, long passage till you reach a sort of a cooper's shop, where men are hammering and scraping away at hollow-sounding purple-stained casks. From the cooper's shop, a wooden railway leads down to a dark yawning hole, rather than a door. The venerable gates of this temple of Bacchus, especially the internal ones, are completely covered with dingy mouldiness, as if they were made of fine old Stilton cheese. Amidst the tubs, over which you tumble as you approach the sanctuary, are strong wooden boxes for packing the bottled wine in. Some of these boxes hold fifty bottles each; others, for England, hold thirty-six, in compliance with the British mode of calculation by dozens. A lighted candle on the end of a stick is put into your hand, and you enter the actual chai itself. There you behold pyramids of "futailles," or wine casks piled, stratum over stratum, in four or five stories. The cellars leading out of this chai are arched with solid stonework, and altogether contain the modest assemblage of some two thousand casks of claret; more ambitious treasuries of wine collect as many as from four to five thousand tubs. Here, 'fifty-one claret is the oldest they have in wood, as five years is the utmost time it remains in that state. 'Forty-four wine is the oldest in bottle; for connoisseurs pay the stock the compliment of clearing it off rapidly. Three years is the shortest continuance in wood — that is, of wine that deserves to be called wine. Ordinary wines are looked upon as merely ephemeral and plebeian drinks. Claret improves much in bottle; but — and the but is everything — it is of great importance who

puts it into bottle, and how. There is a great deal of good wine spoiled in France by carelessness in bottling, and by false economy in the article of corks. You have often the vexation to find respectable liquor acidified and tainted by the trumpery pegs with which it is stopped. It is a penny-wise pound-foolish saving. A few extra pence bestowed on long velvety corks, and a shilling or two more on the employment of a practised bottler, will be found to be money well laid out by whoever has a hogshead of wine in store.

Air is considered injurious to the claret, and therefore our chai is well ceiled with wood. Luxuriant mouldiness is the sign of a good cellar, and there is nothing to complain of here in that line. Mr. Berkeley might give a famous clinical lecture to a class of mycological students. The mouldiness on the casks envelopes them, like a coating of fine lamb's wool, or chinchilli fur. It looks as if a driving wind had blown a shower of eider-down into the chai, which you are afraid of disturbing and kicking up a dust by any too great abruptness in your movements. The cellars run back to the depth of more than a quarter of a mile, and delight you with the skill with which they are packed. In one cellar, the bottles are neatly arranged in small bins, like those of a private cellar, numbered and catalogued. In another, the bottles are built together, as it

were, and beautifully packed like the bricks in a piece of solid masonry, omitting the mortar. Then there are miniature collections of half and quarter bottles, as samples. You have the pleasure of gazing at the outside shell of Chateau Margaux worth eight francs a bottle as it reposes there, and which threatens to rise to fifteen or twenty. The value of the contents of this chai is never less than a million of francs or forty thousand pounds — that pretty little sum is a minimum.

But the vinous wealth stored in the chais is a precarious possession, in consequence of the exposed position and the imprudent construction of the chais themselves. Inflammable materials, on the level ground, in buildings wherein wood enters largely, are liable to the frequent ravages of fire. On the very day on which I paid my first visit to a chai, after dining, I went to the Grand Theatre. When the performance was over, it rained in torrents; and, on looking up, as people do, as if to spy out the holes in the sky through which the water is streaming, I beheld a dull red fitful glare, like a gorgeous but ill-omened sunset, reflected from the under surface of the nimbus cloud which overspread the heavens entirely; and then I heard the irregular booming and the sound of alarm emitted by the great bell of the cathedral. There was a fire somewhere. I hurried down to

the Quai; and there, at a distance to the right, far beyond the bridge, on the Quai de Paludate, billows of flame, smoke, and lurid light, were heaving and tossing with frightful reality. A *chai* was blazing fiercely. The mad red monster had broken loose, and was raving unrestrained, in his own phrensied way. It was a striking contrast to the artificial splendours of the ballet of "The Shooting Star," which I had just been applauding. The only equally strange transition which I ever witnessed, was once when leaving the stage effects of "Mosé in Egitto," at the San Carlo, at Naples, I beheld Vesuvius in eruption by moonlight. Here, instead of beds of sulphur and combustibles that have remained unexhausted since the dawn of history, the feeders of the fire were hogsheads of *eau-de-vie*, of the kind called *trois-six*, or three sixes, sacks of hemp-seed, and other inflammable wares. Claret was the mildest ingredient of the bonfire. Some two hundred casks of brandy exploded one after the other, causing the roofs of the *chais* and cellars to fall in. Part of the burning brandy flowed down the street, and it was with difficulty prevented from reaching the Entrepôt, where twelve thousand bags of saltpetre were lying. If the wind had blown in the direction of the city, it is impossible to guess where the mischief would have ended. Luckily, a strong gale carried the sparks

and the flying lighted brands towards the bosom of the broad Garonne, which shone like a stream of molten metal crossed by a single black bar — the bridge. On the opposite bank, the railway station and other vast buildings shone with intensely-reflected light. The deluge from the clouds seemed to have no more effect in extinguishing the conflagration than the drops which a blacksmith sprinkles on his embers. At three in the morning, the enemy was beaten by the valour of the firemen, aided by the gendarmes, the civil and military authorities, and the bystanders in general, who all got soaked to the bones. All parties concerned had great reason to be thankful for the unlimited supply of water afforded by the river. A stranger may be permitted to point out to the Bordeaux merchants, that these expensive and often fatal accidents (the result of a casual or a malicious spark) must always happen at intervals of less or greater brevity, so long as *chais* remain what they are. A recurrence of such serious losses would be ruinous to any less wealthy town than Bordeaux.

The claret country must be personally traversed, to appreciate its extent, richness, and inexhaustibility. The most famous wines are grown in the Médoc, where you find a special and quite novel method of training the vine. In former articles, peculiar local modes of vineyard

culture have been described, as some readers may think, even too much in detail; but it is desirable to correct the current belief that the vine is simply a grape-bearing shrub, offering no diversities relative either to its vegetation or its produce, in the different soils in which it is cultivated, and also in its different varieties. The growth of the vine is not always the same. Unlike most other cultivated plants, whose increase is regulated by exactly the same laws in whatever soil they are planted or sown, the vine undergoes changes so complete, from the influence of climate, of soil, and of culture, as to be, to a certain extent, in one spot a different vegetable from what it is in another — the quality of its grapes and the wine obtained from them being completely dissimilar. These variations are produced within the range of very short distances. A change of soil suffices to modify every result. It follows, that to have a complete knowledge of vine-growing in France, a student must be acquainted with the specialities of every locality which observes a peculiar culture. Supposing each local mode to be made the subject of a separate treatise, a collection of all these treatises would give a summary of viticulture in France. Even the department of the Gironde alone offers so many varieties of vine-culture, and of qualities of wine, that it may be stated, without error, that this single department contains more diversities of practice than all the rest of France put together. A word, therefore, on the Médoc system is all that space allows us here.

The tongue of land on which the Médoc is situated is of visible dimensions even on the map of France. On the map of the department its importance is manifest from its actual area, its neighbourhood to Bordeaux, the crowding of the names of villages and châteaux, and its remarkable boundaries which are the Atlantic ocean, the sandy desert of the Landes, and the broad expanse of that grand union of rivers, the Gironde, which may be anglicised as The Whirl of Waters. From Pauillac, about half-way between Bordeaux and the open sea, an electric telegraph announces the arrival of vessels. In England, we have one or two spots which resemble this broad tongue of level land on a miniature, or, I might say, a microscopic scale; for instance, the South Denes near Great Yarmouth. Plant that peninsula with Lilliputian forests of pines; streak it irregularly with thread-like roads; scatter towns of dolls' houses amidst expansive vineyards of not too tall moss, and you have a model of the Médoc, as far as relative proportions are concerned, after the fashion of Uncle Toby's fortifications on his bowling-green. The soil of the vineyards is remarkable. At the best it is a light, scalding, heathy loam, whose natural ve-

getation consists of plants that are regarded as the representatives of barrenness. There is no lack (on uncultivated spots) of heath, furze, and shabby pines, intermingled with all sorts of stunted, thorny, crabbed shrubs. It is composed of a large amount of pebbles, amidst which quartz predominates. The pebbles of the Médoc (an omnium-gatherum contribution from the Pyrenees in olden time), besides yielding good wine, make pretty buttons and brooches, which are not despised either by male or female connoisseurs. They are another proof that the vine delights in, and is most grateful for, a diet consisting of the fragments of rocks, instead of the gross and fulsome nourishment with which so many English gardeners will surfeit it. It also confirms Liebig's theory of the important influence which mineral elements have on vegetation. Strong, well-keeping wine is here produced from mere beds of sand and gravel. The composition of the claret soil differs widely from that of the best Burgundian vineyards — agreeing with it mainly in its apparent poverty to the eye of English horticulturists. That it is not everywhere really poor, is evident from the thrifty crops of peas, beans, artichokes, and straw-berries, that are raised in many vineyards (in the low grounds and offskirts of the Médoc principally), between the rows of vines, at an early period of the year, before they have attained their full luxuriance. Standard figs, too, are here and there to be seen stretching their arms to an extent that would be difficult if they were ill-fed and had no radical support to their constitutional vigour. The frequent heaps of vegetable mould and rotting leaves, collected as vine-manure under the name of *terreau*, attest how the soil is supplied with humus. You see frequent stacks of vine-prunings labelled "*vigne à vendre*," to be sold for fuel; their ashes enter into the compost heap, and help to restore the exhausted plants. The presence or the absence of these applications, in combination with the slowly-decomposing particles of rock, account for what has been called the capriciousness of the vine, because it will prove unproductive within a few yards of the finest vineyards. Just so, a man might die of starvation, if chained within a few yards of a well-supplied table which he could not reach. We should not accuse him of caprice and uncertainty. Add to this, that the Médoc is a plain, instead of a hill-side sloping to the south, like the vineyards of the Rhine, the Loire, and the Côte d'Or, and it is evident that with a good climate and careful culture, you may do anything you please with the vine.

The vines of the Médoc are planted in straight parallel rows, just broad enough to allow them to be horse-hoed (if it is not a bull to say so), by the same

beautiful breed of bullocks as are used as beasts of draught in Bordeaux itself. In fact, it was on this very spot that Jethro Tull caught his famous idea of horse-hoe cultivation. Each vine-stem rises perpendicularly a few inches, and is then made to send off a single horizontal branch to the right and one to the left, which is supported by a horizontal wooden bar, called a *carasson*. Being kept so close to the ground, the grapes feel the influence of the reflected heat by day, and of the warmth given out by the heated earth during the lengthening nights of autumn. The lowly vineyards, thus managed, leave the landscape singularly clear. A sea of verdure spreads from beneath your feet in all directions, studded with the various *châteaux* which give their names to respective clarets, and with clumps of stately trees, between which shine the waters of the Garonne (whence *Médoc*, *medio aquæ*, in the midst of water), backed by the hills on its opposite coast, as the shore of an oceanic estuary may be called. Before the soil of the vineyards is ox-hoed and the vines have put forth their leaves, many of the native weeds of the soil are familiar in the shape of garden plants in England, the marigold (here a single-flowered dwarf), the chive, and the grape-hyacinth. The English word "drainage" is naturalised in the *Médoc*, as well as the practice and the clay tiles and tubes by which it is effected.

Six leading varieties of grape combine to make the claret of the *Médoc*. The *cabernet gros*, or *carmenet*, is the most vigorous kind cultivated there; its fruit resists well autumnal rains, instead of rotting; but it is rather late in coming into bearing. It has five subvarieties, which increase the difficulty of its culture, as two of them (the *cabernet rouge*, and the *cabernet St. Jean*) are unproductive and liable to abortion, and are only to be distinguished by experienced eyes when they come into leaf and flower. They have all the external characters of the true *cabernet*, except that of bearing. Of course they are extirpated when discovered; but the fact deserves to be borne in mind, especially by colonists who propose to grow wine. The *cabernet Sauvignon* is the most esteemed "*cépage*," is favoured with marked preference, and has spread widely. It is almost exclusively cultivated in the communes of Pauillac and Saint Julien, and enters, in a very considerable proportion, into the wines of Lafitte, Mouton, Latour, Léoville, and Pichon-Longueville. The *cabernelle*, or *carmenère*, is the third variety in respect to its abundance. It produces plentifully when the weather is favourable to its blossoming; but its flowers are extremely delicate, and very subject to "*coulure*," or abortion, from external influences. It has the habit of bearing well every other year, and likes a light,

sandy, well-drained soil. The merlau, or merlot, has only been cultivated of late in the Médoc; it is a robust variety, thriving in gravel where not parched with drought. The malbec, or pied rouge, an abundant bearer, is mainly remarkable for the number of aliases, or synonyms, by which it is known. It thrives best on land which is suitable for wheat, and furnishes an excellent table grape. The verdot is the variety of the palus, or lowlands, doing well on clayey, alluvial, and moist soils. It supplies the basis of many of the most famous wines, and endows them with qualities of great commercial value.

Besides these, there are several less esteemed varieties, which deserve the notice of the English green-house gardener for the very reasons which render them undesirable for the purposes of Médocian cultivators. Thus, the Chalosse is a robust vine, bearing enormous grapes, and producing so abundantly that it would be in great request if its wine were not weak, colourless, and deficient in body; but it would supply most saleable bunches for Covent Garden market. As it is, small proprietors are the only persons who dare plant it, because all they want is to increase their number of hogsheads; the viticulturist of the first class, who, under the present system of duties, can only grow expensive wines for export, is compelled to banish

the chalosse from his vineyard. But were our prohibitive tax on claret as a beverage reduced, wine made of a mixture of Verdot and Chalosse grapes would be acceptable to thousands upon thousands in England, and could be produced without any assignable limit to the supply, notwithstanding whatever Sir Emerson Tennant may assert to the contrary.

Again; there is the Maussein, which is almost expelled from the Médoc, because it ripens too soon to enter into the composition of claret. In short it is rotten before the other grapes are ripe. Its grapes are oval and middle-sized, very sweet and well-flavoured, and in great request for the table. All these are desirable properties for us at home, to whom it signifies little that the wine from the Maussein does not correspond to the excellence of its grapes; that it is light, weak, colourless, and bodiless, proving that sugar alone will not make good wine. The fruit of the Maussein is so enticing, that it is obliged to be carefully guarded from lickerish thieves. Light sands suit it well, and it thrives therein better than any other variety. But nine-tenths of the whole army of Scotch and English gardeners would make a bonfire of their wheelbarrows and tools, and cast their pruning-knives into the deepest well, rather than relax their prejudices so far as to plant a vine in light sand. "In light

sand!" I hear them exclaim in wonder. But they know, or ought to know, as well as I do, that there is such a thing as light rich sand.

The wine, grown and made, has to take its rank; and great is the jealousy and tenacity of precedence. Each quality is known as a *cru*, or growth. There are wines of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth *crus*. These are the vinous aristocracy. Below them, clarets range under the significant titles of *Bourgeois Supérieur*, *Bon Bourgeois*, *Bourgeois Ordinaire*, *Artizan de Grandes Communes*, *Artizan de Communes Secondaires*, and *Paysan de Communes Secondaires*. It is between these *Bourgeois* and *Artizans*, and our own citizens and artisans, that so great a sympathy and longing exists. We are athirst to have them here, — cheap; and they, and their proprietors, are anxious they should come to us. But there is an unscaleable wall of taxation interposed. The alderman may swallow his ten or fifteen-shilling bottles of *Château Margaux*, but the fevered workman, the sickly-constitutioned dress-maker, cannot obtain their sixpenny pint even of *Paysan de Communes Secondaires*. Meanwhile, the Girondists of 'fifty-five, as they cannot send us ordinary wine, are getting up a subscription amongst themselves to offer a present of tobacco to the English soldiers in the Crimea. It is a pity they cannot be allowed to gratify both parties with equal facility. The time will come, however, when they will be able to do so.

In the *Médoc* — famous for hospitality during the vintage — everybody, even the sex most addicted to water, thinks and talks about wine and its specialities: "Won't you taste a glass of our 'forty-nine?" kindly asked a lady to whom I had the honour of paying a morning-visit at the *Château Belaux*. In driving back to the city of Bordeaux, your thoughts are diverted by other objects. You are amused by flocks of party-coloured sheep, in which the black individuals are more valuable (on account of their wool) than white ones. You behold crops of pine-cones carried into town, to have their kernels eaten as nuts by the populace. You start at the sight of wretched horses and asses, mere living carcasses, grazing on a wayside patch of green. They are victims destined to take their turn in that oblong, swampy pond (it covers two hectares) on the left, which is surrounded by a lofty paling of strong willow-poles. On an island in the middle, reached by a green peninsula, is a tight little cottage. The pond is a leech-marsh, the house is for the guardian, and the palisading is to protect the leeches from thieves, who would otherwise come down by night, trouble the water by beating it with sticks, and then, entering it naked-legged, would run off with a

good catch hanging by the mouth to their flesh-coloured pantaloons. The medicinal leech is a valuable description of live stock, being exported from Médoc not only into the interior of France, but even to the United States of America. The young fry are backward in their education; they are three years before they learn to suck. When they once begin they make up for lost time. To their voracity those wretched animals are delivered, till they drop down bloodless and exhausted in the marsh. The guardian of that leech-lake must surely sometimes dream (if ever he is feverish or has the nightmare), that his sanguinary charge are getting up a revolt, are mounting the bank in insurrection, and are crawling in at the keyhole and through the chinks of the windows, and the door, to attack him with their cupping-machines, as he lies undressed and helpless in bed. Certainly, the leech-herd ought to receive a handsome salary.*

Past mulberry-trees, whose leaves feed silkworms; past buildings, wherein the worms are reared; past gay villas with luxurious gardens; past suburban places of entertainment, you roll, till you enter proud Bordeaux, wondering whether you will arrive too late to console yourself at the table-d'hôte with a sample-bottle of old St. Estèphe.

* See Vol. XXIV., page 114.

GUZLA.

GUZLA was the daughter of an old man who lived at Beyrout, in Syria, in circumstances of ease. No one knew to what race or country the old man belonged, and few could tell precisely at what period he had begun to inhabit that city. Some said that his face had been known in the market-place for more than half a century; others that he had settled there but recently. The truth seemed to be that he had at various times been a citizen of Beyrout; that he had often been absent for long periods; but that he had at length set up his tent there for good. They called him Effendi Ibrahim, a name not commonly adopted by Christians in the East; yet Guzla was known to frequent the Church of the Maronites with her mother: a grave woman, whose face was always veiled, even when persons of her own sex only were present.

Effendi Ibrahim was always magnificently dressed, and never appeared in public but with a certain state. He was proud of a fine white beard that flowed down over the breast of his caftan; and ostentatiously exhibited the jewels on his fingers. Many merchants, therefore, were willing to believe in his respectability — despite some ugly rumours that spoke of piracy and unlawful connexions — and more than one made overtures for the hand of Guzla, on behalf of son or self.

That she would have a splendid dowry no one could doubt; so there was no danger that the world would laugh at the connexion.

The female gossips of the city, moreover, spread abroad the report that Guzla was marvellously beautiful. But, as her beauty was of a peculiar kind, they found it difficult to convey a notion of it by comparisons. Her cheeks were not round and plump and rosy: nor were her eyes full of fire and merriment; her lips did not pout; and her figure by no means admitted of that luxury of description in which oriental match-makers are fond of indulging. She was rather serious than gay, and had something firm and masterly about her appearance. Was she sickly, or boyish, or awkward? The suggestion roused the anger of the good ladies; who declared that they had never seen anything so delicate and maidenly, except, (and they hinted this with some reserve and compunction), a certain portrait, before which the faithful signed themselves as they entered the church. This was a bold comparison; but the truth was that they meant that Guzla had the bearing of a saint and not of a sultana.

Most of those who had previously aspired to bring her home, dropped away when they understood what was meant; for they wanted something very different from a saint. One or two, however, more practical, felt that a

good dowry should make them put up with many disagreeable things. They persevered so far as to lay their suit before the father; who received them with a sort of ferocious jocularity, endeavoured to represent himself as a very dangerous person to deal with, and finally declined their offers. He was persuaded, he said, that Guzla would not make a good wife for any such persons; and that, if she were not happy, he should be obliged to kill his son-in-law.

As for Guzla, she heard little or nothing of these discussions—spending all her time with her mother in the inner rooms of her father's great house, which stood alone near the land-gate of the city. Her life was in great part one of meditation and prayer. Her mother watched over the development of her mind and character with nervous anxiety, and the girl more than once suspected that she was often purposely kept from her father's sight. It was certain the old man loved her in his way. All her wishes he was ready to satisfy, the instant they were expressed; but he had a strange, wild, lawless style of talk, in which he would sometimes indulge, as if it gave him a fierce delight: saying things that stupefied poor Guzla, and made her look upon him for a moment as if he were not her father, but another being who had taken his shape. Then the mother, as soon as they were left alone, would labour to direct her

attention from what had taken place, and lead her mind to the contemplation of religious subjects; or speak to her of some neighbouring misfortune which it was in their power to alleviate. These arts were generally successful; but, sometimes poor Guzla could not be deprived of her troublesome thoughts, and she would seek an opportunity to be alone, and remain musing in some dim recess, until she felt her mind grow giddy. She then knew where to fly for succour; and her mother's breast was the altar upon which she prayed.

There was evidently a secret in this household — a secret that hung over it like a cloud: now dark and heavy, now bright and almost transparent, but never entirely dispersed. The legend does not think it necessary to seek the truth with much anxiety; for, as usual, it dislikes retrospection, and prefers to take us by the hand and lead us on towards the future. It seems to be implied that the scandal-mongers of Beyrout were well-informed, and that this Christian Ibrahim — Christian or Pagan, there was no certainty which — had formerly been a self-elected king of the seas; and that all the wealth he had amassed was stained with blood. Where he had first known the mother of Guzla was the most profound part of the secret. She never spoke of her early time but with horror and trembling; and was sometimes seen to smile in a

strange manner, as if she were debating some great cause within herself, in which love and hatred pleaded on different sides. The former passion gained the day no doubt; for, she continued to love on calmly, and never gave outward sign of being disturbed in mind, stronger than when she would, without seeming cause, seize Guzla in her arms and overwhelm her with caresses, in the midst of which some tears were scattered upon the maiden's hands and garments, like pearls accidentally unstrung.

Thus they lived on until the time came when Guzla was nearing the limits of womanhood. Then the Effendi, carelessly, as he was smoking his pipe, upon which Guzla had just placed a live coal, patted the girl on the head, and mentioned that in a day or two her future husband would present himself. Guzla, perhaps for the first time in her life, raised her eyes with an arch expression to her father's countenance, and was about to make some playful objection, when her mother, in a sad solemn voice, that sounded like the first note of a warning peal, said, "And whence, Ibrahim, does this sudden husband come?"

A long glance was exchanged between the parents — kindled perhaps by terrible memories. The mother of Guzla sank back almost helpless on her couch; and the father rose and slowly moved away from the room. He returned presently, as if he had

required a moment's solitude to find all his resolution; and said in a loud firm voice,

"The husband whom I have chosen for my daughter is named Lanfranc."

"All is lost!" murmured the mother of Guzla when they were left alone; and then they embraced, a long while, in silence.

"Thou must go and cast thyself on thy knees before thy father," at length said the mother; "and not stir until thou hast obtained the promise of another husband. This one is a man of terror and guilt. He will put thy soul in danger."

"Is he young?" inquired Guzla, in a vague, uncertain voice; and her eyes, filled with unwonted light, seemed to be gazing towards the future. Her mother took her in her arms and dragged her almost roughly upon her knees, where she held her in a tight embrace.

"Daughter," she said at last, "it is not meet that thou shouldst know all the mysteries of the past. This Lanfranc is a child of blood! and will make both thee and me miserable."

Guzla remained silent for some time, but clasped her mother closer and closer; and it was not necessary for her to say at length, that if, by any means, the marriage could be averted she would obey the warning.

Two or three days afterwards, a man in the prime of life, with bold, handsome features, and manners that were rather bois-

terous than cheerful, presented himself at the house of Ibrahim. He came without attendants or baggage; and there was nothing to tell whether he had arrived by sea or by land. When Guzla heard that this was Lanfranc and saw that he never entered a room without first cautiously glancing towards every corner; that his conversation with her father was in whispers; that he saluted her mother with almost contemptuous familiarity, and gazed on her own features—when in obedience to severe orders unveiled—with intent admiration, the sentiment that began to take shape in her mind was not one of love. She spoke freely to her father; but he, whose manner was kind, usually, though rough, became furious like a wild beast. He raised his hand to strike her, and swore by powers, of which she knew nothing, that within twenty-four hours she must be betrothed to Lanfranc.

"He has no time to lose in trifling. You must consent and go with him at once."

This interview decided Guzla to act, and made her dissimulate in her own defence.

"Bless me, father," said she, seizing his hand, "that I may become strong and valiant."

Misunderstanding her meaning he blessed her, and even imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. Then she went, strong, to her mother and announced her intention of flying from the house that night, and taking refuge on the

mountains of Lebanon; where there were convents of holy women who would receive her.

"Wilt thou come with me?" she said.

The mother answered that to fly, it was necessary to be young and light of foot. "We live amidst wealth," she said, "and yet have no money. I will remain, but thou must go. Take some jewels, but clothe thyself in mean garments, those of the slave Zara."

The two women, mother and daughter, waited till the sun had gone down; then Guzla was clothed in the borrowed garments; and, after many embraces and tears, climbed over the garden wall and proceeded towards the gates of the city.

The mother knew how terrible would be the anger of Ibrahim when he discovered what had taken place; but, she had persuaded Guzla that when once convinced how repugnant this marriage was to her, he would relent. Moreover, she had determined to sacrifice herself to insure the safety of her daughter. The absence of both would have been at once perceived. But, at supper-time it was easy to persuade the father and Lanfranc that Guzla had preferred remaining in her room, from modesty or some other similar reason. Afterwards the poor mother had a terrible fright. Zara came to her and whispered: "Why have you taken my garments and put them upon Guzla, and helped

her to get over the garden wall?"

The only answer was an imploring glance.

"It is not good," said the slave-girl, "that Guzla should go to the mountains alone. I will follow her, and before morning we shall be together." So, Zara departed, and was soon running lightly along the path leading towards the wildest parts of Lebanon, whither she knew her young mistress desired to repair.

Next morning the truth became known; and Ibrahim drew his sword to slay the mother of Guzla; but something in her glance checked him. He was content to lock her in her room, and bid Lanfranc seek out traces of the fugitives, and follow and bring them back.

Meanwhile, Guzla, with leaping heart and uncertain steps, had passed through the city-gates and hastened towards the East, trusting to Providence to be her guide. She paused at a little ruined chapel in the fields, and prayed for protection. Then, her imagination began to warm, and her courage to increase. She even beheld, says the legend, a bright star moving low along the earth before her; and, giving herself up to faith, followed it until she came to the foot of the mountains. Then it disappeared. She took this to be a warning that she must pause and rest; and, turning aside, went and sat under a tree. Scarcely had she quitted the path when a party of

men, speaking loud and boisterously, came along it. If she had continued her journey she must have met them, and there might have been danger. Presently afterwards the star shone again; and, getting up, she proceeded, ascending the steep slope until again she was warned to halt. This time she took refuge in a Mohammedan tomb, where she fell asleep, and dreamed that her mother was fanning her as she lay, or stooping over her, and kissing her between the eyes. When she woke, the sun was shining over the far up summits of the mountains, down along its wood slopes where mist and light clouds here and there linger, illuminating the fertile plain, and sparkling in the indigo-coloured sea, which advanced in innumerable curves and creeks far into the land. The city of Beyrout was distinctly visible at her feet; and she thought even, that she could hear the hum of its awaking population, in the midst of which — sharp and clearly defined as the lark's song in the sky above — she could hear the infallible notes of a mother's voice praying for her absent child.

She stood out before the tomb a moment to measure with a glance the space she had traversed during the night. Her name was pronounced by a voice among the bushes below. Looking down in affright she beheld Zara, who had lost her way in the darkness, climbing up out of breath.

"Art thou come to help those who wish to take me?" said Guzla. "Know that I have a sharp knife in one sleeve, and a string of pearls in the other. Which wilt thou have?"

"I have come to be the companion of thy steps," was the reply.

Then the slave-girl related how she had become possessed of her secret; and they agreed to go on together in search of a place of refuge.

They climbed still higher — sometimes entering woody gorges — sometimes coming out again into view of the vast country below. Suddenly, Guzla said to Zara:

"I see a group of horsemen galloping. Look whether they do not seem to be our pursuers."

"They may be," replied Zara; "but they are far distant: the road for horses winds and winds, and they cannot reach this place for hours. Let us leave the broad track, and go towards the cedars."

They accordingly struck in amidst the trees, and proceeded until nightfall: sometimes resting, or staying to seek for roots in the earth. For, they had made no provision, and hunger began to make itself felt. Zara, who had lived as a child in the wild centre of Africa, ran to and fro, and saved her mistress the greater part of the trouble. They ate together; and talked of the anxious mother who was still praying for their safety.

That night they slept under the cover of a brown cedar-tree, with branches sweeping down to the very earth. At an early hour they were awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, and the sound of human voices.

"We cannot look inside every tree," said some one, and they at once recognised that voice; "but the fugitives must be in this forest. The wood-cutter saw them. We shall find them when the day comes. Let us go on."

They rode away; leaving Guzla and her companion overwhelmed with fear. Neither of them dared move from beneath their shelter, even when daylight came, and remained long, trembling and praying. It was near noon when Zara, peeping between the branches, beheld a human figure approaching slowly, and looking anxiously to the right and to the left.

"We are discovered," murmured Guzla, coming to gaze over the shoulder of the slave. "They have dispersed, and one man will be sufficient to make us both prisoners."

They soon saw that the form they feared, was a youth of grave and sober aspect, who advanced in a line that would have led him past the tree, but stopped every now and then, and said in a loud voice:

"This is a warning. If any be concealed who fear capture, let them come forth at once, and accept my guidance. I only can lead them to a place of safety."

"A cunning artifice, truly," quoth Zara. "We must not stir."

To her surprise, Guzla pushed aside the branches of the tree that concealed her, and stood out in the sunlight, with folded arms, before the young stranger.

"There is truth and virtue in thy aspect," said she. "Be then our guide."

The youth gazed at her for a moment in admiration; and then, without saying a word, led the way beneath the cedars that stretched towards the south. They had scarcely entered a narrow gorge in that direction, before the wood behind them was filled with the voices of men shouting to one another. Guzla started in dismay, and clung to the stranger's arm.

"There is no fear," said he, smiling gravely. "We shall soon be in a far country." They came to a narrow passage in the rock, like a doorway. As the young man passed through, he waved his hand in a peculiar manner. Guzla and Zara followed; and both for an instant felt drowsy and bewildered. The whole world seemed to shrink suddenly from them, and then to come back as suddenly. They stepped once, as it were, upon yielding vapour, and thought that they floated like spirits; but then, they firmly pressed a lovely slope of green grass and flowers, shaded here and there by feathery trees, and leading down to a series of lakelets, communi-

cating one with the other by sprinkling cascades; until, far down, the whole ended in a vast river, which wound over a plain, until it was lost in an horizon of mist and gold. Guzla turned round to look at the passage by which she had come; but saw no traces thereof. She wished to question the stranger; but, when she moved her lips, there was no sound. Then first she noticed the universal silence that pervaded this beautiful land. The breezes did not murmur, nor did the grasses rustle. The waters moved without noise; and, wherever she turned, her steps fell like feathers upon oil. Yet, it was evident that in that mysterious region, there were means by which its inhabitants could communicate their thoughts, without the deceitful sound of words. The young man looked at her, and thus told her from his heart, that this was the refuge of the unfortunate who wished to shun the cares, the dangers, and the responsibilities of the human world. Whoever chose to abide there, might live for ever in undisturbed happiness, on one sole condition — not to regret nor care for the mortals, however near and dear, whom they had left behind them. There was no decay to be feared, but no progress. No new ties could be formed, and the pangs of separation could not be felt. That was, in fact, the land of Selfish-Content.

Guzla wandered on with Zara

by her side, feeling an ineffable sense of physical well-being; but in her heart, there soon began to stir certain regrets, which even the presence of that young man, who had saved her from danger, and who looked so good and beautiful, could not allay. She thought of her mother, to whom she could send no news of her safety, and who would probably die of grief, if not of ill-treatment. She thought also of Beyrout, and the green country on one side, and the blue sea on the other; of the dark little Maronite church; of the poor, whose sufferings she used to relieve; and of the stern tenderness of her father. Would it not be better to have remained in that world, even in the midst of danger, than to have come to this, where there could be no duty, because there could be no suffering? The silence around her began to seem horrible. She tried to raise her voice in lamentation, but in vain.

Zara was quite happy. She roved to and fro, and rolled among the flowers; and, when they came to the banks of the lake, plunged into the shallow, transparent waters, that rippled without sound, and spreading forth her ebony arms, swam to and fro, laughing in the sunlight. Many forms of men and women, with tranquil faces, and quiet demeanour, appeared, coming from beneath the trees, and Guzla noticed that none walked hand in hand, but all kept decently apart, as if the slightest

contact would have dissolved their dream of happiness. She looked at her guide, and told him her thoughts. He gave her a fearful glance, that intimated she was endangering his existence, or his content. He made as if he would go away; but he could not take his eyes off those of Guzla. A transformation came over his countenance. Its tranquillity disappeared. Joy and anguish struggled for the mastery. The young people advanced one towards the other: their hands touched. Then the whole scene around, wavered and dimmed, and darker and more real forms rose on every side: that brilliant land was visible for a moment in fragments like mirage on distant valleys. It was not too late to return to it; but they pressed closer together. All vanished, and they found themselves sitting hand in hand in the midst of a wild and desolate country, over which the sun was just about to set. Zara came from beneath the trees; for, without her mistress, there would be no content for her.

The young man, whose name was Basil, had fled from oppression, and had lived some time in the unreal land. They agreed to put on disguises, and return, in spite of all dangers, to Beyrout. But, they soon found that it was far, far distant. Some peasants whom they met, had, indeed, never heard of that city. They came to the habitations of men, and clothed themselves as pil-

grims. Guzla sold her pearls, and thus they had sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey. They proceeded, mostly by night; and, whenever they were at a loss for their path, the star which had guided Guzla at first, appeared and directed their footsteps. Yet it was not before many months had passed, that they stood near the gate of the city of Beyrout.

"I am afraid to learn the news," said Guzla. "Go thou, Basil, and I will remain in this chapel with Zara until you come and tell me whether my mother be alive or dead, whether Lanfranc hath departed, and what hath happened to my father."

Basil shuddered as if they were about to be separated for ever. During a single instant he regretted the bright tranquil land he had quitted for her sake. He begged to be allowed to kiss her on the brow before he went. He did so, and departed. Guzla saw him disappear amidst the crowd that poured in and out of the great gate of the city, and waited for his return, weeping bitterly. He never came, however; for the oppressor from whom he had fled, met him, and seized him, and caused him to be thrown into prison.

Towards evening Zara volunteered to go and endeavour to learn some news of what had taken place. But, no sooner did she reach the neighbourhood of Ibrahim's house, than an old fellow slave recognised and be-

trayed her. She was seized by Lanfranc, and beaten until she expired, refusing to the last to betray her young mistress. In this way Guzla was left to pass the night alone in despair. But as soon as the gates were opened, she went in, drawing her hood over her face. There was a great crowd before her house, so that she could not approach it with ease. Alarm darkened her soul, and she eagerly enquired what was the matter. They told her that the wife of a wealthy man was about to be buried. This was enough. She pressed eagerly through the crowd; her hood falling back in her efforts, and arrived just in time to see the bier brought out on which lay her mother. She threw herself upon the body with a loud cry. It is said that a smile of love passed over the face of the corpse. Assuredly, all present felt that strong love had united those two persons, and that strong necessity alone had separated them. When Lanfranc came forward to seize poor Guzla, they fell upon him; and, in the midst of great clamour, attacked him and his friends, so that they were glad to escape from the city with their lives. An old man, with a long white beard, now appeared on the threshold of the house; and asked fearfully what was the matter. This was Ibrahim, who, since Lanfranc's arrival, had ceased to be master in his own house, and had rarely appeared abroad. A rough-looking man

in the crowd laid his hand upon Guzla's shoulder. "Effendi," said he, "this bier is wide enough for two. Thy daughter is dead likewise." Without waiting for his answer, the bier-bearers resumed their burden, and the priests, though they murmured that all this was irregular, obeying the irresistible impulse of the popular voice, began their chanting. All Beyrout was soon astir, and even the Mohammedans followed the procession at a distance.

Guzla's reputation became that of a saint. She was buried in the same grave with her mother; and soon afterwards, in the course of a single night, a magnificent monument was built over it by the order of Ibrahim, who devoted all his wealth to the erection of churches and rests for travellers, and retired to spend the remainder of his days in a cell dug out of the earth, in the wildest part of the mountains.

There is evidently a mystical intention in this narrative in which the idea of duty which tells us to meet the worst ills of this life with courage and constancy, whatever may befall, predominates, and serves to harmonise and render acceptable a number of incidents, some of which are strange and even extravagant. Is it not indeed better to return boldly with Zara, and Basil, and Guzla, and put our neck under the yoke of suffering — even to taste the bitter waters of death, — than to remain in

the silent land of Selfish-content, where there is no communion because there are no desires, no pain because there is no joy, no hate because there is no love, and where isolated beings live in eternal satisfaction, not daring, not wishing, to exchange one clasp of the hands! Surely our troublesome earth is better than such a paradise.

NOB AND SNOB.

ABOUT fifteen years since two young gentlemen whom I will call (in deference to the social distinctions of my beloved country) Nob and Snob, obtained within a few days of each other, commissions by purchase in the military service. Nob had imbibed a great love for London life, and was anxious to enter the guards; Snob had read accounts of our great battles in India and other countries, and wished to see service in the line. Both obtained their desires, and were duly gazetted to their respective corps. Nob entered the guards as an ensign and lieutenant, — that is to say, he was, at starting in his career, an ensign in his regiment, but bore the rank of a lieutenant in the army — the privilege and advantage enjoyed by young gentlemen who commence life in either of the three regiments of foot-guards. He joined his battalion in London, and commenced learning his duties.

When I say joined, I do not mean that he took up his abode in barrack; for such a sacrifice of comfort to duty is never asked nor expected. No; he hired comfortable lodgings in a west-end street; so that, when he was wanted for parade, drill, or guard-mounting, he could drive to the barracks in his cab in five minutes. Nor was his presence often required with his men. For a couple of months he had a daily drill of about an hour; but was allowed to learn a great deal of the manual and platoon exercise from a sergeant of the corps, whom he paid for attending him at his lodgings, without the trouble of going to the drill-ground to learn it. In about two months the daily drills were discontinued; for Nob was advanced enough to attend the adjutant's parades; which, in the fine season, took place three times a-week in one of the parks. These parades were held at the early hour of seven or eight in the morning, which — considering it was the London season, and that Nob was very much addicted to balls, parties, the opera, and other late-hour amusements — was decidedly a bore. But these terrible drawbacks only lasted the first year of his military noviciate: moreover, they occurred only three times a-week, and as, with an occasional guard-mounting at St. James's, they formed the sum total of his duty, he managed to survive the annoyance, and never

missed but one of these dreadful drills.

The duty of guard-mounting at St. James's was not disagreeable — far from it. To call the work "a 'dashed' bore," was a matter of course; but that after all is only a fashion of talking. It was rather pleasant to march through the park, in gorgeous scarlet and gold lace, preceded by one of the best military bands in the world, in part command of a body of bearskin-capped warriors, the admired of bebies of nursery-maids. Nor whilst on guard did the time pass unpleasantly. There was the lounge up to "the guards' club," the social chat at its conspicuous window, and the pleasant dinner of twelve in the palace guard-room; where the best repast and wine is served every evening upon the most costly plate, at the expense of a grateful country, to the officers who go through the toil and exposure of guarding, for twenty-four hours, the sacred precincts of St. James's palace. It imposed just enough duty to let a man know he had a profession; a profession which gave him a certain standing in London society. Nob's battalion only changed its quarters once in the year, and that did not always entail a move amongst the officers. For instance, if the battalion performed the arduous march from St. John's Wood barracks to those in Portman-street, or from Portman-street to those in Trafalgar-square, the

officers of course need not change their lodgings. To reach their men's quarters cost only five minutes more or less in the cab, and that was of no great consequence to the Bramins. The greatest distance our hero had to march, was from London to Winchester, the latter being the most distant station of foreign service to which his fortunate corps had ever to undergo banishment.

For these and other excellent reasons, Nob stuck to the guards. He liked the admiration which emblazonment in scarlet and gold attracted to his handsome person. Besides, he found the life not ruinously expensive. The cost of living is by no means great in the Guards, provided a young man be prudent during the first years of his service, and be wise enough afterwards to profit by experience. Excepting when a battalion of the Bramins is stationed at Windsor or Winchester, the officers do not keep up a mess. When doing duty in London — and five battalions out of seven are, in times of peace, constantly employed there — the officers live at their club; dine when, how, and where they like, and are not obliged, as is the rule in other English corps, either to live together, to pay a stipulated sum for their dinners, or to entertain general officers at their mess-tables. In short, as was lately remarked in the Times — "They belong to a club, and are paid for belonging

to it;" and we all know that, for a single man, who is not forced to keep up any pretence of style, London is the cheapest town to get on in, in the three kingdoms.

Time wore on, and Nob was promoted from "Ensign in the guards and lieutenant in the army," to be "Lieutenant in the guards and captain in the army." This step, including the sum of one thousand two hundred pounds which he had paid for his first commission, cost him two thousand and fifty pounds — that being the Regulation price; besides one thousand two hundred pounds more, which it was the custom of the regiment to pay for the promotion. This was a large sum; but, as the young officer had been but four years in the army, and was by no means ill off, he thought the capital well invested which brought him an increase of both pay and rank. He obtained the commission of captain in less time than some of his friends in the line got that of lieutenant; although they had to undergo almost perpetual banishment from England; and, for the best years of their lives, had to perform the tedious duties of military colonial service. Nob thought — and not without reason — that four years of an easy London existence, was not a very hard apprenticeship to undergo, before acquiring the rank of a captain in the English army.

These years of severe London service, must not however be

construed too literally. Out of every twelve months, officers of the guards are allowed four months' leave of absence; which they can claim by right of custom. Unlike their brethren who do not belong to the Braminical portion of the British army, these gentlemen have no uncertainty about the portion of leave granted them. They have but to put down their own names in a book, to set down the name of the officer who has agreed to undertake their duty during their holiday, and the whole thing is arranged. Upon parade show-days — when foreign magnates witness the manœuvres of the English guards — the presence of as many officers as can be got together with each battalion is deemed indispensable. But, at other times, the standing of these persons in the service may be considered a mere matter of form. The discipline of the men in each barrack-yard, is looked after exclusively by the adjutant; whilst the pay-sergeants attend to the general conduct and well-being of their respective companies. So seldom are officers who have learnt their drill required to be with their battalions on field-days, that their order books exhibit, on the eve of any parade of more than ordinary importance, the announcement, that "Captains and tailors are to be present;" the interpretation of this curious memorandum being, that the commanders of companies, as well as the soldiers

who from their calling as tailors are excused all ordinary duties, are desired to take part that day in the field operations.

Nob, after a few years of annual moving from Portman-street to the Tower; from the Tower to St. George's Barracks; from St. George's Barracks to Wellington Barracks; thence to St. John's Wood; from St. John's Wood to Windsor; and from Windsor to Winchester, found himself promoted from "Lieutenant in the guards and captain in the army, to be a captain in the guards and a lieutenant-colonel in the army." For this step, he paid altogether the sum of four thousand eight hundred pounds, as its Regulation value besides two thousand pounds over and above, as the price demanded in his regiment for the rank by custom. It was a great deal of money to give; but, if army rank is to be bought and sold, it is surely worth paying double for it in a service where double promotion is obtained at each step — this, too, whilst living at ease like a gentleman for eight months of the year in London, and, for the remaining four, wherever the recipient of the public pay liked to reside for his own pleasure. In ten years from the time Nob entered the service he became, without trouble or annoyance to himself, a lieutenant-colonel in the army. In this rank he remained only a few months longer with the guards. As soon as he could, he

exchanged into a line regiment; taking command of it the very day he joined, as a matter of course.

The corps into which Nob had exchanged, was stationed in one of our colonies; but, being under orders for England, he did not join it before it reached home. The regiment had for several years not been fortunate in promotion. Of the ten captains belonging to it, seven had been in the service longer than their new commanding officer; whilst each of the majors had held Her Majesty's commission before he was born. Notwithstanding this, Nob took charge of it, and thus commanded men who — even then of some standing — had proceeded on foreign service with the corps before their new colonel entered the army.

Here we will leave Nob of the Guards, in order to watch the fortunes of Snob in the Line.

Snob had had hardly time to learn the rudiments of his drill at the *dépôt* of his regiment, when he was ordered upon foreign service. The *dépôt* was stationed in Ireland, and the head-quarters were at Malta. As soon as he knew the ordinary routine of his duty, he was ordered from Ireland to the latter garrison, where he passed two years in the monotony of garrison life. Neither at the *dépôt* in Ireland, nor with the regiment in Malta, was the young officer ever allowed to live out of barracks. At all times and in all

localities, he had to subscribe to the regimental mess, and was obliged to dine at it every day of his life, unless he could show good reason, from sickness or from other engagements. From no general parade of any kind could he absent himself. He was not only obliged to know the names of every man in the company to which he belonged; but was frequently questioned respecting their individual habits, tempers, and conduct. From Malta, the regiment was sent for three years to the West Indies; where sickness, and the temptation of cheap rum, killed the men by scores, obliged the officers to be more careful and more constant than ever in looking after them, and exposed their own constitutions to perils which often ended in death. Although Snob did not die, he suffered severely from yellow fever. He tried to obtain leave to return home for a time; but there were too many of his brother officers who had been victims to the climate absent, to allow of his doing so, and he consoled himself with the likelihood of his corps being speedily moved to Canada. This change of station was however delayed for some time. When at last it took place, the regiment landed at Quebec a mere skeleton — a fragment of its former strength. By this time Snob had obtained the rank of lieutenant; in other words, he had, after five years of colonial duty (three of which were spent

in a most deadly climate) risen to the rank which Nob had acquired in the guards by virtue of his very first commission.

The regiment was quartered during three years and a half in Canada. For a short time after reaching that country, the novelty, together with the advantages which even the extreme cold of North America had over the climate of the West Indies, rendered the change pleasing. But all colonies are much the same to the soldier. Unless the colonist be settled down, and has the occupation of watching either the increasing advantages of his family, his property, or both; or the anxiety of seeing his plans and schemes for advancement fail, the demon monotony enters into his mind, and drives from it every other thought. Canada is perhaps the least objectionable of any foreign station which English troops have to garrison; but that is not saying much. Skating, sleighing, moose-deer shooting, and excursions into the States, serve for a time to dispel ennui; but it leaves the victim only for a season, to return with greater force when the temporary excitement has passed away.

After three years and a half spent in the garrison of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, Snob's regiment was ordered home. Snob had by this time been nine years in the army; upwards of eight on foreign service. Like every man in the regiment, from the grey-headed colonel to the

youngest drum-boy, he looked forward with delight to the long promised tour of home duty. The corps reached England; but little or no leave of absence could be given to officers. It was the drill season, and the men had to be worked up to what the general, commanding the district in which the regiment was stationed, deemed the proper proficiency of soldier-like training. The number of men the corps had lost in Barbadoes had been but slowly replaced by recruits: these recruits had not worked together much in a body, and the whole regiment had to relearn those brigade movements which they had found but few opportunities of practising since they left Malta. All this prevented officers getting anything beyond very short leave of absence to visit their friends. Nor was the corps kept long in one station. Six months after coming home, they were sent from the south of England to the extreme north; there, broken up into detachments, and sent to various small country quarters. For three months they were brought together in one of the large manufacturing towns, then scattered for a time over three counties, to be again united and sent over to Ireland. The expense of the return home; of a year in Dublin, and of various movements in England, told heavily upon the pockets of all the officers; so much so, that, as a body, they were almost glad when the order

came to remove to Galway — cheap quarters. Here, broken up into small parties once more, they assisted the police, the excisemen, and the tithe gatherers, in performing their not very fascinating duties.

About this time Snob obtained the rank of captain by purchase. He had been eleven years in the service, and had now gained the rank which it took our friend Nob exactly four years of London lounging to reach; so that Nob's lieutenant-colonelcy actually dated a year before Snob obtained the grade of captain.

Galway is not an amusing county, and Snob found he was not alone in wishing himself away from the west of Ireland. Yet, taken as a whole, the quarters were more agreeable than many of the temporary stations, to which the perpetual shifting of quarters whilst they were in England subjected the officers. But they were not fixtures in their Galway quarters. What between changes ordered by the higher military authorities when any disturbance was apprehended, and the natural wish of the colonel to have each company and detachment of his men, in their turn, at head-quarters, neither officers nor soldiers had much time to grow rusty for want of motion.

At last the order came to move to Cork, and prepare to embark for Bengal. The regiment had spent the usual time of between three and four years in the

United Kingdom, and war having broken out in Hindostan, troops were required for that country. After a brief sojourn at the port of embarkation, behold Snob once more on his way to serve abroad! By this time he had been nearly thirteen years in the army; of which he had passed little more than three in his native country; where he had changed his quarters fourteen times: he had purchased his steps, having paid two thousand five hundred pounds for his commissions: he was yet a captain, and had the prospect of remaining in India, if he lived long enough, some fourteen or fifteen years. By this time Nob had been a lieutenant-colonel for three years.

The last time I heard of Snob, he was in a cantonment in the far north-west of India; where he had recovered from his second attack of cholera, and his fourth of liver complaint. He had been several times in action, had been fifteen years in the army, but was still a captain. Nob, who had been five years a lieutenant-colonel, was promoted some time ago to be a full colonel, and will probably be a major-general, before Snob commands a regiment.

My story is strictly true in all but the names, and exhibits at a glance the working of the two systems — the Guards and the Line — concerning which there has of late been so much controversy in the public papers.

Whether the public will best serve itself by holding that such a state of things ought to remain in existence, or by holding that the continuance of exclusive corps with double promotion, is a piece of injustice dangerous to their well-being, I leave my readers to judge. The evils here depicted are not of yesterday's growth; although the recent pretensions of certain high priests amongst the military Bramins who put their trust in Princes, have caused them to be brought before the public more prominently than of old. It is now nearly twenty years since I first put on a red coat; and, during that time, the injustice of allowing the guards to retain the privileges over the rest of the army granted to them by a monarch not over-wise, nearly two hundred years ago, has formed a topic of conversation at almost every mess-table at which I have been present. The consequences of such a system, to the prosperity and freedom of tax-paying Mr. Bull, may possibly occur to him just now as somewhat momentous.

If the Hindoo rule of caste is to be retained in the British service, let us assign to its various degrees different duties, corresponding to those of the favoured priesthood of that persuasion. In that case each officer, from the very outset of his career, would be able to foretell to a certainty what are his chances of advancement.

But, if we want a fair field and no favour for military talent, let us abolish the distinction between the Nobs and Snobs of the British army, with other nonsense of by-gone days.

OLD BLOIS.

I DELIGHT in a decayed old town. It is like a withered old beauty of the court of George the Third, and gives itself such airs, and boasts of its antediluvian conquests, and its former lovers, and the sonnets to its eyebrows — poor old thing! — and shakes its ragged old fan, and darns its old finery; for it has fallen into poverty as well as age. Their experiences are indeed very similar, for the maid of honour had married a dissolute old lord, and had dissolute children, and they treated her ill and neglected her, and wasted their substance with riotous living; and the old nobleman is now dead, and the sons are all likewise departed; and the last bearer of the name is the still haughty widow, sitting in her faded satin, and lodging above a green-grocer's, in a narrow street, but always at the court end of the town; for she is utterly ignorant of the new terraces to the west of Tyburn, and inquires doubtfully even about the locality of Belgrave Square.

I don't think we have any city in England exactly answering this description of the attendant

on Queen Charlotte; for when a town with us falls into the sere and yellow leaf as a resort of fashion, there comes some tremendous manufacturer of an enterprising mind, and turns the residence of the lord-lieutenant of the county into a mill; and another makes an enormous warehouse of the great assembly room — (you see the rings of the ceiling yet, from which the chandeliers hung, and if you look minutely there are Cupids playing the harp, imperfectly hidden beneath dust and whitewash, all round the cornice); and behold! in a year or two the streets are alive with busy multitudes, and the air darkened (a little) with smoke; but there are reading-rooms, and school-rooms, and lecture-rooms, where there were none before; and intellect is at work, and there are signs of progress and improvement; and only Miss Rebecca Verjuice (how sour and crabbed she has grown!) sighs for the balls at the assembly in the olden time, when she met all the nobility of the district, and once even danced with a marquis (this was when his lordship's son was candidate for the borough), and laments the change. But in France — gay, happy, gallant France — what numbers of those urban celebrities there are! Charming young cities in the fifteenth century; beautiful, full-sized, blooming cities in Louis the Fourteenth's time; but faded now — tattered, feeble, never more to flourish; yet in-

teresting in their decay, — venerable in their ruins; with traces seen through all their decrepitude of their former charms. For instance — there's Blois.

What a charming situation on the Loire! How splendidly in its gay young time it displayed the inimitable beauties of its position! its streets rising from the water edge in steeper ascent than Ryde, and boasting loftier houses than Bath. Then its bridge, — wasn't that a thing to be proud of, spanning the clearest of French rivers, and leading directly towards the château? Not the great, strong, solid construction of the present day with its pyramid in the middle, surmounted by a cross, but the long narrow highway which ran between strong parapets, and sustained on its central portion the oratory of St. Fiacre — that saint who has since extended his protection to the fraternity of hackney coachmen, but was unable, in seventeen hundred and fourteen, to defend his own residence from the accumulated ice which on the breaking up of the frost in that year came down in heaped-up masses, shocking against the piers, piling itself up over arch, over architrave, over parapet; and then with one great crash which must have been heard in every part of the city, carrying away stone, iron, earth — everything; even the image of St. Fiacre, and leaving Blois "lone, sitting by the shore," without the power of visiting its

opposite neighbours. And there were many churches at that golden time, all ringing out with joyous bells when the town made holiday; these are now reduced to the paltry number three, and have forgotten even how to pretend to look happy. But the charm of all, the crowning monument of the city's splendour, was the noble Castle of Blois. It was a real feudal palace, built in the purest taste, vast in its extent, magnificent in its decorations, and giving life, and wealth, and dignity to the whole county.

I do not speak of the time dear to the hearts of patriotic Englishmen, when King Stephen resided here, and probably provided himself in his native capital, with those expensive habiliments which Shakespeare has not disdained to celebrate. And what a fine touch of character it is, to make that gross and coarse rival of Matilda break forth into such vulgar reflections on the tradesman who supplied the clothes. Not of the times of that worthy peer do I speak, but of a more civilised and gentlemanly personage, the gay and gallant Louis the Duke of Orleans. That was the climax of the grandeur and the happiness of the city. There were crowds in the streets, hundreds of retainers in the castle-yard, knights and nobles coming in to ball or tournament from Orleans or Tours, or even distant visitors from Nevers or Limoges. For Louis is young yet: this is in fourteen hundred

and ninety-six, and he is only thirty-four years of age; he is planning new additions to his native château; he is recovering from the disagreeable three years he had spent in a prison at Bourges, where, by the kindness of his sister-in-law, Anne of Beaujeu, he is locked up every night in an iron cage; he is congratulating himself on his victories in the Italian campaign of Charles the Eighth; he is consoling himself for the plainness of his wife, the gentle Jeanne de Valois (who had been forced upon him by her father Louis the Eleventh), with noble entertainments to all the beauties of the country. He is doing all these things, and Blois rejoices. It even breaks out into trade in the sunshine of royal favour. The gloves of Blois become famous, — whether soft and white for the fair hands of princesses, or gauntlets of proof for warriors in the lists; cloths are imported from Holland and Flanders; merchants grow illustrious and rich; and the cream from St. Gervais — alas! what must we confess? The glover is unknown; the cloth importation has ceased; the merchants are few and spiritless; and nothing remains but the famous St. Gervais cream! So much more enduring (as a philosophic historian would say) are the products of agriculture than the ephemeral successes of trade. Suddenly a rumour finds its way to Blois that Charles the Eighth is very ill. The knights

and nobles flock in faster than ever, the ladies smile more sweetly; the town rings out its bells more merrily; and, when in fourteen hundred and ninety-eight, the great herald, after a fatiguing journey from Amboise, dressed in mourning, all the fleurs-de-lis on his tabard covered with crape, enters the great hall in the château, and kneels at the Duke of Orleans' feet, the city knows no end of its pride and exultation; it has actually given birth to a king, and the racketting, handsome, outspoken inhabitant of the Castle is Louis the Twelfth of France. Vive le Roi!

What was the first thing this emblem and embodiment of chivalry does? He sends an insulting message to his poor little wife — Jeanne de Valois — and a message of a very different kind to the widow of his predecessor — Anne of Brittany. He pays a visit of condolence to the dowager-heiress of that wealthy dukedom, but the condolence ought to have been addressed to the king's daughter, who sat in silence and sorrow, and heard the rejoicings for her husband's elevation to the throne. Within the year the widowed Anne became a second time Queen of France; and Jeanne, disgraced, despised, repudiated, found refuge in a convent.

It is curious to observe that, in the course of time, this exemplary gentleman became brother-in-law to Henry the Eighth

of England. But it is with the grand days of Blois we have to do, not with the characters of royal Bluebeards, in either nation. The French, of all the people in the world, know best how to house their monarchs. They have a massive taste in architecture which imprints something solemn on their royal dwellings, as if the divinity that hedged a king made his ordinary residence a sort of temple of earthly power. The Castle of Blois grew royal in right of the tenants it contained: prouder turrets were added to its walls, larger galleries attached to its ancient suites of rooms, and a style of magnificence affected on state occasions, which contrasts strangely with our Queen rising at four in the morning to give a cup of hot coffee to the King of Sardinia before he put on his comforter and started by the train to Folkestone.

There go the bells of all the seven churches — there go off — as loud as they are able, and fortunately without bursting — the six bewildered cannon that ornament the battlements. Here come the trades, very few of them, and very scant o' breath, with banner and music; — here come the knights in helmet and plume, riding two and two; — here comes a great escort of a hundred men of the picked archers of the guard; and here comes a trumpeter on a white horse, pausing every now and then, and blowing a blast to com-

mand silence, while a herald — the exact image of a knave of clubs — stands up in his stirrups and announces: — "The high and puissant princes, visitors to our lord the king, the mighty, noble and magnanimous Philip, Archduke of Austria, and his spouse the great and very stupendous Princess Jeanne of Arragon and Castille." Great preparations had been made for their reception; and it is pleasant to read an account of the ceremony, for it reconciles us to our humble tap at the door or ring at the bell, and the modest announcement, "Mr. Brown, sir, and Mrs. Brown."

"The Princess Jeanne rode a handsome hackney, covered entirely with housings of crimson velvet. The Duchess of Vendôme, who had been sent to wait on her, followed, with all her ladies, caracolling on palfreys covered with black housings of the same material. More than six hundred horses carried the litters or drew the vehicles required by the stranger's train. It was night when the procession entered Blois, but the streets were lighted with immense tapers of yellow wax." This was not sufficient to prevent confusion, for the prince and his wife got separated in the crowd, and Philip first made his appearance in the royal presence. He marched from hall to hall between lines of halberdiers and archers, and at last attained a chamber where the royalty of

France was sitting on a chair of state near the fire. Beside him stood the young Duke d'Angoulême and the Cardinal d'Amboise. Farther off, stood Monsieur de Brienne, Grand Master of the ceremonies.

"On entering the hall," says the contemporary chronicler of this great event, "the archduke took off his bonnet, and M. de Brienne said, 'Sire, there is my lord the archduke;' and the king replied with a smile — 'A handsome prince he is.' The archduke made three reverences before reaching the king. On his first entering the hall, the king rose and advanced by short steps; at the second bow of the archduke, the king took off his bonnet; and at the third, the king embraced him." For which information we cannot be too grateful to the worthy historian. But the reception of the princess was more wonderful still.

When that bewildered personage at last found her way into the presence chamber, she was asked whether she would kiss the king: whereupon, like a good catholic and a virtuous woman, she asked the Bishop of Cordova's leave, who was good-humoured that day, and said she might. So Louis kissed her, bareheaded, we are told, for he seems to have been a little quakerish in his notions of dignity; and Jeanne, without further application to her confessor, kissed the king, and Francis of Angoulême, who bore it as well

as could be expected. After these osculatory achievements, she was led to the queen's chamber; and let us see how the great ones of the earth received each other in those days.

The queen advanced only three steps from the chimney; the princess saluted merely by bending the knee. Then the queen advanced, kissed her, and bade her welcome. On the parquet on which the queen's chair was placed stood the Duchess of Orleans, and the Countess d'Angoulême; and a little retired, were Mademoiselle de Foix and the Countess de Dunois. Round the room, but not on the parquet, stood other ladies. The archduchess kissed the four just named, and was going a regular round among the others, but was stopped by Madame de Bourbon, who would not let her kiss them, "because she had never done it." And as this reason was of course unanswerable, the princess kept her kisses for some more worthy recipients. She bowed once more in passing before the queen, and so passed on to her private apartments. Now follows a description that will make many mouths water these merry Christmas holidays. What do you think this mighty princess supped on? Oh, Tom! oh, Bill! what a tuck! "First came one of the masters of the household, then six little pages dressed in yellow damask turned up with crimson velvet, each carrying a golden candlestick with a candle of virgin wax;

and after them Madame de Bourbon (don't mistake this for Bonbon), carrying a great gold tray full of various boxes of sweetmeats. Then came Madame d'Angoulême, carrying another gold tray full of napkins. Then came Madame de Nevers, carrying another gold tray full of knives and forks (these had gold handles). Then came the Duchess de Valentinois and Mademoiselle de Foix, carrying sugar-plumb boxes, of which one was amazingly beautiful, and the other, of silver gilt, was (think of this!) so large, that when it was held in the hand it nearly reached the floor! And after them came six or seven gentlemen, each holding two pots in his hands filled with different preserves. And then (evidently not before he was wanted) came the apothecary of the queen, who carried a golden candlestick with wax candles. He did not enter the archduchess's room — not then; but it is certain that he must have been summoned in the course of the night. He and the other gentlemen gave the articles they carried to the ladies at the door; and the whole contents were spread out not on the sideboard, but on the bed."

"As to the archduke," adds my authority for these incidents, "he supped more solidly than his spouse, along with the Duke de Nevers and the Comte de Ligny. The king abstained from that repast. He fasted on bread and water, because that day was

the eve of Notre Dame des Avents."

What a place Blois must have been for grandeur and sweetmeats at that time! What a flourishing trade the confectioner's; and also the dentist's. This was in fifteen hundred and one; and the object of all this cracking of sugar-plums was to negotiate a marriage between Charles the Fifth, then Duke of Luxemburg, with Claude of France. But too much sugar-candy had disagreed with all parties; the espousals were broken off, and Claude, in good time, became the wretched wife of the unprincipled roué who is known in history as Francis the First, the same Duke d'Angoulême who was kissed by Jeanne of Austria.

Many other visitors came to Blois; and always to his favourite home came Louis from the disastrous wars that clouded his later years. Once, in fifteen hundred and ten, there came a deep-eyed Italian, calm, mild, and smiling; lying, cheating, and swindling with such an air of honesty that it was impossible to suspect him of anything but the purest intentions. This was Macchiavel; and poor Cardinal d'Amboise, who was prime minister of France, was twisted round the diplomatist's thumb. But off the thumb, and off the face of the earth, that ambitious priest slipped into the grave this very year. When he was dying,

he said to the simple ecclesiastic who attended him, "Ah, Friar John, Friar John! why wasn't I always Friar John!" He had wanted all his life, like our English Wolsey, to be Pope; and to obtain the tiara, was ready to sacrifice the interests of France. But Louis did not share in his minister's devotion to the Roman See. The Pope of that time had formed a league against him, in which were united many discordant elements. There were Germans and Spaniards, and Swiss and Italians. Even the Turks had come to the help of Rome, and the crescent floated side by side with the keys of Saint Peter. Louis waked from his sybarite indulgence at Blois, and scandalised the clergy of that city by vowing vengeance against the Seven Hills. He struck medals with the device "Perdam Babylonis nomen;" and determined to force his way into the castle of Saint Angelo, and bring his Holiness, the fighting Pontiff, Julius the Second, a prisoner to France. But disasters fell upon the French arms; there were defeats at Novara, and routs at Guinegate in Picardy. The loftiness of Louis was brought low, and in the midst of these reverses his wife died. Blois was now hung with mourning. The king, in despair, had come to catch the last blessing from the dying lips of the only woman he ever really loved, and felt for awhile that life had few farther enjoyments for him. The

authors of the time dwell upon his grief as something dreadful; and one of them records that he even abstained from mourning in violet, as the kings of France have done since Clovis, and dressed himself in black, like the meanest of his subjects.

But a few months made him exchange his sombre black for bridegroom's satin, and he married Mary of England; a short marriage for her, for the old gentleman could not bear the change of life she introduced from the court of Windsor. For, says the chronicler, whereas he used to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to dine at noon; and whereas he used to go to bed at six, he often sat up till midnight. No constitution could stand these late hours; and he died (partly of want of sleep, and partly of jealousy at the attentions the young Duke d'Angoulême paid to the youthful queen) on the first day of the year fifteen hundred and fifteen. Perhaps there is some taint of bitterness arising from the flirtation he had observed between his wife and his successor in the words he spoke concerning that flower of chivalry and truth. "We may do what we like," he sighed, when he thought he had settled the public affairs satisfactorily, "but that big fellow d'Angoulême will spoil all." And he did. He spoilt all. He embroiled himself with Europe, half-ruined his country, and neglected Blois. The Castle, as if

exhausted with the effort of producing a king, and keeping him so many years in royal state, never did anything more — at least, for a long time. But in fifteen hundred and seventy-two, Henry the Fourth, the King of Navarre, came to arrange with Catherine de Medicis about his marriage with Margaret de Valois; and great fêtes were given in honour of the event. Charles the Ninth was there, and the young Prince de Condé, and De la Rochefoucault, and five hundred other nobles of the Protestant faith. There were balls and games every night; feasting, hawking, and hunting every day; but in a secret room of the castle, far away from the noise of the revellers, feebly illuminated by a little lamp, there sat round a small table, night after night, the following personages: the King, the Queen-mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, the Duke d'Anjou, the Chancellor Biragues, and some others of the orthodox faith, and plotted a great deed; they arranged all their plans, marshalled all their supporters, prepared for all emergencies, and at last were ready to execute their design. It was the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. No wonder Blois fell into neglect. It had given existence to the most dreadful incident of modern times; and the dances of young Navarre and his comrades — the assemblies of fair women and brave men who were celebrating his approach-

ing nuptials, were the last days of courtly splendour that shone on the devoted castle. But a castle is nothing without a murder of its own; and this was only the imagining of the frightful act; so let us slip by a few years, and again we find a French king in occupation of the château. It is the year fifteen hundred and eighty-eight, and the king is Henry the Third — a dastard, effeminate tyrant, and fitting termination to the deteriorated line of Valois.

Again there is a series of rejoicings, and the old Château-Blois puts on its holiday apparel; for there is a visitor at the castle far more powerful than the king, — a strong-minded, self-willed, unscrupulous man, who does not even try to conceal his hatred and contempt of the puppet who filled and dishonoured the throne. This is the hard-featured, firm-handed Duke of Guise, who had studied French history to such an extent, that he has determined to emulate the old mayors of the palace, and after a few years' government in the name of the phantom monarch, to assume the crown openly, and send the wretched king into a convent. Scissors were already kept in readiness by Guise's sister, to clip the locks of Henry, and arrangements made to find a fitting monastery for him, under the name of Friar Henry of Valois. But Friar Henry of Valois was resolved to keep his shining

curls, and outwitted the bold Balafre.

A convention of the states had been summoned, over which, by bribery and terror, the Guises had obtained supreme authority. It was only that they might give the semblance of legality to the plans of the discontented, that the form of a deliberative assembly had been given to the deputies now collected in Blois. Each party knew perfectly well what the other meant, but both concealed their real intentions. The king was treated with the most profound respect; the duke with the greatest trust and confidence. The latter was too apt to despise his enemy, who, he already felt, was his victim. He did not give so paltry a being credit for the desperate game he played. But he should have remembered that he had to do with the son of Catherine de Medicis. He should have observed that all of a sudden the king betook himself to the most strict religious observances, — fastings, vigils, prayers, — and received into the chateau monks of various orders, whom he lodged in little cells above his chamber. He had resolved on the death of Guise; — but, to accomplish this, he required accomplices. He availed himself of a certain night when there was a joyous celebration of the marriage of Christine of Lorraine with Ferdinand de Medicis. It was December. The court, occupied with the ball did not perceive the disappearance of

the Marshal d'Aumont, and the Sieurs de Rambouillet, and Beauvais de Nangis. The king consulted them on the conduct of the Guises, but did not venture to hint what he had resolved. The three counsellors discussed the question, but offered no proposition. Some other friends were sent for. They also slipped noiselessly out of the ball-room. They were Louis d'Argennes and Colonel Alphonso Corse. They were bolder; they resolved on the murder of Balafre — nodded mutely to each other as they separated, and by different doors rejoined the dancers. How they danced that night, and smiled at their partners, and joked at supper! And so did the other guests. Among the rest the doomed Balafre distinguished himself by his gaiety and abandon.

The day was fixed for the twenty-third. Nor were warnings, as usual in such cases, wanting. One day a roll of paper was placed on Guise's plate at dinner. On it was written, "Be on your guard. There is a design against you." He contemptuously wrote, "They dare not," and threw the paper under the table. But Christmas was drawing near. Henry gave way to still wilder manifestations of religious austerity, — and on the night of the twenty-second, announced that on the following day he was going in pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Clery. In the morning of that day the Duke of Guise was to be murdered.

A certain Loignac had undertaken the task, and had engaged the services of another villain of the name of Larchant. The monks were removed privately from their cells in the roof, and replaced with the ordinary guards of the king, called the Forty-five, whom he had bought over to his design. Henry gave orders that he should be called at four o'clock. At that hour punctually, he rose, — as calmly, as unembarrassed as if he did not know of the dreadful thing that was to be done — and, candle in hand, went into the cabinet. Du Halde and Bellegarde, his valets-de-chambre were there already. Loignac soon arrives with nine of the guard, who had slipped down from the garret on tiptoe, but well armed. There, by the light of a solitary candle they receive their last instructions. And the king posts them himself in his own bedchamber, with orders to let no one out or in. He returns to the cabinet, without a change of muscle, or the least appearance of emotion; and sends down word to the Marshal d'Aumont to open the council of the day, at which Guise was to take his seat. He despatches Bellegarde at the same time with two chaplains into the oratory, commanding them to offer up their prayers for the success of an enterprise undertaken for the repose of the kingdom.

The weather was cold and sombre; a chilly rain was falling

in torrents, when about half-past eight o'clock the Duke of Guise went towards the council-chamber. There was a company of soldiers at the foot of the grand staircase. The duke, astonished at their appearance, asked the cause, and was put off with some frivolous excuse. He passed on. Larchant instantly planted soldiers on the steps; he then sent twenty more to the stair of the old cabinet. And at that moment Crillon ordered every door in the château to be closed. The bird was caught. On entering the chamber he found the cardinals of Vendôme and Guise; marshals d'Aumont, de Retz, and other gentlemen. The duke complained of the cold, and sat down near the fire; but the door immediately opened, and he was told the king was waiting for him in the cabinet. He rose at once, and saluting the meeting, gracefully drew his cloak round him, and disappeared. The door was instantly shut behind him. In the ante-room he found, to his surprise, the Forty-five. But he saluted them and passed on. He was just about to lift the curtain of the cabinet-door, when a soldier of the name of Montsery seized him by the arm and stabbed him with a poignard in the throat. "Help! treason!" cried the duke. Treason enough there was, but no help. The others assailed him with swords and daggers. The duke "gathering life's whole energy to die," resisted though unarmed. He

knocked down one of his murderers and dragged the others after him in his efforts to escape. For a moment he shook them off, and staggered—bleeding, blind, and weak — whither? to the chamber of the king! Here, with outstretched arms, open-mouthed, sunken-eyed, he fell at the feet of the bed, and exclaiming “*Mon Dieu — Misericorde!*” lay stark and motionless.

The door of the cabinet at this moment opens. The king steals noiselessly out, and gazes, calm and unmoved, on the corpse. He orders all the papers to be secured, and slips back into the cabinet.

But there was another personage resident in the château to whom the news of this great event must be communicated. This was Catherine de Medicis; old, feeble, and confined to her bed with gout, but retaining all her taste for blood and treachery. The king goes into her room. “’Tis a noble stroke, my son,” said the ancient tigress; “but have you foreseen the effects?” “Yes,” replied the king. “I have provided for all.”

“The cloth’s well cut,” said the queen with a grim smile, “we must look to the sewing now.”

The sewing was admirably strong. The adherents of the Guises were murdered in cold blood. The cardinal fell beneath the hands of common assassins, for the Forty-five were men of strong religious feelings, and

would not stain their hands with the slaughter of a priest. The other enemies of the king were kept in dungeons in different parts of the kingdom. It was a reign of terror, and all men looked only for safety to Henry of Navarre.

With kings and princes Blois had little to do after this. The Bourbons had no hereditary attachment to the place; and, having had a royal birth to boast of, and a royal murder, what more could a town expect? But its situation still continued as beautiful as ever; its hill as green, its skies as pure, its river as clear and winding. With a little alteration of a line of Horace, in praise of *Baiæ*, a native poet exclaims,

*Nullus in orbe locus Blesis præluceat
amœnis.*

A less classical enthusiast dwells upon the charm of its site, the Loire encircling it with a silver band; the towers of Chambord, on the left, rising majestically above the trees of the Forest of Boulogne; opposite, the eye rests on the dark tops of the woods of Russy; then, turning to the right, you see gentle elevations covered with vineyards and country-houses; and might still dream of pomp and chivalry if it were not for the long straight line you perceive running through the valley. Alas! it is the railway from Orleans to Bourdeaux — and pomp and chivalry are no more.

If I had time I could dwell on

the later history of Blois; how it suffered during the revolution, and how it furnished its quota of heroes to build up the glory of Napoleon. Also how, when the return from Elba was first talked of, a corps of gallant loyalists was raised in defence of altar and crown; and how, on the day appointed for the first drill, a report was spread that Napoleon was already in Paris, and not a soul made his appearance on parade. Of these and many other things I might tell; but of what use to ransack the records of a town which even the railway can't restore; which rests on old recollections instead of present deeds; but has the best climate, the richest woods, and the sweetest grapes in France? If you are ever in Paris in the summer, take a return ticket by the Orleans line, and spend three days in old Blois.

CHIP.

THE LEGEND OF ARGIS.

ONE of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia, tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of Argis.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince Niagoë, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that, if vic-

torious, he would build on that very spot the most splendid temple that ever sought the rays of the sun. Consequently, it is supposed, his triumph was complete. The Ottomans were dispersed; and he had nothing to do but to accomplish his promise. Princes are usually faithful in these kinds of undertakings. Niagoë had much wealth at his command, and knew of an able architect named Manoli. To him he entrusted the task of constructing the temple, — bidding him collect the best Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open; and the bears that looked in while passing down the long glades on the rugged ruins, became convinced that their occupation in that part of the world was gone for ever.

Manoli had set about his task with enthusiasm. There were day gangs and night gangs; so that the walls rose as if by magic.

Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveller over the surrounding trees, when suddenly the edifice sunk into the earth, and spread upon it in ruin. Manoli attributed this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste with which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But, no sooner had the building reached the former elevation than down it came again.

Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether; but Niagoë had become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expenses of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least a half. To effect the second, the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His vow was costing him dear; but he dared not break it. The simpler course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be decapitated, and all his workmen hanged, if the church were not finished by a given time.

Under these circumstances, Manoli went to consult the aged anchorite who had witnessed Prince Niagoë's vow, and asked him what was to be done. "Build again," was the reply, "and when the last stone is about to be placed, come to me, and by that time I may have found an expedient." Manoli accordingly, for the third time, laboured, and for the third time brought the church near perfection. Then he paused and went to the anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, hurriedly interrupted his pious salutation, and said, in a strange unearthly voice, "Watch to-morrow from the pinnacle, and the first woman thou beholdest approaching from

the east cause her to be taken, when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and walled up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts."

Manoli was a humane man; and his heart shrank within him at hearing this order. But his own life, with that of many others, was at stake, and he went away from the cell sadly, determined to obey what he conceived to be a divine command. He was awakened next morning by the singing of the workmen, and climbed up immediately to the appointed place, when, shading his eyes from the low sun with his hand, he anxiously looked forth. Some time passed and no female form appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down a glade, in the midst of a light mist, kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun. Manoli was about to rejoice, when suddenly he recognised in the devoted victim his own young wife Uca, — his wife of two summers only, the mother of the boy whose smiles and even whose cries gladdened his heart, when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed, with streaming eyes, that some obstacle might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded, when a huge dog rushed out from a thicket, overturned the basket of provisions which Uca was bringing for her husband, and

forced her to go back to prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look towards the silent and motionless east. Suddenly the form of a woman again appeared. He strained his eyes beneath his broad hard hand, leaning forward, so that he nearly toppled over, and to his dismay saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned to her home, had replenished her basket, and was now not walking, but running, lest her husband might suffer by the delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more; although he believed it was almost impious thus to strive with fate. This time a gaunt wolf stalked forth from beneath the trees, and Uca again fled back to her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy, and remained for the whole day still looking anxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath the long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into a dim shadow; the course of the stream could no longer be traced; the flocks on the hill sides faded from sight, though their monotonous bleating and the shouting of the shepherds could still be heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was destined never to be finished, and resolved to share its destruction. Suddenly, near at hand, quite among the workmen, he beheld the indomitable Uca, with a third basket of provisions on one arm, and her babe

upon the other. She looked around for her husband, eager to explain the causes of her delay and to justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the workmen's torches which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not now shed many tears; for he believed that he was obeying the thrice-expressed will of Heaven. He kissed his wife tenderly, putting aside the hands of the little child, which endeavoured to clasp his neck — for how could he have resisted that caress? — and then, in a loud husky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the central pillar of the great aisle. They wondered and murmured, — but they obeyed; and the shrieks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of hammers and chisels and pickaxes. Manoli looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared; and then he went apart, and throwing himself on the ground, spent the night in despair, which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards, the church was finished, and all the country round came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy, and some say injured affection, was on the watch. The most probable story is that the father of Uca, a master-workman, silently excited his comrades against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower to

see that all was right, they drew away the ladder, and called out to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unhappy man shrieked aloud, endeavouring to justify himself. He had obeyed the orders of Heaven, given through the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human shape. His despair then became overwhelming. But love of life is strong. He was a great mechanic, and endeavoured, they say, to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he might fly down from that immense height. He dared not implore the succour of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings, shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly round him during that terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow; and they say that the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since, at the hour of midnight, a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

The present inhabitant of the ruined Argis has never heard these words; for he has never been present at the hour when they are uttered. But he knows that he can do so when he will. Meanwhile, he never wakes at midnight without offering up a prayer for the soul of poor Uca,

and even for that of the unfortunate Manoli.

DOUBLE LIFE.

Man hath two lives; the one of patient
toil,
Of ceaseless travail with the stubborn
ground,
Of battling with the burly sea's turmoil,
With stubborn metals and the anvil's
sound:

The other is a maze of vision'd things,
Infinitely fill'd up with shapes ideal;
Of gentle thoughts or wild imaginings,
Of shadeless bliss, or terrors grimly real,
And all the winged spirit may conceive
Of human happiness or heavenly wonder.
O, blest is he who best can interweave
This earthly toil with images sublime;
And dwell 'mid common things such glo-
ries under!

Most hapless he who wracks his weary
time
In each apart, and rends these lives
asunder.

THE LAND-SHARK.

IN that wild region of mountains in Van Dieman's Land, called the Western Tier, which stretches north and south, over a large portion of that side of the island, and terminates only on the western coast, in high black precipices lashed by the booming billows of the ocean, two young men were travelling in the month of May, and lamenting that the fall of the year was about to put an end to their delightful wanderings. Through the long, light summer they had lived the life of nature and of freedom, which is the heaven of the hunter: and hunters they were, being na-

turalists — hunters of plants and of animals, not for the mere pleasure of destroying or devouring them, but to widen the realm, and enrich the life, of science. The spirit of the chase was their soul and their life's blood. To pursue their object over sea, and moor, and mountain; to seek out, discover, and make prize of something new and curious, was the dream of their existence. To rush impetuously upon some unknown thing, as the hunter rushes upon his noblest game, and to stand on mountain peak or in forest glen with waving caps, and exulting "juchhe!" as they stood before some beautiful object that never before gladdened the eye of naturalist, which yet had never found its name or its place in the books of the learned, — that was their glory and their reward. Young as they were, they had traversed many lands, in the frozen North, in the flowery South, in the vast and wonder-fraught realms of America: they had sailed on the Mississippi, the Amazon, and the Plate, and revelled in the exhaustless forests of Brazil. But here, at the antipodes, a Flora and a Fauna existed, exhibiting singular laws and modes of being, hitherto unknown to them. They had visited every quarter of the island, climbed the mountains, traced its shores, dived into the densest obscurity of its forests, and stretched themselves, when wearied, on the green banks of its streams, counting up

and putting in order their acquisitions.

From day to day they drove their faithful packhorse before them, burdened with bundles of their gatherings and their supplies, or left him in some luxurious nook, while they ascended hills, or explored woods. With the lowering sun they lit their fire at the foot of some tree or crag, raised a screen of boughs from the night-dew and the wind, and over their homely supper sung the songs of the Fatherland — for they were Teutons — and slept. From time to time, they found warmest welcome in country-homes, where manly men and fair women had brought the refined tastes and intelligence of European life, to blend them with the peace and freshness of a gracious southland nature. These happy and hospitable people almost invariably became their guides to new discoveries. With eagerest enthusiasm, men and women mounted their horses, and led the way to distant rock, river, mountain, or morass, where were to be found the peculiar productions of the district. And, for many a long year yet, will come back on their memories, snatches of romantic country, bits of solitary forest, the sounding shores of the ocean, the scalp of the naked hill overlooking worlds of woods, and illimitable sea, where the feathered hat and flying veil led the way, — or some bewitching face flushed like a rose at the presentation of

some glorious new thing; or the manly form of the Tasmanian gentleman on his sure-footed steed, pioneered the track down the shelving declivity or across the rushing stream.

But now their travel drew to a close, for the year drew to a close. The myriad flowers had disappeared, except the crimson epacris, and a few other natives of sheltered glades; and they were on their way homewards, warned by rains, and winds, and sharp nights.

The scene in which they found themselves, was wild and remote from life. They had made their way up profoundly silent and spectral forests, along the banks of the Mersey, rank with most luxuriant vegetation, over steepest rocks, and through the grimmest outlets of precipitous ravines, and to the lofty tablelands of the Tier.

Their way was still through dreary forests, in the glades of which already lay patches of snow, where stringy bark-trees of such bulk and altitude still met their view as even, after all they had seen, awoke fresh astonishment. They were in search, as the evening came on wild and stormy, of a resting-place which they had occupied on a former occasion. It was a rude hut erected of boughs and bark, probably by bushrangers or convicts who had fled hither at some time when government was keen in its pursuit of them. It was raised against the face of

a rock in a little green glen which bordered a mountain lake, whose dark deep waters increased the awe-inspiring gloom of the scene. Having reached it, they turned out their tired horse, and proceeded to kindle a fire in their hut. Fritz, the younger, obtained a bright blaze of dead leaves and twigs in the chimney, which dazzled their eyes by its sudden lustre, and then fetched the tears into them by filling the place with smoke. But presently the flame bore the damp air upwards in the chimney, and all became clear; and the active Fritz was not long in cultivating the fire into a generous glow. Around the wretched tenement were seats formed of posts driven into the ground supporting a rude framework of branches. These, covered with a mass of boughs and leaves of the gum-tree, were to constitute the beds of the travellers, as they had done those of their unknown predecessors.

While Fritz was collecting this luxury, the professor, his companion, forgetting his learning and his early-won fame in the scientific world, drew from their baggage a small frying-pan, and a tin pan bearing the familiar name of a billy, and proceeded to slice a solid piece of ham into the frying-pan. Anon, there commenced a lusty frying and crackling over the fire. Fritz brought in the billy full of water, and set it to boil; and the place, with its two cheerful faces, and a very savoury smell floating

through it, assumed a wondrously home-like aspect. Fritz, humming some favourite Studenten Lied, threw a handful of tea into the billy as it began to boil, set, on the nearest bed, tin pannikins and sugar, and the two comrades sate down to tea.

The wind roared, as if it would carry the struggling trees all away together. Fritz declared it was dark even now, and they mutually congratulated themselves on having reached this shelter while it could be seen. But hark! at the moment that they were setting about to enjoy themselves, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky ground caught their ear. At the same instant came the thump of a heavy whip or stick on the rude door, and a loud "Hillo! there, within!" Fritz started up, and, as he plucked open the hurdle, in stepped a tall man, stooping, as was needful, from the humility of the portal.

"What! Fritz? what, mein lieber Herr Professor?" exclaimed a tall, gentlemanly man, in dark green riding-coat and handsome jack-boots, vehemently, shaking the hands of the strangers. "Well, this is a surprise; though one ought not to be surprised to meet you in any savage spot. I saw a light here, to my great wonder, and determined to take refuge from the storm, though it were with bushranger or devil. Oh! what a night — dark as the lowest pit of Erebus, and with a suffocating

wind, that sends the dead branches down about your ears in most perilous style. Had it not been for my faithful Jack, I must have given it up; but he tumbled along, courageously, over stock and stone."

"But what in the world," said the two naturalists, "leads you here, Doctor, in such a night? Sit down, and tell us all about it, over a pannikin of tea."

"But, first, my horse! Jack," exclaimed the doctor, who was the medical man from a township, some twenty miles distant; and, stepping out, he brought up his horse to the light of the door, took off his saddle, girthed his own rug round his smoking body, and hung to his nose a little bag of oats that he had carried with him. This done, the three friends sat down, and commenced an animated conversation which ran through the recent adventures of the two friends and the doctor's too; who, it turned out, had been over the mountains to a new settlement, at a most urgent call to a sick man, and a proportionate fee.

"A case of life and death," said he, "and really almost of the same to the doctor. May the settlement flourish and set up its own surgeon; for I never wish to go there again. Fifty miles through these terrible ranges, on the edge of winter, is no trifle; one ought to make one's will before attempting it."

Here the doctor seeing his horse had finished his oats,

jumped up, and little Fritz, with a flaming brand, took the animal to be company for the naturalist's horse, in the little sheltered glen, just by. Returned to the blazing fire, they once more blessed their stars for so opportune a shelter, drank pannikin after pannikin of tea, digested many a good slice of ham, and baked in luxurious content in the glow of the ample fire.

"This has been some robber's den, take my word for it," said the doctor. "Some desperate convict skulked here till he found means to get over to the other side, and the goldfields. But what times these are to those of our fathers in the island? The Musquito came down upon them with the enraged natives, and Michael Howe and his gang spread terror from the Tamar to the Derwent. There is a story — a wonderful one — told of those times, which few who hear it will believe; yet, it is quite true, and has been mentioned by West in his history of the colony.

"At the time when a heavy sum was offered for the capture of Howe, alive or dead, and when the desperate fellow was so hunted and laid wait for, that he was irritated to a state of deadly ferocity, — a convict happened to make his escape. He bolted to the woods in nothing but the bright yellow suit which the so-called canary-birds, the convicts, wear. He had made his way up the country, by venturing to approach shepherds and solitary

stock-men, who were often of the class, and actuated by the fellow-feeling which makes 'wondrous kind.' From them he had procured damper enough to carry him on, and at length, arriving in the mountains, he encountered the celebrated bandit, at the head of a gang of his desperate followers.

"'Eh, mate!' said Howe, 'whither away?'

"'To join the bushrangers,' said the man; 'I have made my escape.'

"'That won't pass, my friend,' said Howe, pouncing savagely on the man. 'This is a stale dodge; — won't do here; it has been tried too often. Rather tempting, eh? — that price on my head? But we've settled all that. The man that comes here, dies; and so all's safe. Mate, here's a choice for you; — we don't wish to be too arbitrary. The cutlass, the pistol, or the contents of this little vial;' producing one from his waist-coat-pocket.

"The poor fellow, thunder-struck with astonishment and terror, begged piteously for his life, protested over and over his innocence of any treason, and his desire to join them. In vain. The savage outlaw bade him cease his whining, and make his choice, or they would at once choose for him. The poor wretch selected the poison as the least appalling. They saw him swallow it off, wished him a comfortable doze, and disappeared in the wood. The potion began to take in-

stantaneous effect. The man sank down, overcome with drowsiness, on a stump, and felt himself falling into an overpowering stupor. But the dose was too strong; it produced violent sickness, and the man, relieved, arose in a while, and marched on.

"After travelling some hours, taking, as well as he knew, a direction widely different from that of the bushrangers, to his own and their astonishment, he found himself once more crossing their path.

"What!" exclaimed they, 'are you not dead?'

"The man fell on his knees, and prayed vehemently for his life. It was useless. The choice of sword or pistol was again offered him, and as he continued to implore for mercy, crack went Howe's pistol, and the victim fell motionless on the ground.

"But he was not yet killed. After a time he recovered consciousness, felt the top of his head smarting and burning terrifically, and his eyes blinded by blood. But his bodily strength and feeling of soundness was wholly undiminished. He rose, wiped the blood from his eyes, washed his head at a pool, and found that the ball had merely grazed his skull. Binding up his head with his handkerchief, he once more set forward, trusting this time to steer clear of the merciless crew of bushrangers. But no such good fortune attended him. After marching some

miles through a most laborious mountain-track in a deep inlet valley, he again saw to his horror the robber troop approaching. It was too late to conceal himself; they already saw him; and he heard distinctly the shout of wonder that they raised on perceiving him.

"What!" exclaimed the terrible Howe, 'still alive? Will neither poison nor bullet destroy thee? Why, thou art a cat-o'-mountain, with not nine, but any number of lives at the devil's need. Art thou man, or ghost, or fiend?'

"The poor wretch once more, and still more movingly, pleaded for his life.

"What had he done?" he asked. 'He wanted only to join them, and he would be their slave, their fag, their pack-horse, their forlorn hope in any desperate cases—anything, so that they only let him live.'

"Live!" exclaimed the barbarous leader; 'live! Why, thou livest in spite of me! Neither fire nor physic harm thee! Nay, I would kill thee, if it were only to see what it takes to do it. I have a curiosity to know whether thou can'st be killed, or whether thou art not the Wandering Jew, or Old Nick himself.' With these words, listening no more to the tears and entreaties of the man than if he had been a hyena, he devoted him to the infernal powers in familiar language, and, stabbing him with his cutlass, said 'Take that!'

"The man struggled violently on the ground for a few seconds, and then lay still on the sand.

"That's a settler, I think," said the outlaw, whose hand had executed worse horrors than even that, since he had been hunted and bidden for by government; burning secluded families in their own huts at midnight, and making solitary travellers run a race for their lives as a mark for the rifles of his men. 'If the fellow comes to life again,' he said, coolly, 'I must get his secret, for it is very likely to be useful to me.' Wiping his cutlass, first on some long grass that he pulled up, and then on his coat-sleeve, he coolly marched away with his crew."

"And that certainly must have been a settler," said the professor.

"By no means," added the doctor. "After a time the convict returned to consciousness. Fearfully weak, he was tormented with a burning thirst; but was still alive. With much effort, and various faintings, he managed to crawl in the direction of a stream that ran riotously and sonorously down the rocky valley, and there quenched his burning thirst in the deliciously cold water. Again exhausted, he sank back on the bank; and would no doubt have perished, had not a stockman come in quest of stray cattle. He removed him to his hut, having first bound up the wound in his chest; and, after a long period of illness and debility, the man

was once more well, and determined to return, and deliver himself up to the authorities at Hobart Town, where, you may be sure, his story and the confirmatory scars upon him, excited an immense sensation."

"But how could the man survive a thrust through the body?" said the professor, in amazement.

"It was a mere case of loss of blood," replied the doctor; "the weapon had luckily passed between the ribs without touching any vital part, and the man had swooned from agony and hæmorrhage."

"Horrid times!" ejaculated Fritz. "In those days of unnatural history, natural history, of course, was not. Only think of stumbling on Musquito or Howe, who may be called the Tasmanian Alexander the Great; for, literally —

'Thrice he fought his battles o'er,
And thrice he slew the slain.'

"Fie, Fritz!" said the doctor, laughing. "Yet, even in my early days, here I botanised and entomologised. And that was the sole cause of my encountering any danger, or being compelled to shed blood."

"To shed blood!" simultaneously exclaimed his hearers.

A serious cloud passed over the worthy doctor's features, and in a different tone he added — "Yes! In all my rough and solitary rides in this insular depôt of excited ruffians; in all my night wanderings, when called, as must

be the case, to often distant abodes, in the very worst parts of the island; I have always found my profession and my errand an infallible safeguard. Whenever I have been stopped by outlawed fellows, whose very name and fame all over the island were a horror, to their demand of 'Who goes there?' my reply, 'The Doctor,' brought the instant rejoinder — 'All right! Go, in God's name, doctor!' Nay, these very fellows have, on many an occasion, been my guides, conducting me by ways known only to themselves, confident that I would never betray them. To them I owe a knowledge of passes and short cuts through these hills that no man besides is acquainted with. I have often received refreshments from these fierce outcasts of humanity, when I was ready to faint with exhaustion; more than once I have even slept all night in their rude huts in the mountains, feeling the profoundest security in guards who had the repute of being destitute of all feelings but the most diabolical. I have attended them in their sickness or their wounds, and I have seen and heard revelations by the death-beds of robbers and murderers that would draw tears from a stone. Oh! if the world did but know what glorious faculties and feelings might be cultivated in youth, in the poorest and most abject of our population — toads and deformed reptiles as they afterwards appear to us, yet in whose heads and hearts God has originally deposited the precious jewel of a great and capable nature — many a man, who has come hither leprous with crime, and venomous as a trodden serpent, would have remained at home to adorn society, and to accelerate its progress towards higher knowledge and a nobler standard of opinion!"

"But what was the exception?"

"This: I had but little to do, and I made long rambles, devoting those attentions to insects which were not required by patients. In one of these, I entered a new township in a remote situation, and stopped for the night at an inn still but partly furnished. I observed that my bedroom had no lock, but that was too common to give me any concern. But, having deposited in this room when I had gone up, on entering, to wash my hands, a brace of pistols, and a small morocco case in which I carried my insects, I observed that these articles had been removed and replaced in a very different manner. I examined the pistols, and found, to my surprise, that they had been both unloaded, and that water had been poured into them. This gave me a strange sensation, and it occurred to me that my insect case had been supposed to contain money, and that there was a design to rob me. It was too late to quit the house without notice, and without running greater risk outside than in the

room itself. I carefully wiped dry and reloaded the pistols, drew with as little noise as possible a heavy chest of drawers against the door, and threw myself down in my clothes, anxiously waiting for the anticipated attack. It came. About midnight, I heard something at the door — force applied to push back the obstruction. My candle had burnt out; but I exclaimed, 'Who's there?'

"'Oh! are you awake?' said a man's voice, which I supposed that of the landlord; 'I want to come in for some bed linen in the drawers — a guest has just arrived, and we can't do without it.'

"I told him nobody should come in on any account till morning. The man swore that he must and would, and proceeded to push violently at the door. On this I started up and cried, 'Desist! or take the consequences; whoever comes in here is a dead man!' But the man — and he was a huge, brawny fellow — swore dreadful oaths that he would come in; and, as he furiously thrust open the door, I fired."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the two German gentlemen, recurring in their excitement to their native tongue, though they usually spoke English like Englishmen.

"Yes," continued the doctor; "he fell, I heard a groan. I could see nothing, but I heard a great running on the stairs, and low, suppressed exclamations of hor-

ror, and whisperings. Then all was still, and I remained in a condition which you may imagine, till morning. No one came near the chamber. At daybreak I pushed away the drawers, looked out, expecting to see a frightful stain of blood, but all was clean — the floor had been carefully scoured.

"I descended. There was no one to be seen but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of stupid wonder. I asked what I owed, paid it to her, and walked away. No one appeared to oppose or to question me. It seemed all like a horrible dream. As I ascended the village, a man began tolling a bell which hung in a tree by a new wooden chapel. I asked what that meant.

"'It is the passing-bell,' said the man, 'for the landlord down yonder, who died suddenly in the night.'

"The words struck me like an actual blow; I went on — no one pursued me — no one ever afterwards spoke or seemed to know of the affair. A short time ago I was in that neighbourhood. The place is become a great town; a new family is in the inn, which is one of extensive business. I ventured to ask if such a tradition did not exist? No one had heard a syllable about it."

"You had a narrow escape, doctor," said his wondering friends.

"Ay; and what would I now give if I had told that dishonest landlord that I had dis-

covered his trick, and that my pistols were once more loaded. It was his conviction that they were empty which made him secure."

"No doubt of it," replied the professor, "and enabled you to rid the country of a monster who would have victimised others if he even failed with you."

"That is my only comfort," said the doctor musingly; "but we must soon to bed, and before I can do that, I must relieve my mind of another scene, which I can only effect by giving it words, and thus insure my sleep. I have just witnessed the end of one of those extraordinary criminals which it requires the air of Europe and that of new colonies combined, to produce."

"What criminal can that be?" asked the naturalists, their attention excited by the expectation of some novelty in their own region of inquiry.

"It is the land-shark," said the doctor.

"The land-shark!" said the eager expectants, laughing; "that must be a *lusus naturæ*, a non-descript, indeed."

"No," replied the doctor; "it is a creature well known, accurately described and classified, no sport of nature, but the offspring of colonial life and of the spirit of modern Europe. You have seen the Tasmanian devil — a furious beast that will devour its own species when wounded. The land-shark is even a worse devourer of his kind. You have

seen how horses here will paw up and devour earth on which salt has been spilled?"

"Yes," said Fritz, merrily; "I know that to my cost; for many a time have I had to rise and rush forth in the night and, undressed, chase away into the bush wretched horses who were champing, and pawing, and snorting close to our tent, where our host had poured out the salt water from pickled beef."

"Well," continued the doctor, "the land-shark swallows up earth by acres and leagues; the wehr-wolf of Scandinavian legends never had such a capacity for the marvellous in deglutition. Australia has produced no lion, tiger, grizzly bear, or such ferocious monsters, but it has produced the land-shark, and that is a *monstrum horrendum* worse than all of them put together. It is worse, because it wears the shape of a man; and, with a face as innocent, as meek, and placid as a *manticora* or a *syren*, takes shelter under human laws. In a word, a land-shark is a thing which combines all the attributes of the incubus, the cannibal, the vampyre, and the choke-damp. Where it lives nobody else can live. It is the upas-tree become animated and, walking over the southern world like a new Frankenstein, producing stagnation, distortion, death-in-life, and desolation wherever it arrives. It is the regreter and forestaller of the old world, against whose inhuman

practice so many statutes have been enacted, thus turned up as the opponent of Providence in a new sphere. It is the meal-worm of the shop converted by what it feeds on into the hungry caterpillar of these lands.

"I have to-day stood by the death-bed of a primate of this class. Peter Stonecrop was one of the earliest inhabitants of this colony, and his death will make a sensation. Of his beginning, which must have been tolerably obscure, I know nothing; but he was an illiterate man, and sordid from the first known of him. He got a large grant of land here, when grants were going as freely as the winds or the clouds. He never cultivated it. He bought more land — cheap, dog cheap — but he never cultivated it. What he got he kept, for he spent nothing. A hut scarcely fit for a labourer was his sole abode. He never could afford to marry. He was in this respect more penurious than Long Clarke, a congener, and the prince of land-sharks.

"Peter Stonecrop is little behind his celebrated chief, I mean in accumulation of lands. Though to-day he possesses but some six feet of earth, yesterday he was lord of fifty thousand acres. In one respect his influence has been more mischievous than Clarke's; for he has contrived to pitch, with a singular fore-sight, on a whole host of places that must, in the nature of things, become populous and influential. Where

a port was needed, they had to repurchase the site from Stonecrop, at cent. per cent. cost. Where a town should spring up, the purchases of Stonecrop stood in the way, and turned the tide of building into a far worse position. Where families longed to settle, and saw in imagination fertile farms and happy homes, Stonecrop had put his hand on the waste, and a waste it remained. Thus have this man and his congeners, gone on obstructing settlement, distorting progress, pushing back from the warm sunshine of existence thousands of human creatures, because there was no place for them in the new and beautiful lands which God has revealed to the deserving uses of crowded Europe. Imagine Battery Point, in Hobart Town, with its magnificent situation on the estuary, and in the very centre of the new metropolis, being bought by the father of the present excellent termode for eight hundred pounds. Imagine what it is worth now, with its sites, its buildings, its capabilities, nay, its necessities — every foot of earth precious as so much gold-dust. It is such startling, prominent, exciting spectacles, that have created the tribe of voracious, yet indigesting land-sharks. But it is in Victoria that the race and the mischief have at length culminated. There, the in-rushing torrents of gold-seekers have found the squatter and the land-shark in a coalition

terrible as an antarctic frost. What the one was reluctantly compelled to let go, the other seized. The land-shark was before the population, but certain of its arrival, purchasing up large tracts when they were to be had. Wherever the government offered modicums of land to the clamorous public, the land-shark was there, and outbid them, because he could wait, and knew that the higher the pressure of population the higher the price. You are no strangers to the outcries on that side the Straits for land; the indignant remonstrance and the reflux of despairing emigrants from those fair and fertile shores, where the squatter and the land-shark reign — the lords of a monopoly that amazes all wise men, and fills the valleys and prairies of America with millions on millions of people meant by Providence for the planters and forefathers of a glorious England of the south. You will yet hear, if this unholy alliance be not speedily cancelled, of woful tempests of vainly repressed passion, and melancholy chronicles of bloodshed.

“Adelaide is the only Australian colony which, warned by the vicinity of the prowling monster, has guarded against him, and has offered to the small capitalist the opportunity of securing small farms; and it has seen its reward in a numerous, increasing, thriving, and happy rural population, capable already of sending out surplus produce to the incubus-

ridden Victoria. But to my man.

“Peter Stonecrop was one of my very first patients, and he taught me one of my earliest lessons of caution. He came to me with a violent inflammation of the pleura. He doubtless selected me, as a young, and, as he hoped, a cheap practitioner. He actually passed on his way a much nearer and very able medical man, and in agonies which nothing but the intensest avarice could have enabled him to endure, arrived at my door. Any other individual would have sent for a medical man to come to him, but his penurious soul would not allow him such a luxury. I opened my door, and saw him seated on a white, bony steed. I involuntarily thought of Death upon the pale horse; such was his ghastly and tortured aspect.

“I took him in, doctored, nursed, and kept him for a month. As he grew nearly well, he began to talk to me of my practice and prospects. Said he knew it was anxious and up-hill work for a young man in a new place. I candidly confessed it was, and he sympathised — as I thought, feelingly — with me. He frequently shook his head seriously, muttered, ‘Yes; hard work, very hard work; but we must help one another. My good doctor, let me know what I owe you. You’ve been very kind to me, and I hope I shall show myself sensible of it.’

“My impression was that he meant to make me some hand-

some present — something correspondent to his ample fortune, and the services I had rendered him. I therefore was careful to charge him as moderately as possible. I felt bound to rely on his generosity. He took his bill, paid me exactly to the farthing, called for his horse, and rode off. The land-shark and the miser are one.

“Twenty years have flown since then. Old age has only bent his iron frame nearer to the earth which held his soul. If ever there was a thing of the earth, earthy, it was Stonecrop. Like Mammon,

‘The least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his
looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent,’

Stonecrop seemed only to see the earth, and be anxious of its existence. Whether he ever saw the sky, with its translucent and inspiring universe of suns and worlds, is doubtful, but certainly it never suggested to him vast colonies of spiritual life, and all the sublime thoughts that claim for us kinship with the infinite. From time to time sad stories of hard dealings and oppressive acts towards widows and orphans, over whose property he had extended his mortgage net, reached the public, and of wondrous sums of money, of no more real use to him than so many oyster-shells. From the day that I restored him to a worthless life, he never came again under my

hands, and never did me the slightest kindness.

“Yet, the other day came a messenger with hot haste to call me to him. Stonecrop, he said, was dying, or feared so. A new settlement was laid out on the western coast, the vultures of speculation had already flocked there, and Stonecrop was put in the field. He had pounced on various lots just when an acute surveyor should have reserved them for the public. He had possessed himself of the only site for quays and wharves, for the erection of a church, and for the supply of spring water. He had managed to monopolise woodlands, just where their magnificent timber was at hand for exportation. If they wanted a market, they must re-buy it of him.

“From what the man could tell me, I perceived that the very complaint of which I had formerly relieved him, had seized him once more in his old age. I believed his time was come, but I did not feel justified in refusing his call under such solemn circumstances, where no other aid was to be got; I resolved, however, to make a stand for some fair remuneration this time. When the messenger saw I hesitated to undertake the journey, he pulled from his pocket an open note. It was in Stonecrop’s own scraggy, scrambling hand, now almost illegible from feebleness; but it offered large terms, which showed that he doubted of my coming.

I wrote at the foot of the note that I accepted them, and made the messenger witness it. We went.

"When we descended into this new township it was evening, almost dark, and there was a fog so thick that as my guide said, 'you might almost hang your hat up on it.' We made our way through roods of mire a yard deep, ploughed up by bullock-teams; and piles of sawn timber, and trunks of felled trees, amongst blazing fires that blinded us, when near, and which gave us no help at a distance for the dense haze. In the midst of all the indescribable confusion, discomfort, and ugliness of such a nascent settlement, we found our great man, domiciled in a mere shed, which had been erected by some sawyers. There he had cooked for himself; and, if one might jest on such a subject, had literally taken in and done for himself. The dampness of that low, hollow spot, and the incessant rains had again produced a pleurisy.

"A kind-hearted woman, the wife of a drayman just by, had gone in at his cries, and nursed him to the best of her ability. She described his agonies and moans as having been terrible; and when I said, 'but he is still now;' she gave a look full of meaning and said:

" 'Yes, and to my thinking will soon be stiller.'

"I went in. A candle burnt on a deal box, besides the bedstead, the only furniture of the hut.

The wretched man lay wide awake, watching with a keen look the doorway, and as I advanced, he lifted up his right hand, and said —

" 'That's you, doctor; but I'm better, we were in too great a hurry. - You'll consider that, eh?'

" 'You are better, you think?'

" 'O, much better! my pains are gone. They were shocking, shocking. If I could but move my legs — but they seem to be bad. Yet what can ail them? I am better, much better.'

"During this time I was feeling his pulse. He watched me with a look which betrayed a far deeper anxiety than his words would indicate. I put down his arm quietly, and sate in solemn silence on a rude stool, which the woman brought me to his bedside.

" 'You think me better, doctor, don't you?' said the wasted old man with a ghastly and eager look. 'You must think so, I am so easy now.'

" 'Mr. Stonecrop,' I said, in a tone to prepare him as well as I could for the truth. 'You are now an old man, and no circumstance should take you by surprise, especially where it concerns your most important affairs. You are easy; thank God for it; but don't calculate upon that as delaying the crisis at which we must all arrive. I cannot flatter you with hopes of recovery.'

"The thin, prominent features of the dying man, which looked wan and bloodless before, at

these words grew livid. His eyes glared on me with a fearful expression, their white gleaming with a strange largeness and glaziness. He clutched me by the sleeve with his big, bony hand, which yet seemed to retain an iron grasp.

“‘But you don’t think I shall die soon? Not for some days, weeks, months? No, no, I cannot die. I have so much to do.’

“‘Let me speak plainly to you,’ I added. ‘If you have so much to do, you have little time to do it in. Your hours, nay your minutes, are numbered.’

“At these words, he lay for a few moments, as if stunned. Then, dragging hard at my sleeve, he exclaimed, in a fearful, gasping voice, between a screech and a whisper —

“‘No, no, doctor, you must not say that! You won’t say that! Save me! Save me! and take half my land.’

“‘Not all the land on earth,’ I said, ‘could save you for a second beyond the two short hours that the progress of your disease has marked out for you.’

“‘But you must save me, doctor. You can do it; you did it before. Think what I have to do; what affairs I have unsettled; and that Widow Tredgold, who prayed that I might never see her mortgaged fields again. What won’t she say? A judgment she’ll call it. No, no, doctor, save me! Say but the word, and I’ll forgive the widow all. And those Hexham’s children — them, too —

them, too! O Lord! O Lord! who would have to do with widows and orphans! A man has no chance. There is no driving a bargain with them with any comfort — only trouble, trouble, trouble! But let them do just as they like. Doctor, say the word, and I’ll build a church here. They’ll want one. Say it at once, doctor. I can’t die, for I have so much — so very much to do!’

“‘Have you made your will?’

“‘No — yes, I once did. I left my nephew the land, and my two nieces the houses and the money. But it would not do. When I looked on my lands they seemed no longer mine. These, I said, are Tom’s; and when I looked at the houses and securities, these, I said, are Mary’s and Jane’s. No, no; they were no longer mine. I could not feel them mine, and I tore up the will.’

“‘You must make another.’

“‘Yes, yes, doctor — you’ll give me time for that? Oh, I have much — so very much to do!’

“I gave the woman instructions to fetch in pen and paper, quickly; but such things are not soon procured in such a spot. When she was gone, I added: ‘And your Maker, who has crowned you with so much of his wealth, how stand your preparations with him?’

“‘Time enough for that, doctor. Let us make the will first. That’s the first thing — that must be done first.’

“He endeavoured to turn him-

self, as if to be ready to dictate; but sudden spasms seized him; he gasped for breath; clutched convulsively my sleeve; groaned, his head fell back, and with a deep sigh, saying half-audibly, 'I have so much — to do!' the days of the great owner of many lands were over. The shrewd foreseer of events, the sagacious speculator, the keen safe bargainer, died, with his chief work unaccomplished — the grand bargain of existence unsecured!

"It has required the sharp ride of to-day, over rock, and stone, and fallen trunk, up steep jagged acclivities, and over many a mile of dark mountain forest, amid the moaning winds and the snapping boughs, to dissipate the black impression of that deathbed. But now for a sleep!"

The three friends threw themselves on their hard couches; and, at break of day, were travelling through a region of magnificent mountains, with a bright sun beaming above them amid flying clouds, towards the hospitable home of the accomplished and popular *Æsculapius*.

A ZOOLOGICAL AUCTION.

WE have been present at auctions of many kinds; we have seen a single gold coin the size of a five-shilling piece sold for two hundred and sixty-five pounds. We have seen a fossil sprat sold for as many sovereigns as it had ribs; and we have seen an ardent

conchologist give a fabulous sum for one single shell, and having obtained it, then and there crush it under his foot, in order that the specimen of this peculiar shell, in his cabinet at home, should still remain the only representative of the species known to exist; but we were never present at an auction which amused us so much as that held at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the twenty-seventh of November last, when the whole collection of animals belonging to that establishment were brought to the hammer.

On the south side of London, zoology, it would appear, is on the decline — music and dancing in the ascendant; for the idea of the proprietor is, having got rid of all his live stock, to build a very large concert-room, capable of holding ten thousand persons, in which M. Jullien and his celebrated band are to give promenade concerts, &c.

It was a dull misty morning when we entered the gardens, some few minutes after the sale had commenced, and they looked the picture of wretchedness. The model of Sebastopol, whose cannon last summer thundered simultaneously with the cannon of its prototype far away in the Crimea, was now silent; the wooden Zouave and the wooden guardsman, wearied with the long siege, were standing at anything but 'tention; what the Allies had done for the real Sebastopol, the elements had done for its model — all was ruin and desolation.

Not far from Sebastopol was the auction going on; the head of Mr. Stevens the auctioneer formed a centre round which the crowd was collected. "Eight shillings for a wax-bill and two cut-throat sparrows. Yours, sir," were the first words that met our ears. "A paradise grakel — nine shillings — thank you, sir. The next lot — a red and yellow macaw. No. There is some mistake — a yellow and blue macaw. What shall we say for this fine bird, gentlemen? Three pounds five — you have a bargain, sir. A sulphur-crested cockatoo — two guineas — mind your fingers, sir; that lot is spiteful. The next lot — an armadillo — what shall I say for the armadillo, gentlemen? Ten shillings? — thirty? — yes, that's more like its value. A pair of flying squirrels — one pound — cheap as things go. Now for the snakes." There were only five snakes for sale, and these all boa-constrictors; one came from South America, the others all from India. The Yankee was bought for five guineas, the others at prices varying from two to four pounds.

The sale was a peripatetic one, and the auctioneer, having descended from his chair, we all followed submissively a man, who carried the chair in one hand and rang a bell with the other. Suddenly the bell ceased; the chair was pitched opposite the aviary, and business began again.

During our short walk we had

time to look about us at the company. There were about five hundred people present, who consisted of regular animal-dealers (very properly represented by Mr. Jamrack of Ratcliff Highway, the greatest animal merchant in the world), of proprietors of shows, both great and small, from the Messrs. Wombwell, who own not less than five travelling menageries, to your scantily clad man who owns the penny show, and who has just bought the smallest and the cheapest of the boa-constrictors, to be shown to gaping villagers at country fairs.

Then we noticed, as the morning papers say, many London bird-stuffers, who came to see if they could pick up something whereon to show their dexterity in taxidermy; also a deputation from the Regent's Park Gardens (now triumphant), as well as from the natural history department of the Crystal Palace. Lastly, many who, like ourselves, came to learn the value of an elephant or a lion. This crowd of naturalists, therefore, halted in front of the hawk's cage, the occupier of which was shortly sold for one pound seven shillings. Then came two Indian falcons, two pounds ten shillings each. Then, a pair of white (or rather whity-brown) storks, — they sold for sixteen shillings; but lately they were sold in Leadenhall Market at two shillings and sixpence each; so somebody was present who evidently did

not know the value of storks. A black stork (being like another black bird well known to school-boys, a rare bird) brought two pounds six shillings. Then followed lot fifty-seven, a pelican, a very amiable, or else a very hungry bird, for he kept jabbering with his great bill at the numerous gloves held out to him, and endeavouring to swallow them. Here a spirited competition began, and the bird was at length knocked down for eighteen guineas. In Egypt, a friend informs me, he lately bought a much finer bird for two shillings, which makes me think seriously of speculating in pelicans. The reason why a pelican sells well is, that he is a good show-bird, and a good attractor of pennies. He is probably at this time shut up in some small cage, inside a house upon wheels, never again to behold his native wilderness; or, according to the showman, his master, pluck blood from his breast to feed his young ones.

The raven (talks well) was not put up for sale. May-be he had talked his master into keeping him; for he was the only lot advertised that was not put up for sale, except an Indian leopard who had died since his name was put in print. Next came the monkeys. Great was the rush to the monkey-house, which was speedily filled, but as speedily emptied again; for Mr. Stevens wisely took up his position outside, under cover of the wooden guns of one of the Sebastopol

batteries. But though the folks were so anxious to see the monkeys, they did not seem equally anxious to buy; for the biddings were few and far between. The first lot was a Rhesus monkey — a fine name for an ugly creature. He was sold for twelve shillings, as also were two more of a similar species. Then followed divers sorts of monkeys rejoicing in divers names, such as bonnet, green sooty, macague, et cetera; but none of them fetched more than ten shillings each; and one of the customers wanted Mr. Stevens to give him an organ into the bargain. Another wanted his monkey — a great savage Barbary ape — delivered immediately, which Mr. S. said he really could not undertake to do, but he would be happy to receive the money for him on the spot.

Lot eighty-three — a Russian cat — was looked forward to with anxiety by sundry persons present. But it turned out to be a very ordinary-looking cat, very like a common English black cat. Besides which, it was kept in a cage, which did not promise well for future domesticity by the fire-side of the enemies of its country: so it was sold for the sum of ten shillings.

It was getting cold, and we all ran off after the bell and the chair, to the opposite side of the gardens. Here, two jackals were the first sold — twenty-four shillings the two. Then a pair of porcupines — good show animals again — eight pounds fifteen

shillings. Then an Indian goat, one four-horned sheep, and one Indian sheep — only two guineas the three; cheap, at that rate, even as mutton. Then followed a red hind (who nearly devoured our catalogue while we were looking another way), for two pounds ten shillings. Then followed the sale of six eagles, namely, two golden eagles, a wedge-tailed eagle, a sea eagle, and two from Chili. These sold at prices varying from two pounds to thirteen shillings; and some of the lot, if I mistake not, are by this time full of hay and tow, with glass eyes in their heads.

Now came the five bears, — the first one certainly as fine a specimen of a brown bear as we ever saw, sold for only six pounds six shillings. The next, also a brown bear, nearly as big, for five pounds. The other two for four pounds, and four pounds ten shillings. Poor things! They also, by this time, are probably defunct; for they were all bought by an eminent hair-dresser in the city.

Shortly afterwards, a hair-dresser with whom we were talking on this subject informed us that some years ago, there was a man in London, who did a good trade in bear's grease, and all with one bear — which one bear he killed three times a week. He kept the bear in an area, where he could be plainly seen by the passers by. At the appointed day the bear was made to retire from the area, and shortly after-

wards, were heard the most dreadful yells and roarings, followed by groans as of the poor bear in the agonies of death at last. All was over and the bear's cage was brought out, apparently empty, and taken off to the docks, as the crowd were duly informed. The next morning another bear was brought back from the docks, and deposited in the area, in his turn to be killed, and so on. But the truth was at last discovered. There was a certain Jew fishmonger, who went by the name of Leather-mouthed Jim, on account of his tremendously powerful voice. This man was hired on bear-killing days to produce the roars and groans of the dying animal, which he did with wonderful accuracy. On one unfortunate day, the hair-dresser would not give the accustomed fee of five shillings. Leather-mouthed Jim immediately told the whole conceit, and the hair-dresser was obliged to shut up his shop.

After the sale of the bears came a hybrid (between a zebra and wild ass), this spiteful brute sold for eight pounds, he was formerly the property of Lord Derby, and when brought up per train from that sale kicked the horse-box to pieces and did ten pounds worth of damage, so that he is dear at any price. A fine ostrich sold for twenty-seven pounds, and a nylghau for nine pounds, both fair prices. Then came the lions and tigers. The first, a fine tigress, sold for

seventy-nine guineas, not her value. The second, a very fine lion, for two hundred guineas; just as the hammer was going down this noble brute stood upright in his den, and looking sternly at the crowd gave a roar of indignation, a fine study for an artist.

The evening was now drawing in, but the people did not seem to show signs of impatience, as the elephant and larger animals remained. "Next we will proceed to the elephant," exclaimed Mr. S. The folding doors opened, and gently led by his keeper, the elephant came forth; sad and demure the poor beast looked, never again to draw his cart full of happy, smiling children round the gravel walks of the Surrey Gardens, receiving biscuit contributions from his young employers.

"Trot him out," cried a bidder, as two hundred guineas were bid.

"By your leave," cries the keeper. The crowd cleared away, and the elephant made a sort of a mock trot; his price went up in the market immediately, and he was finally knocked down to Mr. Batty, the circus proprietor, for three hundred and twenty guineas. He will, therefore, be destined to a life of gas-light and saw-dust in the theatre, instead of breathing the fresh air, and parading the grounds of the Regent's Park Gardens, the managers of which we understood were anxious to buy him.

After the elephant came the

camels, male and female; being stupid, they looked stupid. Nevertheless, the male was knocked down for sixty-two pounds, the female for fifty pounds, to Mr. Edmonds, late of Wombwell's concern. Lastly, came the giraffe. It was too cold for him to come out, and his house was not big enough to hold the good folks present, so that while he was pacing his stall in solitude, the figures two hundred and fifty pounds were put down opposite his name on the catalogue outside. We have been informed on the best authority that the only animals bought in, were the giraffe and the lions, and that the remainder of the animals realised very fair prices in general.

INSULARITIES.

It is more or less the habit of every country — more or less commendable in every case — to exalt itself and its institutions above every other country, and be vain-glorious. Out of the partialities thus engendered and maintained, there has arisen a great deal of patriotism, and a great deal of public spirit. On the other hand, it is of paramount importance to every nation that its boastfulness should not generate prejudice, conventionality, and a cherishing of unreasonable ways of acting and thinking, which have nothing in them

deserving of respect, but are ridiculous or wrong.

We English people, owing in a great degree to our insular position, and in a small degree to the facility with which we have permitted electioneering lords and gentlemen to pretend to think for us, and to represent our weaknesses to us as our strength, have been in particular danger of contracting habits which we will call for our present purpose, Insularities. Our object in this paper, is to string together a few examples.

On the continent of Europe, generally, people dress according to their personal convenience and inclinations. In that capital which is supposed to set the fashion in affairs of dress, there is an especial independence in this regard. If a man in Paris have an idiosyncrasy on the subject of any article of attire between his hat and his boots, he gratifies it without the least idea that it can be anybody's affair but his; nor does anybody else make it his affair. If, indeed, there be anything obviously convenient or tasteful in the peculiarity, then it soon ceases to be a peculiarity, and is adopted by others. If not, it is let alone. In the meantime, the commonest man in the streets does not consider it at all essential to his character as a true Frenchman, that he should howl, stare, jeer, or otherwise make himself offensive to the author of the innovation. That word has ceased to

be Old Boguey to him since he ceased to be a serf, and he leaves the particular sample of innovation to come in or go out upon its merits.

Our strong English prejudice against anything of this kind that is new to the eye, forms one of our decided insularities. It is disappearing before the extended knowledge of other countries consequent upon steam and electricity, but it is not gone yet. The hermetically-sealed, black, stiff, chimney-pot, a foot and a half high, which we call a hat, is generally admitted to be neither convenient nor graceful; but, there are very few middle-aged gentlemen within two hours' reach of the Royal Exchange, who would bestow their daughters on wide-awakes, however estimable the wearers. Smith Payne and Smith, or Ransom and Co., would probably consider a run upon the house not at all unlikely, in the event of their clerks coming to business in caps, or with such felt-fashions on their heads as didn't give them the head-ache, and as they could wear comfortably and cheaply. During the dirt and wet of at least half the year in London, it would be a great comfort and a great saving of expense to a large class of persons, to wear the trousers gathered up about the leg, as a Zouave does, with a long gaiter below — to shift which, is to shift the whole mud-incumbered part of the dress, and to be dry, and clean directly.

To such clerks, and others with much out-door work to do, as could afford it, Jack-boots, a much more costly article, would, for similar reasons, be excellent wear. But what would Griggs and Bodger say to Jack-boots? They would say, "This sort of thing, sir, is not the sort of thing the house has been accustomed to, you will bring the house into the Gazette, you must ravel out four inches of trousers daily, sir, or you must go."

Some years ago, we, the writer, not being in Griggs and Bodger's, took the liberty of buying a great coat which we saw exposed for sale in the Burlington Arcade, London, and which appeared to be in our eyes the most sensible great coat we had ever seen. Taking the further liberty to wear this great coat after we had bought it, we became a sort of Spectre, eliciting the wonder and terror of our fellow creatures as we flitted along the streets. We accompanied the coat to Switzerland for six months; and, although it was perfectly new there, we found it was not regarded as a portent of the least importance. We accompanied it to Paris for another six months; and, although it was perfectly new there too, nobody minded it. This coat so intolerable to Britain, was nothing more nor less than the loose wide-sleeved mantle, easy to put on, easy to put off, and crushing nothing beneath it, which everybody now wears.

During hundreds of years, it was the custom in England to wear beards. It became, in course of time, one of our Insularities to shave close. Whereas, in almost all the other countries of Europe, more or less of moustache and beard was habitually worn, it came to be established in this speck of an island, as an Insularity from which there was no appeal, that an Englishman, whether he liked it or not, must hew, hack, and rasp his chin and upper lip daily. The inconvenience of this infallible test of British respectability was so widely felt, that fortunes were made by razors, razor-strops, hones, pastes, shaving-soaps, emollients for the soothing of the tortured skin, all sorts of contrivances to lessen the misery of the shaving process and diminish the amount of time it occupied. This particular Insularity even went some miles further on the broad highway of Nonsense than other Insularities; for it not only tabooed unshorn civilians, but claimed for one particular and very limited military class the sole right to dispense with razors as to their upper lips. We ventured to suggest in this journal that the prohibition was ridiculous, and to show some reasons why it was ridiculous. The Insularity having no sense in it, has since been losing ground every day.

One of our most remarkable Insularities is a tendency to be firmly persuaded that what is not

English is not natural. In the Fine Arts department of the French Exhibition, recently closed, we repeatedly heard, even from the more educated and reflective of our countrymen, that certain pictures which appeared to possess great merit — of which not the lowest item was, that they possessed the merit of a vigorous and bold Idea — were all very well, but were “theatrical.” Conceiving the difference between a dramatic picture and a theatrical picture, to be, that in the former case a story is strikingly told, without apparent consciousness of a spectator, and that in the latter case the groups are obtrusively conscious of a spectator, and are obviously dressed up, and doing (or not doing) certain things with an eye to the spectator, and not for the sake of the story; we sought in vain for this defect. Taking further pains then, to find out what was meant by the term theatrical, we found that the actions and gestures of the figures were not English. That is to say, — the figures expressing themselves in the vivacious manner natural in a greater or less degree to the whole great continent of Europe, were overcharged and out of the truth, because they did not express themselves in the manner of our little Island — which is so very exceptional, that it always places an Englishman at a disadvantage, out of his own country, until his fine sterling qualities shine

through his external formality and constraint. Surely nothing can be more unreasonable, say, than that we should require a Frenchman of the days of Robespierre, to be taken out of his jail to the guillotine with the calmness of Clapham or the respectability of Richmond Hill, after a trial at the Central Criminal Court in eighteen hundred and fifty-six. And yet this exactly illustrates the requirement of the particular Insularity under consideration.

When shall we get rid of the Insularity of being afraid to make the most of small resources, and the best of scanty means of enjoyment? In Paris (as in innumerable other places and countries) a man who has six square feet of yard, or six square feet of housetop, adorns it in his own poor way, and sits there in the fine weather because he likes to do it, because he chooses to do it, because he has got nothing better of his own, and has never been laughed out of the enjoyment of what he has got. Equally, he will sit at his door, or in his balcony, or out on the pavement, because it is cheerful and pleasant and he likes to see the life of the city. For the last seventy years his family have not been tormenting their lives with continual enquiries and speculations whether other families, above and below, to the right and to the left, over the way and round the corner, would consider these recreations genteel,

or would do the like, or would not do the like. That abominable old Tyrant, Madame Grundy, has never been of his acquaintance. The result is, that, with a very small income and in a very dear city, he has more innocent pleasure than fifty Englishmen of the same condition; and is distinctly, in spite of our persuasion to the contrary (another Insularity!) a more domestic man than the Englishman, in regard of his simple pleasures being, to a much greater extent, divided with his wife and children. It is a natural consequence of their being easy and cheap, and profoundly independent of Madame Grundy.

But, this Insularity rests, not to the credit of England, on a more palpable foundation than perhaps any other. The old school of Tory writers did so pertinaciously labor to cover all easily available recreations and cheap reliefs from the monotony of common life, with ridicule and contempt, that great numbers of the English people got scared into being dull, and are only now beginning to recover their courage. The object of these writers, when they had any object beyond an insolent disparagement of the life-blood of the nation, was to jeer the weaker members of the middle class into making themselves a poor fringe on the skirts of the class above them, instead of occupying their own honest, honorable, independent place. Unfortunately they suc-

ceeded only too well, and to this grievous source may be traced many of our present political ills. In no country but England have the only means and scenes of relaxation within the reach of some million or two of people been systematically lampooned and derided. This disgraceful Insularity exists no longer. Still, some weak traces of its contemptuous spirit may occasionally be found, even in very unlikely places. The accomplished Mr. Macaulay, in the third volume of his brilliant History, writes loftily about "the thousands of clerks and milliners who are now thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond." No such responsible gentleman, in France or Germany, writing history — writing anything — would think it fine to sneer at any inoffensive and useful class of his fellow subjects. If the clerks and milliners — who pair off arm in arm, by thousands, for Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, to celebrate the Early Closing Movement, we presume — will only imagine their presence poisoning those waters to the majestic historian as he roves along the banks, looking for Whig Members of Parliament to sympathise with him in admiration of the beauties of Nature, we think they will be amply avenged in the absurdity of the picture.

Not one of our Insularities is so astonishing in the eyes of an intelligent foreigner, as the Court

Newsman. He is one of the absurd little obstructions perpetually in the way of our being understood abroad. The quiet greatness and independence of the national character seems so irreconcilable with its having any satisfaction in the dull slip-slop about the slopes and the gardens, and about the Prince Consort's going a-hunting and coming back to lunch, and about Mr. Gibbs and the ponies, and about the Royal Highnesses on horseback and the Royal infants taking carriage exercise, and about the slopes and the gardens again, and the Prince Consort again, and Mr. Gibbs and the ponies again, and the Royal Highnesses on horseback again, and the Royal infants taking carriage exercise again, and so on for every day in the week and every week in the year, that in questions of importance the English as a people, really miss their just recognition. Similar small beer is chronicled with the greatest care about the nobility in their country-houses. It is in vain to represent that the English people don't care about these insignificant details, and don't want them; that aggravates the misunderstanding. If they don't want them, why do they have them? If they feel the effect of them to be ridiculous, why do they consent to be made ridiculous? If they can't help it, why, then the bewildered foreigner submits that he was right at first, and that it is not the English

people that is the power, but Lord Aberdeen, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord Aldborough, or Lord Knowswhom.

It is an Insularity well worth general consideration and correction, that the English people are wanting in self-respect. It would be difficult to bear higher testimony to the merits of the English aristocracy than they themselves afford in not being very arrogant or intolerant, with so large a public always ready to abase themselves before titles. On all occasions, public and private, where the opportunity is afforded, this readiness is to be observed. So long as it obtains so widely, it is impossible that we should be justly appreciated and comprehended, by those who have the greatest part in ruling us. And thus it happens that now we are facetiously pooh-poohed by our Premier in the English capital, and now the accredited representatives of our arts and sciences are disdainfully slighted by our Ambassador in the French capital, and we wonder to find ourselves in such curious and disadvantageous comparison with the people of other countries. Those people may, through many causes, be less fortunate and less free; but, they have more social self-respect: and that self-respect must, through all their changes, be deferred to, and will assert itself. We apprehend that few persons are disposed to contend that Rank does not receive its

due share of homage on the continent of Europe; but, between the homage it receives there, and the homage it receives in our island, there is an immense difference. Half-a-dozen dukes and lords, at an English county ball, or public dinner, or any tolerably miscellaneous gathering, are painful and disagreeable company; not because they have any disposition unduly to exalt themselves, or are generally otherwise than cultivated and polite gentlemen, but, because too many of us are prone to twist ourselves out of shape before them, into contortions of servility and adulation. Elsewhere, Self-respect usually steps in to prevent this; there is much less toadying and tuft-hunting; and the intercourse between the two orders is infinitely more agreeable to both, and far more edifying to both.

It is one of our Insularities, if we have a royal or titled visitor among us, to use expressions of slavish adulation in our public addresses that have no response in the heart of any breathing creature, and to encourage the diffusion of details respecting such visitor's devout behaviour at church, courtly behaviour in reception-rooms, decent behaviour at dinner-tables, implying previous acquaintance with the uses of knife, fork, spoon, and wine-glass, — which would really seem to denote that we had expected Orson. These doubtful compliments are paid

nowhere else, and would not be paid by us if we had a little more self-respect. Through our intercourse with other nations, we cannot too soon import some. And when we have left off representing, fifty times a day, to the King of Brentford and the Chief Tailor of Tooley Street, that their smiles are necessary to our existence, those two magnificent persons will begin to doubt whether they really are so, and we shall have begun to get rid of another Insularity.

BEN SERRAQ.

THE French-Algerian magistrate's chaouch or sheriff's-officer, Djilali by name, was recovering a little from the out-of-countenance condition into which he had been thrown by his failure in giving a miraculous turn to the embezzlement of a couple of sacks of wheat from the backs of a pair of donkeys: he straightened his back, stood stiff on his legs, and abruptly entered with ineffable zeal on the discharge of his functions as chief-constable and crier-of-the-court. He felt himself in one of those happy moments when, after having well deserved a good beating, he was ready to transfer the favour to the first person he met. He was an eight-day clock wound up again, when just at the point of running down and coming to a stop. As he opened and shut the police-room

doors with the loudest bangings and clappings — shouting for the plaintiffs to appear, and hustling everybody who stood in his way as he swaggered about the antechamber — the assembly present, still impressed with the sack-and-donkey scene they had witnessed, whispered from mouth to mouth and from ear to ear that, in the memory of mekrazeni, so accomplished a chaouch had never been seen.

Suddenly, a confused noise was heard out of doors. As it approached, the sounds grew louder; and at last the ear could distinguish the most energetic oaths in the Arab language, and the music which proceeds from fisticuffs and kicks when applied to divers parts of the human body. Djilali's voice rose above the tumult, and his stick accompanied the melody of his voice. Finally, the door opened, and a group of men, singularly interlaced together, rolled into, rather than entered the room. When Djilali, by a succession of the most skilful movements, had succeeded in putting a little restraint and order into this tempestuous storm of arms and legs, the eye could manage to distinguish a group of five men, four of whom had quite enough to do to enforce on the fifth a little respect. The last-named worthy was of lofty stature and vigorously limbed. His garments torn to shreds, and his sorry face, attested participation in a recent struggle; but his hands, tied be-

hind his back and fastened by a rope to his neck, were evidence that he had not been victorious. His companions held him fast with a degree of caution which showed that even in the state to which he was reduced, they were not quite sure he would not make his escape. Four ropes' ends, which dangled from his wrists and his neck, were tightly grasped with exaggerated uneasiness and tenacity. Scarcely had the five new comers subsided into calmness, when an unanimous exclamation arose from the midst of the audience, "'Tis Ben Serraq! What has he been doing now?"

M. Richard, the presiding magistrate, inquired somewhat severely:

"What has the man done, that you should bring him bound in that cruel way?"

"'Tis Ben Serraq!" was the answer he received from the quartette of voices.

"Ah, Ben Serraq! A professional robber belonging to the Sefhha, is he not?"

"The very same!" said the Coryphæus of the associated plaintiffs.

"Yes, sure enough; 'tis I, Ben Serraq," growled the prisoner, in a voice which reminded you of a wild beast roaring at night.

"But I was informed that he had amended his mode of life, and that lately he has been living at peace with his neighbours?"

"I have always lived at peace

with my neighbours. I am a good Mussulman, fearing Allah and the law. I am calumniated."

"Hold your tongue," said the court, "and do not speak till you are spoken to."

"It is true," explained plaintiff number one, "that, for some time past, he has let us be quiet, and only committed distant robberies; but a few days since, he stole one of our bullocks."

"Sidi Bou Krari!" roared the savage. "How dare they slander a poor innocent creature like me in that way?"

"But is the fact clearly proved?" the president inquired. "How did it occur?"

"It is as plain as can be," stated plaintiff number two. "There is not the least doubt about the matter."

"That's what you get by serving the French!" muttered Ben Serraq, with the air of a Cato. "What ingratitude, gracious Allah, Lord of the universe!"

At this juncture, Djilali received orders to prevent the accused, by any means whatever, from making lengthy interruptions to the recital of the plaintiffs' wrongs. As to short exclamations that will break forth, the chaouch might allow them to burst from their safety-valve, seeing the material impossibility of confining them within the lips of a subject like the present defendant.

"Come, then," said the court, decidedly, "one of you explain the business."

"Don't mind what they say," Ben Serraq roared out. "They are liars. Besides, they have a spite against me."

"As I said just now," the complainant stated, "the case is plain. Our herds were grazing in the neighbourhood of Ben Serraq's tent. On driving them home in the evening we discovered that a bullock was missing. My brethren and myself immediately took the field, to discover some trace of the robbery, but we could discover nothing. At last, after several days of fruitless search, it entered into our heads to have a look at Ben Serraq's tent. We had suspected him, in consequence of what had happened some months previously."

"Barbarians!" yelled the untamed innocent; "to violate the tent of an honest Mussulman!"

"But we had no need to enter it; which, moreover, we should not have done without the kaïd's authorisation."

"Quite right," said the magistrate, approvingly.

"We met his wife, as she was coming from the water."

"What an abomination!" howled the biped brute; "to stop a woman on the road!"

"And who, for the promise of a trifling reward, told us the whole affair?"

"A capital witness! — a she-beggar, who betrays me!"

"She explained that it was her husband who stole our bullock,

in order to provide himself with a store of salt meat."

"Sidi Bou Krari! That a woman should lie like that!"

"She then showed us several goat-skins filled with the meat."

"As if a Mussulman were not allowed to keep salted meat in his tent!"

"And, to remove all doubt as to where the meat came from, she showed us the bullock's head lying in one corner of the tent, still in a state sufficiently preserved to enable us to recognise the animal."

"What a horrible she-vagabond! But her evidence is good for nothing; I had given her a beating not two days before."

"Our only thought then was to seize the wild-boar who is now before you. There was the difficulty; for this son of Satan is as strong as no one else, and can knock down a camel with a blow of his fist."

"What a joke! I am as mild as a sheep."

"Twenty of us met in company, and at dawn of day, informed by his wife —"

"What a pity I did not strangle her, as I meant to!"

"Informed by his wife that he was still asleep, we rushed down upon him; and, after a hard struggle, contrived to bind him in the way you see, as he lay on his mat."

"Sidi Abd-Allah! What treachery! To attack a good Mussulman as he lay asleep!"

"And a good thing it was that we did attack him in that way; for, although he was hardly awake, he managed, while he was wrestling with us, to break one of Oulid Sekrad's legs, and to put out one of Ali Oud Ama's eyes. He smashed in five or six of poor Bou Senan's teeth, and bit Otsman Oud Messassit's back savagely."

"Justice of the Master of the World! is it possible to lie in this way? On the contrary, I have been half killed by you. Don't you see my face is covered with blood?"

"Son of a dog! you well know the blood is from poor Oud Messassit's body."

"Sidi Abd-Allah!" exclaimed Ben Serraq. But it was of no use invoking the saints. Djilali called for a towel and a basin of water, and with them washed Ben Serraq's face. The experiment established the fact that that interesting individual had not received the slightest scratch, and that the bite on the unfortunate Oud Messassit's back must have been the only source of the stains.

"Well, Ben Serraq," said the president; "although I cannot entertain any reasonable doubt of your guilt, you are, nevertheless, at liberty to speak — let us hear what you have to say in justification."

"Ah! I am allowed to explain! Well; you will soon see! In the first place, my wife is a she-

vagabond — everybody knows it — don't they, Djilali?"

But Djilali, who was particularly anxious to conceal all cognisance of the defendant's affairs, only replied, "May your tent catch fire! Pray, what connection have I ever had with you, that I should know how your wife employs herself?"

"Very well; 'tis of no consequence. But the fact is notorious and incontestable — the she-dog betrays my honour."

"I will take your word for it," said the court; "and then?—"

"She has taken a fancy to Oud Raï, whose people's shepherds have treated me so shamefully. I have often said to her, 'Fatma, my darling, things cannot go on in this manner; your improper conduct sets everybody talking, and a modest and virtuous man, like myself, will soon be the laughing-stock of the whole country, and that on your account. Mind what you are about, else I shall be obliged to beat you; and you are aware, my beloved, that, when I do hit, I hit rather hard.'"

"But I do not see what reference your matrimonial tribulations can have to the business now before us."

"I beg your pardon — you will see directly. I admonished her, therefore, with the utmost gentleness, in accordance with my natural disposition. But it was a waste of time and breath. She persevered in her infamous conduct till I was obliged, as a gen-

tleman, to administer to her and to Oud Raï one day, a considerable number of kicks and thumps."

"But, again I ask, what have these details to do with the theft of which you stand accused? Explain yourself, more clearly."

"What! cannot a man of your great genius see, now, how things have been managed?"

"I have an idea I can; but probably not in the same light as you do."

"What! don't you see that Oud Raï and my wretch of a wife, to be avenged of the beating I gave them, have subtracted the bullock in question without my knowledge, and have cut it up in my tent, in order to compromise me with the authorities? Sidi Bou Krari! it is as clear as the sun, that. Don't you see that I am a virtuous husband calumniated by a criminal wife?"

A subdued murmur, mingled with stifled laughter arose in the assembly at the victim air which Ben Serraq tried hard to assume, and also at listening to the singular pleading which he had improvised.

"Ben Serraq," said the magistrate, in a sceptical tone, "your case must be a very bad one, to compel you to employ such poor arguments for its defence. How could your wife play you such a trick as you describe without your knowledge, since your accusers found your tent filled with the animal's remains, the head

particularly being so conspicuous and recognisable an object?"

"What is there extraordinary in that?" asked Ben Serraq, not in the slightest degree disconcerted. "My wife is so artful, and I am so simple and innocent, that she could easily contrive to conceal the matter."

"Come; these are wretched arguments. For a man like you, who has had so many transactions with the authorities, it is not a clever way of getting out of the scrape."

"I invoke Allah and his justice!" screamed Ben Serraq with the throat of a wild boar. "I am a poor persecuted innocent; here is nothing proved against me, absolutely nothing. The case at least is doubtful, — that is incontestable, — and in cases of doubt the law requires me to take an oath. Put me on my oath; I will swear on the Koran, on Sidi Bou Krari, on whatever book you please, I am as innocent as a suckling."

"No doubt. You will take a hundred oaths as readily as one. But, unfortunately for you, I have not forgotten your previous character, and must consider the charge as completely established."

"Allah! Lord of the Universe! Justice is not to be had in this country."

"Honest men will say the contrary, when they hear you are caught, and especially when they see you transported to France: whither I intend requesting you to be sent."

"That's the reward people get for serving the French!" swaggered Ben Serraq, as Coriolanus might have done when banished by ungrateful Rome.

"Not bad, by my faith! You doubtless consider you are rendering people a service by easing them of their purses."

"I have been of service to you in time of warfare, by marching constantly at the head of your columns."

"True; you have sometimes marched at the head of our columns as a guide; but most assuredly you insisted upon heavy wages, as far as I can recollect. Besides, that is no reason why you should be allowed, in recompense, to plunder the whole race. You ought to have reformed, as you promised you would, and then we should have forgotten the past."

"I am slandered! I am a victim!"

"Retain that idea for your consolation, and hold your tongue. Djilali, take some of the men on guard and lead this fellow to prison."

"Sidi, Sidi!" pleaded Ben Serraq, "can you not deliver me from these bonds, which give me horrible pain?"

"Very well; I will. Djilali, unfasten the ropes, which, in fact, are a little too tight. It is impossible for him to make his escape now; only, take some of the cavalry with you, and keep a sharp eye on him on the way to prison."

"O, Sidi! such precautions are unnecessary. I am as gentle as a lamb." And Ben Serraq made his exit escorted by a numerous suite of mekrazenis, at the head of whom was Djilali, and who, feeling the greatness of his responsibility, marched as if he were carrying the world. But an Arab chief in alliance with the French, named Ben Safi, whispered to the president as soon as the prisoner had disappeared,

"Perhaps you were wrong to let his arms be untied."

"That is rather too good," the magistrate replied. "How, do you suppose, can he contrive to escape from the custody of ten soldiers, and in the midst of the town?"

"I have seen him escape," Ben Safi explained, "under circumstances that would make one believe there was something diabolical in his composition. One night, when he had the impudence to come and rob in my own smala, we contrived to seize him by killing the horse he had stolen from us, and under which it chanced that he was caught as it fell. I had his hands tied behind his back, and I ordered one of my men to kill him like a dog, from behind, with a pistol-shot. The shot was fired; but my gentleman, instead of dropping down dead, as he ought to have done, jumped up as lively as a grasshopper, and disappeared as if a flash of lightning had carried him off. The bullet had only cut

the cords which bound him, and had been flattened on the palm of his hand. We were stupefied with astonishment."

"And well you might be!" said the official head of the Arab bureau, beginning to feel a little fidgety. "I now believe I should have acted more prudently if I had forbidden his being unpinioned till he was safely lodged in prison."

"I am sure you would;" interposed Ben Tekrouide, a second friendly chief. "I have always been told that this fellow is a perfect demon, in human shape. At the market of Kremis, he once robbed a man of his ass, without his being aware of the theft, although he was sitting on its back at the time."

"Indeed!" said the magistrate, in a fidget. "I should be very glad to know that he was definitely in custody under lock and key."

"He has the strength of twenty men," observed Ben Maoudj, a third philo-Gallic chieftain. "He once stole a camel laden with wheat from a caravan proceeding to the south; and, as the animal was unable to travel over the rocky road by which he wanted to pass, he took it on his back, wheat and all, and carried it in that way for half-a-night's march."

"That must be a slight exaggeration," remarked the president, now feeling horribly uncomfortable. "Nevertheless, I should like to be quite sure that

he had reached the inside of the prison walls. They are very long about it; they ought to be back by this time."

"Do you wish that I should go and see?" asked Ben Safi, pitying his friend's uneasiness.

"I shall be much obliged to you."

At the moment when Ben Safi was leaving the court, a distant clamour was heard from without, followed by several successive gunshots. A sound of many footsteps was audible, as if a crowd of men were approaching. The doors were thrown open violently, and Djilali made his appearance. His clothes were torn and soiled with dirt, and his right eye seemed to have suffered severely.

"Ouf!" he puffed out, "my back is broken! May Sidi Abd-Allah burn me, if he is a man."

"Explain yourself. Tell me!" said the court, on thorns. "Ben Serraq? —"

"Ben Serraq, indeed? If ever you contrive to get him into prison, I will consent to be roasted alive."

"He has escaped, then?"

"How should it be otherwise: he is the devil in person!"

"Have the goodness to tell me how you could have been so stupid as to let a single man break away from ten of you."

"The thing was very simple, and he was not long about it. When we got to the prison, at the instant when they opened the door, he unceremoniously seized the

sentinel's gun; he twisted it round like the sails of a windmill, and threw down three-fourths of our number flat on our backs. I immediately rushed upon him; together with the rest who were still on their legs, and you see" — here he exhibited his exterior, including his black and swollen eye — "what I got by it. After having nearly felled me by putting his doubled fist into my eye, he seized me by the skin, and threw me, like a bundle of old clothes, on the top of my comrades. We were all left rolling pell-mell together; and, when I got up, I saw that demon already landed on the other side of the river. The guard came out and fired more than thirty musket-shots at him while he was climbing up the bank; but, bless me! they might just as well have dusted his back with pepper and salt. The bullets were flattened without hurting him."

"The thing is prodigious!"

"After he got to the other side of the river, no one knows what became of him. Some say that he burrowed into the ground, whilst others declare that he took flight with a couple of great black wings that suddenly grew out of his sides and unfolded wide. The soldiers belonging to the guard will have it that he laid hold of a horse that was grazing there, that he jumped on its back, and set off at full gallop."

LANGTHWAITE.

LANGTHWAITE was in a state of excitement; its morals were perturbed, and its ideas confused; its old landmarks were being swept away, and it did not approve of its new landmarks. Langthwaite notions were being assaulted, and Langthwaite's morality was put to shame. Madame Floriani, the Italian widow, had dared to defy the authority and disturb the influence of Mr. Bentley, the young incumbent. Was Langthwaite to be ruled over by a strange woman who introduced foreign customs, and upset the existing institutions, or was its government to be a virtuous hierarchy as before? Was the cousin of a dean, or the widow of an Italian count, to be considered the first personage of the vale? This grave question was what Langthwaite was called on to decide; and the quiet valley in the heart of the mountains lashed itself into a state of perturbation, strongly suggestive of the famous tempest that was brewed in a teapot.

The origin of the evil was this:—

When old Jacob White the miser, who built Whitefield House of stone and marble, and furnished it with painted deal and calico—died, he left all his wealth to a certain niece of his, his sister's child, who had been born and bred and married in Rome, and who was now Count Floriani's widow. She was his

only relative; and, although it went sorely against him to leave his wealth to one who was more than half a foreigner, yet family pride at last conquered national prejudice, and Madame la Comtessa Floriani was made the heiress of Whitefield House and the lands circumjacent. This good fortune brought that Romanised young Englishwoman from the blue skies and rich light of Italy, to a remote village in the heart of the Cumberland mountains.

The society of Langthwaite was peculiar, and beyond measure dull. Dull, because bigoted. The ideas of the denizens ran in the narrowest of all narrow gauges, out of which not a mind dared to move. The peculiarity of Langthwaite was its power of condemnation. Everything was wicked in its more than puritanic eyes. Life was a huge snare; the affections were temptations; amusements were sins; pleasure was a crime; novel-writers "had much to answer for," and novel-readers were next door to iniquity; an actor was a being scarcely less reprehensible than a murderer; and an artist was lost to all moral sense—if, indeed, it ever chanced that artists were spoken of at all, for the Langthwaite intellect did not penetrate far into the regions of art. No one "living in the world" had a conscience, and no foreigners had the faintest notion of virtue. Langthwaite was the centre of salvation, and out-

side its sphere revolved desolation and ruin.

There was a national school at Langthwaite, where all the ladies went on different days and at different hours, to superintend, some the work, and some the spelling; and there was a Sunday school where everyone fought for a class. It was the *cordon bleu* of Langthwaite to have a class in the Sunday school. There were a great many dissenting chapels, and a great many missionary meetings. Religious excitement being the principal dissipation at Langthwaite, school feasts, Dorcas meetings, district visitings, missionary sermons, awakening preachings, and prayer meetings, were infinite. The parish clergyman, Mr. Bentley, said that the parish was well-worked; and so it was. It was worked until its mental condition was in such a state of turmoil and unrest that no one knew exactly what to believe.

To this society came Rosa Floriani, the widow of an Italian artist-count, certainly, and the semi-papistical latitudinarian, perhaps. Why she came to Langthwaite seemed a mystery to many. But it was in truth no mystery: — she thought it was only right to live among her tenants, and to do her best to the society which gave her her fortune.

She was a beautiful woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with fine blue eyes, and light auburn hair, as soft

and shining as silk, braided in two thick wavy masses of imprisoned curls. She was very pale, as if she had lived much in darkened rooms; but her lips were red, and so were her nostrils. She was about the middle size; one of those women with small bones and soft outlines who keep young and supple to the last. She was negligent but coquettish in her dress; with such taste in all her arrangements, that, when she received her visitors in a white muslin dressing-gown and small morning-cap, clinging, like trellis-work against flowers, to the curling hair, she seemed to be far better dressed than the Miss Grandvilles in their silks and satins, and jewellery and lace, and grander than their grand carriage with a footman six feet high. She was excessively indolent in her habits; at least the Langthwaite world said so; never, by any chance, "dressed" at eleven or twelve o'clock, which was the general time for paying morning visits in that part of the world; and always receiving her *monde*, as she called them, upstairs in her dressing-room, in this kind of pretty negligence — very often wearing slippers, not shoes; little slippers of blue, or rose, or brown satin, trimmed round with lace and ribbon, clacking on the ground as she walked, for they had no heels. And indeed it was said that Madame Floriani had been seen in the middle of the day, and even

in the evening, in the same undress, which was very near to a crime in Langthwaite. But her abode was worse than her attire. She had fitted up Whitefield House with all her Roman treasures, and they scandalised Langthwaite. The Miss Grandvilles said they were quite shocked, and Mr. Bentley spoke through his nose, and sighed as he called the pretty woman "heathenish." She had casts of many of the best statuary set about her apartments — Saint Catherine's Marriage, the Madonna, Saint Sebastian, the Judgment of Paris, a Venus or two, and a few martyrdoms. All this was like fire to stubble among the people of Langthwaite. But Madame Floriani, totally unconscious of the effect she was producing, only thought the Langthwaitians very cold in matters of art, and strangely ignorant of real merit.

She was an artist herself; and sometimes when they came in their grand, stiff, expensive, and ungraceful toilettes, they found her dressed in a man's brown holland blouse, girded with a broad leathern band: while a little blue velvet cap, with a long tassel, was stuck jauntily on the top of her graceful head, just above those curly handfuls of bright auburn hair. Whereat they were doubly shocked; and the Miss Grandvilles, very tall, bony and desiccated gladiators, said she was really very unfeminine, and that it positively was not proper.

Madame Floriani's worst enemy

was Mr. Bentley. Mr. Bentley was the young incumbent of Langthwaite. He was not more than thirty as it was, and he looked like twenty. He was a tall, round, boyish person, with a round face, and round cheeks highly coloured, an innocent little snub nose, with those wide flat nostrils that make a grey-beard look a youth, light-grey eyes, narrow shoulders, red hands — very red — with the fingers always swollen, as if from chronic chilbains, and a full, unformed mouth, swollen, too, like a boy's. But in spite of this round face, with its ludicrous boyishness, Mr. Bentley had taken up the condemnatory and ascetic side. His sermons breathed more than Judaic severity; hatred of pleasure, hatred of art, hatred of liberation, hatred of everything but extreme Calvinistic tenets, church-going, and missionary meetings. This was Mr. Bentley's profession of faith as far as he dare utter it even in Langthwaite. Yet his solemn looks and severe words were in such ludicrous contrast to that round, red, apple-face of his, which nature intended to express jollity, that more than once Madame Floriani looked up and laughed, saying, with her sweet voice and foreign accent, "But, Monsieur l'Abbé, assuredly you do not believe in yourself when you speak so!"

Which words used to make Mr. Bentley furious. As he said to the Miss Grandvilles, his fast

allies, it was very painful to see Madame Floriani's unconverted state of mind. Thus the war between the pretty foreign woman and the grave young clergyman went on, and Langthwaite stood aghast.

Madame Floriani thought she must do something for the place; so, after every one had called, she began to give parties. Everyone went to the first out of curiosity. Even Mr. Bentley who disapproved of her so much that he called nearly every day at Whitefield — to try and convert her — even he went. Though in general he was never seen at any evening party, where the object was not to sing hymns and hear a chapter expounded. But he made an exception. Madame Floriani had arranged her rooms very prettily. She had brought in all the flowers from the greenhouse, and placed them about the hall and drawing-room. She had wreathed the chandeliers with evergreens mixed in with flowers; while large baskets of flowers, evergreens, and moss, were placed on pedestals all about, and brilliantly lighted. The rooms were a flood of light, all excepting the little room off the drawing-room, which old Jacob White had called the study, and which Madame Rosa said was her boudoir; and this was dark. One candelabrum of two wax-lights only, placed on a beautiful little buhl table, reflected by two large mirrors set in deep gold frames of grapes and vine leaves,

and falling on a marble statue of Ariadne, set within a draperied recess — this was all the light which Madame Floriani allowed in her boudoir. Many objects of art were about; there were models of the Coliseum and the Tower of Pisa, of the Lion in the Rock of Lucerne, of the Parthenon at Athens, and there were busts of famous men — Dante, and Petrarch, and Tasso — and pictures; a Magdalen by Correggio, a Venus by Giorgione, and views of Italy and Greece; and there was a carved book-case full of splendidly bound books, one was clasped with ivory and one had precious stones upon the cover; these, with curtains and draperies of rich rose-coloured silk, made up the furniture of Madame Rosa's boudoir. A new style of room in Langthwaite. They could not understand it. The soft dim light, the living beauty on the walls, the wealth, the art, the management of effect, all perplexed the worthy mountaineers, and went far to convict Madame Floriani of some undesirable characteristics. The Miss Grandvilles, who led public opinion on matters of taste and propriety, peered into it curiously, but stepped back again immediately, as if it had been a sorcerer's cave; and by way of being facetiously condemnatory, spoke to Madame Floriani of the "great white woman in the corner" as something they did not understand, nor quite approve of.

The widow looked at them with the surprised open-eyed look that had become familiar to her since she came to Langthwaite, and then with her silvery good-humoured laugh cried out, "Why, my dear mademoiselle, that is Ariadne!"

"I wonder how you can like those horrible Greek stories!" said the eldest Miss Grandville severely. "We who know so much better things, to encourage those dreadful superstitions and idolatries in any way — it is shocking!"

"But, my dear demoiselle, you don't think that I believe in Ariadne as the Greeks did!" said Madame Rosa. "It's the art, not the goddess one loves!"

"Art!" cried Miss Granville, disdainfully, "art! What is art, I should like to know, but the worship of the creature. Art is more nearly successful, Madame Floriani, than I am afraid you think it is?"

"Ah, mademoiselle! pity me, spare me! I have been brought up among the great things of art, and opened my eyes on the Coliseum — I have lived where Michael Angelo worked — I have drank in love of art with my first breath. I cannot forget its rich lessons in this ascetic doctrine of yours. On the contrary, I find in your beautiful country so much to love and admire, that I wonder you are so little gifted with the power of appreciating and reproducing the beauty He has created."

This was a long speech for Madame Rosa, and strangely free from foreign idioms. For she was excited, and forgot to be careful.

"My dear Madame," said Mrs. Bentley, solemnly; "you speak of natural religion only."

"Come! come! we must not discuss theology at a soirée," she exclaimed, "that would be a misuse of time indeed. Will you waltz, Miss Grandville!" And before that horrified lady could return an answer, the pretty widow had glided across the room in her peculiar manner of grace and lightness; and, going to the piano, dashed into a maddening waltz. Now, to begin with, only two young ladies of the Langthwaite's society could waltz, and these were the daughters of a retired Captain, who had the good luck to own relatives in London. But they were thought bold and light in Langthwaite (although as good girls as ever breathed), because they went to the opera and the theatres when they were in town, and confessed to the polka, and waltzing. They were very pretty, lively, and good-natured; and when Madame Rosa played her waltz, they both stood up and said, that if others would dance they would. There was no response. Some said, "What bold girls those Miss Winters are!" and others, "Oh! Laura and Helen Winter will go the whole way with any woman of the world! We can't expect any-

thing from them." And one old maid, who had never had an offer, nor heard a word of love in her life, bit the end off the adjective "disgusting," and flounced her shawl — Shetland — tightly round her, as she thanked Heaven, that she had never done such a thing when she was young! And then when Rosa turned round on her music-stool, with her hands in her lap, and said, "Eh bien! who will dance?" Mr. Bentley came up, "Excuse me, Madame Floriani," he said rather nervously, for the widow looked so arch and lovely, that it required all Langthwaite severity to resist her. "You are a stranger to our customs, and you do not understand us yet. I hope that after you have been among us for a little time we shall be good friends and be able to work together. But we have banished all these frivolities from Langthwaite. My flock, I am happy to say, does not dance."

"Not dance, Monsieur! and why?" cried Rosa, with a burst of laughter, real southern laughter, such as you never hear in polite society in England now.

"I look on dancing, Madame Floriani, as an invention of the enemy."

"What enemy? — the Russians? Oh no, I assure you, les Russes did not introduce the dance. That is drôle; I did not know you were such good patriots down here!" And she laughed again.

"But Madame Floriani," said

Miss Grandville, coming to the rescue; "we don't ourselves think dancing proper."

"Not proper!" said Rosa, flushing to her temples, "what monstrous ideas! What impropriety can there be in a party of young people amusing themselves with dancing or anything else convenient?"

"It is a worldly amusement," said Miss Grandville stiffly.

"And a degradation of the immortal nature," said Mr. Bentley.

Madame Rosa looked from one to the other as if they had been Aztecs or Red Indians, or any other unusual specimens of humanity; then, utterly unable to find any sort of answer to such sentiments, turned back to the piano and rattled off a brilliant fantasia, which no one understood and every one thought noisy.

It was the same with the games that Madame Rosa proposed. For, when dancing was forbidden, she thought she would enliven her society by games. At first every one refused to take part in them. They were dull, childish, uninteresting, a waste of time; but at last she gained over some of the younger girls to a stray Cantab or two, whom she had managed to get hold of somehow, no one knew how. "She must have fished them out of the lake," said Miss Grandville; for, indeed, Cantabs were rare animals in Langthwaite, owing to the character for dullness and cant which that beauti-

ful vale had gained in the university. A few used to come, certainly: generally pale young men wearing spectacles and afflicted with colds; but Madame Floriani soon learnt to distinguish the various types, and to fly this type as she would poison. Yet even when she had gone so far as to positively establish games at her soirées, the Miss Grandvilles and the Bentleyites used to sit by grimly, and protest in loud whispers against the downward course of things in Langthwaite.

Madame Floriani was almost disheartened. Had it not been for that strange little bit of principle in her, that she owed it to the society of her place to do something pleasant for it, she would have given up the attempt of amusing it in despair. But it was a matter of conscientiousness, and she did not like to be defeated. Fortunately, just at the moment when she was most dispirited, she found that she had really made some way. Her fascinating manners, her beauty, her grace, her knowledge of the world, the purity and innocence of her mind, her tact, and her imperturbable good-humour, at last had their weight. Added to which exterior circumstances, that great want of the human heart — that want of life, of pleasure, of sensation, which no ascetic folly can destroy, however it may distort — began to make itself felt. The Miss Winters and many of the younger

girls ranged themselves on Madame Floriani's side. They helped her in her soirées; they played at her games; they shared her picnics; they shot at her archery meetings, nay they even danced to her waltzes; though Mr. Bentley was so angry that he did not speak to Miss Laura when he met her the next day, because he said, as the eldest, she ought to have known better, and was leading her younger sisters to destruction. Which made Laura cry, poor girl; but Helen called their incumbent a detestable little fellow; though she felt as if she had spoken blasphemy when she said it. Altogether Langthwaite was decidedly divided into two parties, because of the waltzing that went on at Madame Floriani's Wednesday evenings.

No one could understand Mr. Bentley. He was the bitterest enemy Madame Floriani had; at least to judge by his conversation; and, yet, if it were so, why did he go so constantly to Whitefield House? and why, if he disapproved so highly of her conduct, did he still continue to attend her evening parties? He never missed one, by any chance, though the Miss Grandvilles and others were only waiting for his lead to follow him to open secession. And why did he turn pale when he saw her coming down the lane, and why did he turn red when he shook her hand? Miss Augusta Grandville, the youngest — she was thirty-four — who

had been the beauty of the family and gave herself still the airs of a juvenile — Miss Augusta who had always been his fast ally, his most indefatigable district visitor, his head class teacher, his unfailing satellite, who would not have missed a missionary meeting nor a bible class for all the world — Miss Augusta was uneasy. She did not like these symptoms; she did not like Mr. Bentley's leniency in still continuing to visit Madame Rosa; her voice was for war, an open declared right honest war, and she would be the incumbent's shield-bearer. So, she said to him one day, after a peculiarly joyous evening at Whitefield House; adding what she thought an irresistible argument, or rather inducement: "If you will give up Madame Floriani, my sisters and I will follow you." At which Mr. Bentley stammered and blushed; then sighed, and said nasally, "We must still hope for her conversion."

Apple-cheeked Mr. Bentley was unhappy. He began even to look so: which was somewhat difficult to that insignificant countenance of his. But apple-cheeked Mr. Bentley was in love. Disguise it as he might to himself and to others, deny it, scorn and reject it — it was none the less true — he was in love with Madame Floriani. True, she was a heathen; but then her natural graces were so many! True, she was a woman of the world, an artist, a lover of frivolity — but

then she was kind to the poor and so gentle in her temper! True, she was all that he most reprobated, all that he most abhorred; but then he loved her. What should he do? Marry her, and so lose his influence over the world he had governed so long? But should he lose his influence? The Grandvilles would be angry; perhaps they would leave Langthwaite — he wished they might; but he could manage all the rest. He should be rich too; very rich; and money always gives power. Mr. Bentley had no pious horror of that side of worldliness. Yes, on the whole he should be better off; even in Langthwaite. Yes, he would marry her.

These were his reasonings spread out over many days and weeks, during which time he was much at Whitefield House, often to Madame Rosa's great inconvenience and annoyance. And indeed of late she had adopted the habit of denying herself; an offence which took all Mr. Bentley's love to forgive. For it was a falsehood, he said; and worse — forcing her servants to lie for her. While Rosa only answered, "Mais, Monsieur l'Abbé, it is a thing seen — it is understood — everybody knows what it means when one says that Madame is not at home, or does not receive to-day."

"In the world, that may be," said Mr. Bentley; "but we do not understand such positions here."

"Monsieur l'Abbé! are you not

the same here as any where else? What is there so peculiarly virtuous in Langthwaite that you must make laws for yourselves against all the rest of the world, and condemn all the rest of the world? You don't seem to think that there is any crime in pride and hatred, and self-sufficiency, and all that — only in happiness and gaiety of heart. It is monstrous!" cried Rosa, excited.

"Madame Floriani, I beg of you one favour, I have asked it before. Do not call me monsieur l'abbé, I am not a Romish priest, but a Protestant minister," said Mr. Bentley, gravely.

"Oh, pardon!" cried Rosa, with a toss of her graceful head, and making that pretty little noise with her lips which you hear every Italian make when perplexed or dissatisfied. "Oh, pardon! It is so natural to me to call men of your profession abbés or curés, that I forget. I will try to remember."

"At least there is one great difference between us," said Mr. Bentley, turning very red.

"What do you mean?" asked the pretty widow tranquilly.

"Shall I tell you?" said the incumbent, in a voice that was meant to be caressing.

"If you please," answered Rosa, nestling herself back in her easy chair, and putting up her feet on a tabouret.

"I mean," said Mr. Bentley, after a short pause, and making a desperate rush, like a cart-horse at a fence. "I mean,

that we Protestant clergy may marry, and the Romanist priest cannot."

"Yes, that is true; and I don't like married priests," said Rosa quietly.

"Why, Madame Floriani?" asked the incumbent, trembling.

"From association, I suppose. It is distasteful to me."

"Then you would not yourself?" stammered Mr. Bentley.

"What?" and Rosa lifted up her eyes in astonishment at his voice.

"Marry a clergyman!" said Mr. Bentley, with a kind of roar; and down he came on his knees, first seizing her hand.

Madame Floriani slowly raised herself from a reclining posture. She looked at the young incumbent blushing and trembling on the ground before her; and gently drew away the hand he was holding between his own. And his own were so red! She was going to speak seriously; but — I am grieved to say it of Rosa who ought to have known better — the young man's apple-face and awkward attitude were so ludicrous — the remembrance of all his absurd attempts at solemnity and ascetism came up so vividly in contrast with the ridicule and humiliation of his present position — it was such an unlooked-for offer, and was made so clumsily, that her gravity gave way, and she burst into a fit of laughter.

It was very wrong, and there was no excuse to be made for

her; but the situation was very ridiculous — though she should not have laughed for all that. Mr. Bentley started up, seized his hat and very tight umbrella — it was a glorious day in July, but Mr. Bentley patronised umbrellas — and rushed from the house; turning round at the door to say, angrily, “Your place shall know me no more, madame!”

And so war was finally declared, and Miss Augusta Grandville was satisfied. I doubt if she would have been as content if she had known the full particulars of the *casus belli*. Mr. Bentley said it was the hardened and impenetrable nature of Madame Floriani — how that he had sought to convert her, and she had answered him only with mockery — and Madame Floriani said nothing. She only laughed; and drew a certain sketch, which she showed to the Winter girls under the strictest vows of secrecy. Which, to their honour be it said, they religiously kept. Though, when Helen Winter met Mr. Bentley the day after she had seen that drawing, she turned so red in trying to look grave, that Laura pinched her arm, and said, “Helen! don’t be silly,” below her breath.

The Bentleyites were the strongest. In a short time Madame Rosa’s Wednesday evenings were almost deserted. All the very good avoided her and her house as if a moral plague existed around her. The Miss

Grandvilles, indeed, very nearly cut her. They scarcely bowed when they saw her, and passed her very stiffly even in church. Sometimes they were afflicted with sudden short-sightedness, and did not see her at all. Miss Augusta, through being triumphant, could afford to be magnanimous; and she was a shade less distant in her manner: when met with Mr. Bentley, she was positively gracious. Then the Cantabs went back to their respective colleges, and the leaves began to fall. In the dreary autumn weather — the rain and fog and drizzling mist — that now came on, even her own adherents could not come out so often to see her; so that the sweet face grew sad in thinking of the bright sky and the warm hearts of Italy; and the joyous spirits sank in this social solitude, for want of love and sympathy to sustain it. The days were so grey and dark, she could not even paint; and in the Langthwaite lending library, were only dull histories or biographies. The mud and the rain frightened the soft half-foreigner, and kept her much within doors, moping in a dull Cumberland house, where the clouds came down so low, that they sometimes rested on the roof; and where the only visitors she saw were half-a-dozen good-hearted country girls, with not an idea amongst them beyond Berlin work or babies’ caps; which, to a woman accustomed

to the best and most intellectual society of Rome, was scarcely sufficient mental distraction. What was she to do? — fight or retire? She thought of Italy, of her friends there, of the treasures of art, of the beauty, the free life, the ease, the love, the fulness of existence, — and she covered her face in her hands, while tears forced their way through her fingers. Then she thought of Mr. Bentley, and of his offer and of how he looked when he was down on his knees before her; and she laughed till she had a pain in her side. But she could not laugh for ever at Mr. Bentley and his offer, and the ennui of her life began to grow insupportable. It was reported at last that she was going away. It was Laura Winter who said so first, by Rosa's permission, one day after she had been at Whitefield House. Madame Floriani had cried, and said that she was ill: the constant damp did not agree with her; and she had grown very thin and sallow rather than pale as she used to be; and she said, too, that she was dull; she could not bear it any longer. Her heart was Italian. It would not live in such an atmosphere; and then she had cried dreadfully, and Laura had cried too, for sympathy. As girls in the country always do.

So, Rosa owned herself beaten. Langthwaite morality had been too strong for her, and Langthwaite coldness too severe. Mr. Bentley had won the battle, and

she cared now only for her retreat. She packed up her pictures and her books, her statues and her blue silk curtains; advertised Whitefield House for sale; and sold it well too. A retired sugar-broker bought it, and furnished it in gold and velvet. He had not a picture, nor a bust, nor a book; but he had hangings that cost a small fortune, and an assortment of colours that must surely please some one, as none in the whole rainbow were absent. Rosa had nothing to do with this; all she cared for, was to get out of Langthwaite, and to leave Cumberland clouds for Italian sunshine. She went to make her farewell calls. And, after having kissed all the Miss Grandvilles on both cheeks — for she was a generous, forgiving woman, with a loving heart and a perfect temper, and would not bear malice if she died for it — and after having shaken hands cordially with Mr. Bentley — who, like a foolish fat school-boy, attempted to sulk — she turned her sweet face to the south, and left a climate that was killing her, and a people who did not love her, for the beauty and the graciousness of Italy.

But she left the seeds of discord behind her that soon bore deadly fruit. Deprived of their patroness, the Florianites sank to the ground. They were snubbed, maltreated, slighted, and all but extinguished. And when Miss Augusta Grandville at last got Mr. Bentley to con-

sent to their marriage, not one of them was invited to the wedding. It was the day of retribution, and the Bentley faction were unsparing.

Madame Floriani did not forget her old adherents when she was established in her Roman home again; and after the Grandville marriage had turned out notoriously ill — for Miss Augusta was imperious, and Mr. Bentley obstinate — she invited the two Winter girls to Rome, and actually sent a man-servant all the way down to Langthwaite to take care of them on their journey. Which royal act nearly canonised her, though Mrs. Bentley said it was ridiculous, “And, good gracious! could not those two girls take care of themselves — if indeed they went at all, which if they had been her sisters they should not have done?”

Madame Floriani was very kind to her old friends. She took them everywhere, and fêted and petted them beyond measure. Their soft, pretty English faces, with their bright cheeks and long fair ringlets, made a sensation among the dark eyes and raven locks at Rome. The Miss Winters were decidedly the belles of their society — which is a woman's state of paradise. Madame Floriani with her foreign notions set about marrying her young ladies. A task not very difficult; for foreigners like English wives; because they can trust them so much; and English

women like foreign husbands, because they are more polite than their own countrymen. So Madame Rosa married them both — one to a count and the other to a baron. And when they went back to Langthwaite, which they did for their wedding trip, the people called them my lord and my lady, and treated them like queens. Even Mrs. Bentley yielded the pas, which was a marvellous distinction, and made up for a great deal of the past. After all, then, Rosa had not entirely lost; the days of her teaching survived in her disciples, for Laura Winter settled at Langthwaite, and remodelled society there after the Floriani system. And now that Mr. Bentley was married, of course his influence was lessened; and all the young ladies who had tried to touch his heart by their austerity, now thought more of Laura's foreign friends who came to see her, and who thought life without innocent laughter not worth the living.

MURMURS.

WHY wilt thou make bright music
Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
Into a weary chain?

Why turn each cool grey shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why think the winds are wailing?
Why call the dewdrops tears?

Voices of happy Nature,
And Heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies,
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

Listen! I will tell thee
 The song Creation sings,
 From humming bees in heather,
 To fluttering angels' wings:

Not alone did angels sing it
 To the poor shepherds' ear,
 But the spherèd Heavens chant it,
 And listening Ages hear.

Above thy poor complaining
 Rises that holy lay;
 When the starry night grows silent,
 Then speaks the sunny day.

O, leave thy sick heart's fancies,
 And lend thy little voice
 To the silver song of Glory,
 That bids the World rejoice!

OUR WICKED MIS-STATEMENTS.

WE meant to say no more upon the subject of the strike of Lancashire masters against Factory law, until we had seen the issue of a question raised before one of the superior courts; but the publication, by the National (or, as it should read, Lancashire) Association, of a pamphlet written by Miss Martineau, which attacks our veracity, compels us to speak, or to hazard misinterpretation of our silence. If no question of public justice were involved, we should prefer misinterpretation to the task of showing weakness in a sick lady whom we esteem. We have a respect for Miss Martineau, won by many good works she has written and many good deeds she has done, which nothing that she now can say or do will destroy; and we most heartily claim for

her the respect of our readers as a thing not to be forfeited for a few hasty words, or for a scrap or two of argument too readily adopted upon partial showing.

The pamphlet in question is an essay written, as we are told in an introduction, for the Westminster Review, and declined on account of its manner of treatment. When we say that a part of its manner is to accuse this journal of "unscrupulous statements, insolence, arrogance, and cant," and that amidst much abuse of "Mr. Dickens or his contributor" — "his partner in the disgrace," another part of its manner is to abuse Mr. Dickens personally for "conceit, insolence, and wilful one-sidedness," it will be seen that the editor of the Review exercised the discretion of a gentleman. We regret very much indeed that the National (or Lancashire) Association has been less discreet, and, by issuing the paper as a pamphlet at its own expense, has been less friendly to the lady than the lady wished to be to them. We are reluctantly compelled to show, that both in tone and argument Miss Martineau's pamphlet, published by the Lancashire Association to Prevent the Fencing of Machinery, is — we will not forget her claims upon our forbearance, and we will say — a mistake.

And first, as to the tone. Using in her reply the manner pointed out by us, Miss Martineau says, that certain articles in the

eleventh volume of this journal* put forward inaccurate statements, "in a temper and by language which convey their own condemnation." But, lest it should be thought that what was wrong in us cannot be quite right in herself, Miss Martineau adds, on the same page, "I like courtesy as well as anybody can do; but when vicious legislation and social oppression are upheld by men in high places, the vindication of principle, and exposure of the mischief, must come before consideration of private feeling." Now, confessing for a moment our defect of temper, might we not say, very fairly, that a writer who believes in his heart that resistance to a given law dooms large numbers of men to mutilation, and not few to horrible deaths, may honestly speak with some indignation of the resistance by which those deaths are produced; and that the same right to be angry is not equally possessed by an advocate who argues that the deaths cannot be helped, and that nobody has a right to meddle specially in any way with a mill-owner's trade? But if any dispassionate reader of the articles to which Miss Martineau refers should pass from them to the personal invective with which they are met, he will not fail to perceive that we attacked only what we held to be an evil course of opposition to a

necessary law, and abided firmly by the leading features of the case, apart from any personal consideration. We spoke plainly, as the case required, and with the earnest feeling that the case called forth; but it will be found, on reference, that in not one of these articles was an attack made upon any person whomsoever; that the chairman of the National Association was not named; that when cases of accident were necessarily cited, it was enough for us to say "a certain mill," because we spoke of principles and not of persons. It will be found, also, that we took pains to disconnect our plain speaking upon one shortcoming, from a general disparagement of mill-owners, and that we went quite out of our way to occupy no inconsiderable part of these papers with a cordial reminder of the excellent enterprises and fine spirit that belonged to chieftains of the cotton class. Miss Martineau says for herself, that "in a matter of political morality so vital as this, there must be no compromise and no mistake." We felt so too; but also felt that it would be a great mistake and a great compromise of principle, to intrude personalities on the discussion of it.

The history of the present pamphlet, given by its author in a letter to the "Association of Factory Occupiers," is, that wishing to controvert the views of Mr. Horner, the Factory Inspector, she mentioned her desire to obtain the facts on both sides

* See Vol. XXXI. p. 255. Vol. XXXII. p. 36. p. 359. Vol. XXXIII. p. 165, Tauchnitz Edition.

of the question "to a member of your Association, who visited me soon after;" and we cannot help feeling, that for the facts on both sides, which are so clearly only the statements on one side, and (we hope for her sake) for the temper too, the writer is indebted to her faith in the opinions of her friend. She thinks also, that the notes of a barrister who edited the Factory Act show "that it was high time the passionate advocates of meddling legislation should be met by opponents of such legislation who are, by position, likely to be at once dispassionate and disinterested." To ensure this desirable result, a pamphlet written in a passion, is sent to be published and circulated by the Association directly engaged in maintaining one side of the matter, and composed of the persons most distinctly interested in its issue.

Vexed at the blindness of the barrister-at-law, who is as blind as ourselves, Miss Martineau goes on to say, in her prefatory letter, "What can instigate any lawyer, who cannot be supposed an interested party, to write such a preface as Mr. Tapping's, it is difficult to imagine. On opening it, my eye falls at once on a false statement, which ought to destroy all the authority of the rest." What is the "false statement" of Mr. Tapping? Mr. Tapping wrote that the manufacturers have instituted the National Association of Factory Occupiers, for the special pur-

pose of raising a fund for defraying thereout all fines for not fencing, which may be inflicted upon members "This statement," adds Miss Martineau, "is dated October second, eighteen hundred and fifty-five; whereas the Special Report of your Association, dated July, expressly declares that the Association will pay no penalties awarded under Factory Acts." Miss Martineau's difficulty would have vanished had she known the truth; which is this: — It was announced distinctly, by the founders of the Association, so long ago as the March previous, that they *would* raise money to pay penalties; and it was only when they were made conscious of the danger of the ground so taken, that they forestalled the period of an annual report, and printed the so-called Special Report, in which they took pains to fence themselves off against legal accident. This report was their own stroke of policy, printed for themselves, and to be had only from their office. It was not advertised nor published; it was sent to members — it was there to use. As soon as it came into our hands, through a private source, we made our comments on it; but the date of its being written, though it has July on the cover, is the seventh of August. After it was written, it had to be printed, and it could then only have been by some unlikely chance that any tidings of it could have reached a barrister in

London by the second of October. The public reports of the proceedings connected with the formation of the Association had informed him that there was a proposition to pay penalties incurred by occupiers who refused to fence. There was no other source of information open to him.

This point is of importance to us, and we for the second time place it beyond question that, before the appearance of the Special Report, the Association did combine to pay penalties, in obedience to the recommendation of a body of mill-owners who had gone to London with the hope of getting the Factory Act into discredit with the government. The recommendation was read at the meeting* in these distinct terms: "The deputation are of opinion, that a fund of not less than five thousand pounds should be immediately raised; and they suggest that all cases of prosecution which the committee of management are of opinion can be legitimately dealt with by the Association, shall be defended by, *and the penalties or damages paid out of, the funds of the Association.*" Whereupon it was moved, seconded, and unanimously resolved:

"That the recommendation in the report, to raise immediately a sum of not less than £5,000 be immediately carried into execution, and that an additional contribution of one shilling per nominal horse-power from each mill-occupier (making a total of two shillings) be at once called for, to enable the committee

to carry out the recommendation to defend, *at the cost of the Association*, all cases of prosecution which they may consider fairly to come within the sphere of the Association." *

We have only to add, that the report including these resolutions, besides receiving a wide notoriety through the newspapers, was printed and circulated by the Association itself, and that a copy of it was obtained by us before we wrote upon the subject. There can be no doubt, then, under what impressions the first members of the Association joined it, and of the accusation under which it justly lay until it thought best publicly to withdraw from a dangerous position.

On this same point, Miss Martineau is of opinion that "Mr. Dickens had better consider, for the sake of his own peace of mind, as well as the good of his neighbours, how to qualify himself for his enterprise before he takes up his next task of reform. If he must give the first place to his idealism and sensibilities, let him confine himself to fiction; and if he will put himself forward as a social reformer, let him do the only honest thing, — study both sides of the question he takes up. How far he is from having done this in the present case, a short, but not unimportant statement may show. He says, by his own pen, or his contributor's [let us say, then, his

* Reported in the Manchester Guardian of March 28, 1855.

contributor's] 'But the factory inspectors will proceed for penalties? Certainly they will; and then, if these gentlemen be members of the National Association of Factory Occupiers, they will have their case defended for them and their fine immediately paid.' Yet while the writer declares his information to be drawn from the papers of the Association, he ignores the following conspicuous passages from their First Report" — the retraction then being quoted.

Now, setting aside the likelihood or unlikelihood of Mr. Dickens, to secure his peace of mind, taking ghostly advice from Miss Martineau, there is no doubt that in the said First Report the retraction was conspicuous, and that moreover, it was meant to be conspicuous; but we can hardly think it so conspicuous as to have been visible, not merely before it *was* visible, but, as we firmly believe, even before it was so much as conceived. On the same line with the page 605 of this journal, upon which we are lectured, are inscribed the words "Household Words, July 28, 1855."* The number dated on that day was, in the usual manner, published three days previously, and issued in Manchester on the twenty-sixth of July, but the report which we failed to do the honest thing by citing was not written — as we find by the date

against the chairman's signature — until the seventh of August! When it reached us in September we at once (in our two hundred and eighty-fifth number*) made public its purport; but we did not say what we may now say, namely, that there came with it a remark which we believe to be true, and which dates certainly go far to justify: that the Special Report — a thing not contemplated in the rules — was actually suggested by our comments, — that our journal, containing a wide publication of the illegal position of the recusant mill-owners, having reached Manchester on the twenty-sixth of July, was considered by the committee of the Association to necessitate retreat to safer ground by means of a Special Report, and that by the seventh of August, the report was completed and signed; after which, it has been further suggested to us, that July was put upon the cover, not without a hope that somebody might be misled into believing that it had really been produced several weeks sooner than it was. Be that as it may, we should not have supposed that the Association, for the sake of passing a so easily detected deception on the public, would have imperilled the reputation of an honourable lady by leaving uncorrected in her pamphlet a flagrant error, of which it could by no conceivable chance have been ignorant, and by suffering

* This refers to the London Edition. Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 165, Tauchnitz Edition.

* Vol. XXXIV. p. 48. Tauchnitz Edition.

it to go forth, headed in small capitals, MIS-STATEMENTS IN HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

We turn with sorrow to the other contents of the pamphlet. As the pamphlet of the Association we are bound to show why it can only damage the cause of the Association with the government and with the public; we would have wholly spared the writer our present exposure of her mistake, if we could.

The pamphlet begins with some calm wise words about the war, by which the reader is prepared to expect a very different treatment of the immediate topic in hand than that which it is destined to receive. No sooner is the subject touched than the false keynote is struck, and of all persons in the world, it is Miss Martineau whom we find echoing the exaggerated lamentations of an injured interest. "The issue," we are told, "to which the controversy is now brought, is that of the supersession of either the textile manufactures, or the existing factory law. The two cannot longer co-exist." This is one of those remarkable predictions of which we are beginning, by a very long national experience, to understand the value. If the cry be not ridiculous enough in the form just quoted, how does it look thus — for we have it repeated afterwards in this more piquant way, — "It seems to be agreed by the common sense of all concerned who have any common sense, that our manu-

factures must cease, or the factory law, as expounded by Mr. Horner must give way." We believe it was Mr. Bounderby who was always going to throw his property into the Atlantic, and we have heard of Miss Martineau's clients being indignant against Mr. Bounderby as a caricature. And yet this looks very like him!

The pamphlet then adopts the precise tone of the mill-owners in speaking of the accidents as chiefly "of so slight a nature that they would not be noticed anywhere but in a special registration like that provided by the Factory Act. For instance, seven hundred are cases of cut fingers. Any worker who rubs off a bit of skin from finger or thumb, or sustains the slightest cut which interferes with the spinning process for a single day, has the injury registered under the act." In the next place the yearly deaths by preventable accidents from machinery, which number about forty, are reduced to eleven, by excluding all machinery except the actual shafts, and throughout the pamphlet afterwards the number eleven, so obtained, is used — once in a way that has astonished us, as it will certainly surprise our readers. Even lower down on the same page the writer slips into the statement, that there are only twelve deaths a-year by "mill-accidents from all kinds of factory machinery." We wish it were so; but in the last report,

published before we made our comments, there were twenty-one slain in six months; one hundred and fifty had, in six months, lost parts of their right hands; one hundred and thirty, parts of their left hands; twenty-eight lost arms or legs; two hundred and fifty had bones broken; a hundred had suffered fracture or serious damage to the head and face.

In the report for the half-year next following, the deaths by machinery in factories were eighteen; one hundred and sixty-one lost the right hand, or, more generally, parts of it; one hundred and eighteen the left hand, or parts of it; two hundred and twenty had bones broken. Thirty-nine, therefore, was the number of deaths in the year last reported (a fresh half-yearly report is at present due), and there was no lack of accidents more serious than the "rubbing off a bit of skin." Of the factory accidents, we are also told, not five per cent. are owing to machinery. If so, great indeed must be the number of the whole! But it is solely of the accidents arising from machinery that we from the first have spoken, since upon them only the law is founded which we wish to see maintained.

So far as we can understand the figures of the pamphlet, they arise from the ingenuity of some friend, who has eliminated from the rest those accidents arising out of actual contact with a shaft, and then put this part for the whole. But the law says, "That

every fly-wheel directly connected with the steam-engine or water-wheel, or other mechanical power, whether in the engine-house or not, and every part of a steam-engine and water-wheel, and every hoist or teagle, near to which children or young persons are liable to pass or be employed, and all parts of the mill-gearing in a factory shall be securely fenced." The whole controversy is about obedience to this law, and the consequences of resistance to it. The most horrible and fatal accidents are those connected most immediately with the shafts; the unfenced shafts are the essential type of the whole question, and the fencing of them implies necessarily the general consent to obey the law. For this reason we have, no doubt, in common with other people, frequently represented by such a phrase as unfenced shafts, the whole fact of resistance to the law, without any suspicion of the ingenious turn that might be given to the question on this ground, by an Association not ashamed to employ sleight of hand in argument.

And now that we discuss the figures of the pamphlet, we turn to another of the strange pages, headed Mis-statements in Household Words. We make, it is said, the extraordinary statement, that these deadly shafts "mangle or murder, every year, two thousand human creatures; and considering," the writer adds, "the magnitude of this exaggera-

tion (our readers will remember that the average of deaths by factory shafts is twelve per year) it is no wonder that he finds fault with figures when used in reply to charges so monstrous. When the manufacturers produce facts in answer to romance," we proceed, it is said, "to beg the question as usual; in this passage: 'As for ourselves, we admit freely, that it never did occur to us that it was possible to justify, by arithmetic, a thing unjustifiable by any code of morals, civilised or savage.'"

By that admission we abide — and by our figures we abide. This specimen of our mis-statements, of our "begging the question as usual," is a yet more curious example of a question begged by the accusers, than that other proof of dishonesty which consisted in our not having read a document several weeks before it came into existence. We said, in the passage above cited, that the deadly shafts "mangled or murdered" so many persons a-year; that by the machinery left unfenced in defiance of the law, two thousand persons were mutilated or killed. The writer of the pamphlet has been led to beg wholly the addition of the mutilated on our side, and to set against it, on her side, only the killed, and not all those: only a selection from them of the persons *actually killed on shafts*; advantage being taken of the use of the phrase, deadly shafts, to represent machinery in unfenced

mills. And that it is really meant, in the writer's own phrase to "ignore" the fact that we counted the killed, is evident from a succeeding sentence. "If Mr. Dickens, or his contributor, assigns his number of two thousand a-year, his opponents may surely cite theirs — of three-and-a-half per cent. or twelve in a-year." Our number, certainly, was wrong; but it erred only by under-statement. We might have said nearly four thousand, without falsehood. The number of deaths and mutilations together arising from machinery in factories, has been two thousand, not in a year, but half a year. Because we did not wish to urge the slight cuts, and the few scarcely avoidable mishaps which did not belong fairly to the case as we were stating it, we struck off some two thousand from the number that we might have given.

Our readers may now form some estimate of the strange weakness and unreasonableness of the pamphlet, issued by the Factory Association to refute us. There is not one strong point in it that affects the question; there is only one that seems strong, and to that the writer had in her own hands a most conclusive answer. Mr. Fairbairn, in December 1853, reported against the practicability or safety of fencing horizontal shafts. The answer to this is repeatedly contained in the Inspector's reports for the half year ending on the thirtieth of April last, cited at the head

of Miss Martineau's pamphlet. Their joint report states, "that a considerable amount of horizontal shafting under seven feet from the floor has been securely cased over in various parts of the country, and that strap-hooks and other contrivances for the prevention of accidents from horizontal shafts above seven feet from the floor, have been and are now being extensively employed in all our districts, excepting in that of Lancashire, and in places mainly influenced by that example." And Mr. Howell is to be found reporting that in the west of England much new fencing had been done, and that the experiment had "been tried on a sufficiently large scale, and for a sufficiently long period to prove the fallacy of the apprehensions that were expressed, as to the practicability and success of fencing securely horizontal shafts. It has proved also that the doing so is unaccompanied by danger." He gives illustration of this from the west of England, adding, however, that "in many instances, and more especially in the cotton factories in that part of my district which is situate in Cheshire and on the borders of Lancashire, little or nothing has yet been done, with some few conspicuous and honourable exceptions, to satisfy the requirements of the law in this respect."

The pamphlet adds the Manchester cry of Fire! and quotes the agent of a fire-office, who gave it as his opinion, that if mills

had boxed machinery they ought to pay increased insurance, because "away they would go without any possibility of salvation." The agent of a fire-office, as we all know, may be the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick-maker, sage or not sage; and to judge by his language in this particular case, not sage. Now, however, when a very large number of mills out of Lancashire are habitually working fenced machinery, will the National Association be so candid as to tell us — not what some local agent has said, but what the fire-offices do?

Mr. Fairbairn's authority against rectangular hooks is quoted in the pamphlet. He says they will increase the danger — would pull all about the people's ears. But do they? In the last report which the writer represents as having been consulted for the other side of the question, the inspectors jointly state that "in none of our districts has any accident come to our knowledge from the coiling of a strap round a horizontal shaft where strap-hooks have been put up in the manner recommended." And Mr. Redgrave reports thus from Yorkshire: "With respect to one of the precautions which is considered of great value in Yorkshire and other parts of my district — I mean the strap-hook, for preventing the lapping of the strap upon the revolving shaft; the fact that not an accident has been reported to me during the

last six months as having been caused by the lapping of a strap upon a shaft, nor by one of the many thousand strap-hooks which have been fixed up in a very large number of factories, more or less in the different departments of fifteen hundred out of two thousand factories which constitute my district, in a large proportion of which, moreover, they have existed for many years, may be taken as conclusive evidence that the strap-hook does obviate the lapping of the strap, thereby preventing accidents, and does not increase the danger of the shaft and its liability to cause accidents."

Our evidence does not end here, but we must have regard to space. We pass rapidly over the statements in the pamphlet that the men who die, die by their own indiscretion, or, as Miss Martineau expresses it, "climb up to the death which is carefully removed out of their natural reach." This climbing up to death will occur to any sane man or woman, perhaps, as being excessively probable, but it is not true; very few deaths are the result of gross and active carelessness: some arise from a momentary inadvertence; but the reports of inquests constantly sent to us show that at least half who die, can in no fair sense be said to deserve any blame. The pamphlet itself quotes inadvertently the statement of an engineer, that "there should be a ready means of putting on the

strap when the mill is in motion;" doing this is a common cause of death. Again, one man is seized by a loose end of his neckcloth, another dragged to his death out of a cart, because a cloth in it is accidentally blown by the wind against machinery.

Need we do more than allude to such arguments as, that if law compels the fencing of machinery (which while in motion thus can seize the passive stander-by) it ought to compel windows to be barred, because people can throw themselves out of them, and trees to be fenced, because boys can climb up and tumble down? If we take thought for the operative, working in the midst of dangerous machinery, are we, it is asked, to legislate "for every drunken vagabond who lies down in the track — every deaf old man who chooses the railway for his walk?" Need we answer such preposterous inquiries?

We have maintained that it is strictly within the province of the law to protect life, and to prohibit any arrangements by which it is shown that the lives of people in pursuit of their lawful and useful work, are without necessity endangered. Preventable accidents of every kind we have always declared it to be the duty of the legislature to prevent. We are told that Common Law suffices for all cases. It is hardly worth while to spend time in showing that it does not, and cannot provide for these cases. Common Law is the law as

established for a given and considerable length of time, and it arose out of the fusion of much special legislation. It knew nothing of steam-engines, and it is impossible that it should have foreseen such cases as arise out of the new systems of railway and factory. Common Law will not make factories safe working places for the operative; special consideration must be given to the subject. When we learn, as Sir John Kincaid reports from Scotland, that a sufficient fencing of three hundred and fifty feet of horizontal shafting cost one factory only six pounds; that the casing of two hundred and fifty-one feet of shafting above seven feet from the floor — more precaution than was absolutely needed — cost another factory only eight pounds four; that a Paisley factory cased three hundred and twenty-four feet of such shafting most efficiently with block iron casing, for no more than sixteen pounds four, we refuse to listen to the cry of Mills on Fire — Ruinous Expense — Manufactures must cease — Fatal Principles — Property going to be pitched into the Atlantic — and simply wait until the recalcitrant Lancashire Mill-owners have done calling names and litigating, and have learnt that if they will not voluntarily take the necessary steps to prevent the more horrible sort of accidents in their mills, they must take them by compulsion.

Miss Martineau suggests the

impropriety of any discussion until doubt has been removed by the settlement of a point raised before the Court of Queen's Bench. The whole matter is to remain in abeyance — things are to go on as they are, and there are to be no convictions — while the point mainly at issue is awaiting the decision of the higher courts. Let us see what this means. The point at issue, as the pamphlet rightly states, is the interpretation of the words "securely fenced;" and it was agreed some time ago that in the case of a certain prosecution for unfenced machinery, the question should go before the Queen's Bench to determine whether machinery could be said to be otherwise than securely fenced when no accident could be shown to have been caused by it; whether the fact that such machinery had led to deaths and mutilations in other mills proved it, or did not prove it, to be insecure in a mill where, as yet, no blood had been shed. The question so raised is an obvious quibble, and even the known uncertainty of the law could scarcely throw a doubt over the issue of a reference to its supreme courts. Meanwhile the issue was raised. The great purpose and business of the Association seemed to be to raise it. One, at least, of the inspectors stood aside from the disputed class of prosecutions till the doubt so raised should be definitively settled. We ourselves now fall under reproof for

not solemnly and silently awaiting the decision of the question, whether securely fenced means so fenced as that an accident shall not have happened, or so fenced that an accident shall not arise. We now learn upon inquiry, that while we have been waiting, and the Association has been claiming a twice-pending judicial decision, we find — what do our readers suppose? — that no case whatever awaits the opinion of the Judges!

We believe that we have now answered all the accusations laid against ourselves in Miss Martineau's pamphlet. There is one citation of "actual resolutions of the Association," side by side with our summary of their purport, presented as a "conviction of the humanity-monger," of which we need say nothing, because it cannot fail to suggest to any person only moderately prejudiced, that our summary is very close and accurate indeed.

We will pursue the pamphlet no further, having set ourselves right. There is not an argument, or statement, or allusion in it that is not open to rebuke. It fails even in such small details as when a professor of Literature with a becoming sense of its uses, and that Professor the authoress of *Forest and Game Law Tales*, and of many volumes of *Stories on Political Economy*, should gracefully and becomingly think it as against Mr. Dickens, "pity, as a matter of taste, that a writer of fiction should choose

topics in which political philosophy and morality were involved." It fails when accusing us of "burlesque" and "irony," because we put plain things "in the palpable way which a just-minded writer would scrupulously avoid," and have, God knows, with a heart how full of earnestness, tried to make the suffering perceived that must have been involved in all these accidents. It fails even when against this "philo-operative cant," its writer must needs quote Sydney Smith. "We miss Sydney Smith, it is said, in times like these — in every time when a contagious folly, and especially a folly of cant and selfish sensibility, is in question. This very case, in a former phase came under his eye" — and then we have two notes of what he said against the Ten Hours' Bill: sayings with which, it happens, that the writer of these papers perfectly agrees. When a case really parallel to this, affecting, not the laws of labour, but the carrying on of trade in a way leading sometimes to cruel deaths came under his eye, we did not miss Sydney Smith indeed! The author of the paper upon climbing boys was the last person for Miss Martineau to quote. "We come now," begins one of his paragraphs, "to burning little chimney-sweepers;" and the same paragraph ends by asking, "What is a toasted child, compared to the agonies of the mistress of the house with a de-

ranged dinner?" Palpably put, and with a bitter irony, we fear!

We have done. We hope we have not been induced to exceed the bounds of temperate and moderate remonstrance, or to prostitute our part in Literature to Old Bailey pleading and passionate scolding. We thoroughly forgive Miss Martineau for having strayed into such unworthy paths under the guidance of her anonymous friend, and we blot her pamphlet out of our remembrance.

COMING SOUTH A CENTURY AGO.

MANY amusing books (and many dull ones) come into existence through the clubs which have been following the fashion of the Bannatyne in Edinburgh, the Maitland in Glasgow, and the Camden and Grainger in England. The northern clubs have indulged the most in what the French call luxurious editions. They have benefited by the notion that each subscriber will, in addition to his very moderate subscription, sooner or later print a book for them at his own charge. And when a duke presents to one of these societies the Chartulary of Melrose at the cost of a thousand guineas, and an earl having paid as much for the printing of the Chartulary of Paisley goes on to produce four or five quartos of the *Analecta* of

Woodrow, the example of liberality is set upon no trifling scale. As gifts, though not to be refused, are not always well chosen, volumes that are scarcely worth the pains of reading do occasionally appear. This by the way. We have been reading without any sense of pain one of the publications of the Maitland club—a piece of history relating to a family at present extinct in the male line, the Stewarts of Coltness, in Lanarkshire. Authorship ran in their blood. One of their family wrote a domestic narrative in the year sixteen hundred, which was the main source of a genealogical history of the race drawn up by a Sir Archibald one hundred and seventy-three years later. There were cavalier Coltnesses, and there was a Gospel Coltness; but the Coltness to whom we mean to pay attention in this place is a lady—a literary Coltness, married unto Mr. Calderwood of Polton, in Mid-Lothian. This clever dame descended into England, exactly one hundred years ago, and passed over Holland, on a journey to her brother, a political exile at Aix-la-Chapelle. She wrote a journal, and regarding England through a Scotch mist of her own, took notes in a shrewd way; sometimes canny, and sometimes (as regards the relative merits of the north and south), of a not wholly unquestionable kind. This lady had been bred up in the family of a distinguished crown lawyer; was

accustomed to the best society in Scotland; was in her own family commander-in-chief over an amiable husband; and, if we may venture to state so much, forty years of age, when she, for the first time in her life, came south.

Mrs. Calderwood and her husband travelled from Edinburgh to London in their own post-chaise, attended by a serving-man on horseback with pistols in his holsters and a broad-sword in his belt. There was a case of pistols in the carriage, more fit, perhaps, for the use of the lady than of the good-natured laird; who, being a man of accomplishments, took with him a pocket Horace to beguile the hours of wayfaring. They set out on the third of June; and, being on the road each day for twelve or fourteen hours, arrived in London on the evening of the tenth.

On the road of course, one day, the lady dined at Durham, "and I went," she adds, "to see the cathedral; it is a prodigious bulky building." The day happening to be Sunday, Mrs. Calderwood was much shocked at the behaviour of little boys, who played at ball in what she termed the piazzas, and supposed that the woman who was showing her the place considered her a heathen, — "in particular she stared when I asked what the things were they kneeled upon, as they appeared to me to be so many Cheshire cheeses." Mrs. Calderwood had travelled far

into England before she met with any sensible inhabitant; and then the first intelligent native is recorded, and proves to have been a chamber-maid.

"At Barnet we stopped; and while we changed horses, I asked some questions at the maid who stood at the door, which she answered and went in. In a little time out comes a squinting, smart-like, black girl, and spoke to me, as I thought, in Irish; upon which I said, 'Are you a Highlander?' 'No,' said she, 'I am Welch. Are not you Welch?' 'No,' said I, 'but I am Scots, and the Scots and Welch are near relations, and much better born than the English.' She took me by the hand, and looked so kindly, that I suppose she thought me her relation because I was not English; which makes me think the English are a people one may perhaps esteem or admire, but they do not draw the affections of strangers, neither in their country nor out of it."

The general appearance of the southern country is thus pleasantly

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue:

"The villages to north of Trent are but indifferent, and the churches very thin sown; and, indeed, for a long time one would think the country of no religion at all, there being hardly either Christian church or heathen temple to be seen. The fields on both hands were mostly grass; and the greatest variety and

plenty of fine cattle, all of various colours. I admired the cattle much more than the people; for they seem to have the least of what we call smartness of any folks I ever saw, and totally void of all sort of curiosity — which, perhaps, some may think a good quality. . . . As for the inclosing in England, it is of all the different methods, both good and bad, that can be imagined; and that such insufficient inclosures, as some are, keep in the cattle (which is so hard with us in Scotland) is entirely owing to the levelness of the grounds; so that an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds, and has as little intelligence as the people." Surely the cows are to be pitied, born incapable of taking comprehensive views of things in this flat and unprofitable land. If ever there arose a chance of wider views for the fair traveller, England rose not in her esteem on that account. "Sometimes," she owns, "we had an extensive prospect, but not the least variety, so that we could say there was too much of it. No water, no distinction between a gentleman's seat and his tenant's house, but that he was a little more smothered up with trees." The lady, when she reached London, found the same reason for contempt of Hyde Park as a place of resort; it was naught, because it was quite smothered with trees. She also surprised the crowded Londoners that she thought England on the whole

less populous than Scotland, and there is a good deal of right observation in the sketch she gives of England extra-metropolitan a hundred years ago.

"In the first place, look from the road on each hand, and you see very few houses; towns there are, but at the distance of eight or ten miles. Then, who is it that lives in them? There are no manufactories carried on in them; they live by the travellers and the country about; that is, there are tradesmen of all kinds, perhaps two or three of each — smiths, wrights, shoemakers, &c.; and here is a squire of a small estate in the country near by; and here are Mrs. This, or That, old maids, and so many widow ladies with a parsonage house, a flourishing house. All the houses, built of brick, and very slight, and even some of timber, and two stories high, make them have a greater appearance than there is reality for; for I shall suppose you took out the squire and set him in his country house, and the old maids and widow ladies and place them with their relations, if they have any, in the country, or in a greater town, and take a stone house with a thatch roof of one storey instead of a brick one of two, and there are few country villages in Scotland where I will not muster out as many inhabitants as are in any of these post towns. Then I observed there were few folks to be met with on the road, and many times we could post an hour, which is

seven miles, and not see as many houses and people put together on the road! Then on Sunday, we travelled from eight o'clock till we came to Newcastle, where the church was just going in; so that I may say we travelled fifteen miles to Newcastle; and the few people we met going to church upon the road surprised me much. The same as we went all day long; it had no appearance of the swarms of people we always see in Scotland going about on Sunday, even far from any considerable town. Then," adds the Scotch lady, "the high price of labour is an evidence of the scarcity of people. I went into what we call a cottage, and there was a young woman with her child, sitting; it was very clean, and laid with coarse flags on the floor, but built with timber stoops, and what we call cat and clay walls. She took me into what she called her parlour, for the magnificent names they give things makes very fine till we see them; this parlour was just like to the other. I asked her what her husband was. She said, a labouring man, and got his shilling a day; that she did nothing but took care of her children, and now and then wrought a little plain work. So I found that, except it was in the manufacturing counties, the women do nothing; and if there were as many men in the country as one might suppose there would be, a man could be got for less wages than a shilling per day. Then the high wages at London shows the country cannot provide it with servants. It drains the country, and none return again who ever goes as chairmen, porters, hackney coachmen, or footmen; if they come to old age, seldom spend it in the country, but often in an almshouse, and often leave no posterity. Then the export they make of their victual is a presumption they have not inhabitants to consume it in the country, for, by the common calculation, there are seven millions and one half in England, and the ground in the kingdom is twenty-eight millions of acres, which is four acres to each person. Take into this the immense quantity of horses which are kept for no real use all over the kingdom, and it will be found, I think, that England could maintain many more people than are in it. Besides, let every nation pick out its own native subjects who are but in the first generation, the Irish, the Scots, the French, &c., and I am afraid the native English would appear much fewer than they imagine. On the other hand, Scotland must appear to be more populous for its extent and produce; first, by its bearing as many evacuations in proportion, both to the plantations, the fleet, and army, besides the numbers who go to England, and, indeed, breeding inhabitants to every country under the sun; and if, instead of following the wrong policy of supplying their deficiency of grain by importing it,

they would cultivate their waste lands, it would do more than maintain all its inhabitants in plenty." The lady presently becomes severe: "I do not think the soil near London is naturally rich, and neither the corns nor grass are extraordinary. I thought their crops of hay all very light, and but of an indifferent quality; they call it meadow hay, but we could call it tending pretty nearly to bog hay."

Her admiration of things English seems indeed to have been confined pretty closely to its immense number of fine horses. "As for London, the first sight of it did not strike me with anything grand or magnificent. . . . Many authors and correspondents take up much time and pains to little purpose on descriptions. I never could understand anybody's descriptions, and I suppose nobody will understand mine; so will only say London is a very large and extensive city. But I had time to see very little of it, and every street is so like another that, seeing part, you may easily suppose the whole."

Then for the heads of London, your ill-meaning, politician lords, the lady Samson pulls their temple down over their heads. "You will think it very odd that I was a fortnight in London, and saw none of the royal family; but I got no clothes made till the day before I left, though I gave them to the making the day after

I came. I cannot say my curiosity was great. I found, as I approached the court and the grandees, they sunk so miserably, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loth to lose the grand ideas I had of kings, princes, ministers of state, senators, &c., which, I suppose, I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs; but now I do excuse them. For we, at a distance, think the wisdom of our governors will prevent all those things; but those who know and see our ministers every day, see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcel of old, ignorant, senseless bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in their carriages in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, or the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength, and circumstances of it, than they never had been in it. And how should they, when London and twenty miles round it is the extent ever they saw of it?"

There were here some remarks not very inappropriate, considering that they were written when the Duke of Newcastle was fighting on his stumps, and the ferment concerning Admiral Byng was at its height.

There seems to have been some connection between the Calderwoods and Mr. George Stone Scott, sub-preceptor to the

Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third. Mrs. Calderwood says — "I had frequent opportunities of seeing George Scott, and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He says he is a lad of very good principles, good-natured, extremely honest, has no heroic strain, but loves peace, and has no turn for extravagance; modest, and has no tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles; has the greatest temptations to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shameful manner to draw him in, but to no purpose. He says, if he were not what he is they would not mind him. Prince Edward is of a more amorous complexion; but no court is paid to him, because he has so little chance to be king." Mrs. C.! Mrs. C.! how sweet a dish of scandal! We will next meet with her setting out in gracious humour, and will not be startled should a ripple come over the current of her thoughts.

"Any of the English folks I got acquainted with I liked very well. They seemed to be good-natured and humane; but still there is a sort of ignorance about them with regard to the rest of the world, and their conversation runs in a very narrow channel. They speak with a great relish of their public places, and say, with a sort of flutter, that they shall go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but do not seem to enjoy it when there. As for Vauxhall and

Ranelagh, I wrote my opinion of them before. The first I think but a vulgar sort of entertainment, and could not think myself in genteel company whiles I heard a man calling 'Take care of your watches and pockets!' I saw the Countess of Coventry at Ranelagh. I think she is a pert, stinking-like hussy, going about with her face up to the sky, that she might see from under her hat, which she had pulled quite over nose, that nobody might see her face. She was in deshabille, and very shabby drest, but was painted over her very jawbones. I saw only three English peers, and I think you could not make a tolerable *one* out of them.... I saw very few, either men or women, tolerably handsome."

But her woman's heart could not resist the men in regimentals; she was determined, too, to have a good look at them, as her journal tells.

"I went one morning to the park, in hopes to see the Duke review a troop of the Horse Guards, but he was not there; but the Guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller were with me; they were afraid to push near for the crowd, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly, and one of them asked me where I would be, — would I have my toes trod off? 'Is your toes trode off?' said I. 'No,' said he. 'Then give me your place, and I'll take care of my toes.' 'But they are

going to fire,' said he. 'Then it's time for you to march off,' said I, 'for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well.' On which he sneaked off, and gave me his place."

A few other sketches we give for the sake of their succinctness. Greenwich Hospital "is a ridiculous fine thing." The view from the hill, there, "is very pretty, which you see just as well in a raree-show glass. No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in."

We give also as a curiosity, because we wonder how the lady ventured to present to us,—King George the Second in his bedroom at Kensington.

"There are a small bed with silk curtains, two satin quilts, and no blanket; a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire, and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and he is up several hours before he calls anybody. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merrily, and sings French songs; but at present he is in low spirits."

Finally, let us show how Mrs. Calderwood brings her acutely

haggis-loving mind to bear upon the English ignorance of what is good for dinner.

"As for their victuals, they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the tastes of them, or rather, I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste that if you shut your eyes, you will not know, by either taste or smell, what you are eating. The lamb and veal look as if they had been blanched in water. The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbage was ever found in London! The fish, I think, have the same fault."

At the want of a sufficiently high smell to the fish eaten by the English, we are very well content to stop, and stop accordingly.

A NIGHTLY SCENE IN LONDON.

ON the fifth of last November, I, the Conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well-known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening; very dark, very muddy, and raining hard.

There are many woful sights in that part of London, and it has been well-known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us,

when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the Workhouse.

Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives, covered with rags — five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags — would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

"What is this!" said my companion. "What is this!"

"Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think," said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, "Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!"

As we stood looking at them, a decent working-man, having the appearance of a stone-mason, touched me on the shoulder.

"This is an awful sight, sir," said he, "in a Christian country!"

"God knows it is, my friend," said I.

"I have often seen it much worse than this, as I have been going home from my work. I have counted fifteen, twenty,

five-and-twenty, many a time. It's a shocking thing to see."

"A shocking thing, indeed," said I and my companion together. The man lingered near us a little while, wished us good-night, and went on.

We should have felt it brutal in us who had a better chance of being heard than the working-man, to leave the thing as it was, so we knocked at the Workhouse Gate. I undertook to be spokesman. The moment the gate was opened by an old pauper, I went in, followed close by my companion. I lost no time in passing the old porter, for I saw in his watery eye a disposition to shut us out.

"Be so good as to give that card to the master of the Workhouse, and say I shall be glad to speak to him for a moment."

We were in a kind of covered gateway, and the old porter went across it with the card. Before he had got to a door on our left, a man in a cloak and hat bounced out of it very sharply, as if he were in the nightly habit of being bullied and of returning the compliment.

"Now, gentlemen," said he in a loud voice, "what do you want here?"

"First," said I, "will you do me the favour to look at that card in your hand. Perhaps you may know my name."

"Yes," says he, looking at it. "I know this name."

"Good. I only want to ask you a plain question in a civil

manner, and there is not the least occasion for either of us to be angry. It would be very foolish in me to blame you, and I don't blame you. I may find fault with the system you administer, but pray understand that I know you are here to do a duty pointed out to you, and that I have no doubt you do it. Now, I hope you won't object to tell me what I want to know."

"No," said he, quite mollified, and very reasonable, "not at all. What is it?"

"Do you know that there are five wretched creatures outside?"

"I haven't seen them, but I dare say there are."

"Do you doubt that there are?"

"No, not at all. There might be many more."

"Are they men? Or women?"

"Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night, and the night before last."

"There all night, do you mean?"

"Very likely."

My companion and I looked at one another, and the master of the Workhouse added quickly, "Why, Lord bless my soul, what am I to do? What can I do? The place is full. The place is always full — every night. I must give the preference to women with children, mustn't I? You wouldn't have me not do that?"

"Surely not," said I. "It is a very humane principle, and quite right; and I am glad to hear of it.

Don't forget that I don't blame you."

"Well!" said he. And subdued himself again.

"What I want to ask you," I went on, "is whether you know anything against those five miserable beings outside?"

"Don't know anything about them," said he, with a wave of his arm.

"I ask, for this reason: that we mean to give them a trifle to get a lodging — if they are not shelterless because they are thieves for instance.— You don't know them to be thieves?"

"I don't know anything about them," he repeated emphatically.

"That is to say, they are shut out, solely because the Ward is full?"

"Because the Ward is full."

"And if they got in, they would only have a roof for the night and a bit of bread in the morning, I suppose?"

"That's all. You'll use your own discretion about what you give them. Only understand that I don't know anything about them beyond what I have told you."

"Just so. I wanted to know no more. You have answered my question civilly and readily, and I am much obliged to you. I have nothing to say against you, but quite the contrary. Good night!"

"Good night, gentlemen!" And out we came again.

We went to the ragged bundle nearest to the Workhouse-door,

and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt; but not naturally ugly.

"Tell us," said I, stooping down. "Why are you lying here?"

"Because I can't get into the Workhouse."

She spoke in a faint dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

"Were you here last night?"

"Yes. All last night. And the night afore too."

"Do you know any of these others?"

"I know her next but one. She was here last night, and she told me she come out of Essex. I don't know no more of her."

"You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?"

"No. Not all day."

"Where have you been all day?"

"About the streets."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Come!" said I. "Think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and don't quite consider what you are saying to us.

You have had something to eat to-day. Come! Think of it!"

"No I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. *Why, look at me!*"

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again.

"If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?"

"Yes. I could do that."

"For God's sake get it then!"

I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me — melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money, and was lost.

One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one, interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid. No one made any sort of profession or complaint; no one cared to look at me; no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the two last, who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. She said, she believed they were young sisters. These were the only words that were originated among the five.

And now let me close this terrible account with a redeeming and beautiful trait of the poorest of the poor. When we came out of the Workhouse, we had gone across the road to a public house, finding ourselves without silver, to get change for a sovereign. I held the money in my hand while I was speaking to the five apparitions. Our being so engaged, attracted the attention of many people of the very poor sort usual to that place; as we leaned over the mounds of rags, they eagerly leaned over us to see and hear; what I had in my hand, and what I said, and what I did, must have been plain to nearly all the concourse. When the last of the five had got up and faded away, the spectators opened to let us pass; and not one of them, by word, or look, or gesture, begged of us. Many of the observant faces were quick enough to know that it would have been a relief to us to have got rid of the rest of the money with any hope of doing good with it. But, there was a feeling among them all, that their necessities were not to be placed by the side of such a spectacle; and they opened a way for us in profound silence, and let us go.

My companion wrote to me, next day, that the five ragged bundles had been upon his bed all night. I debated how to add our testimony to that of many other persons who from time to time are impelled to write to the newspapers, by having come

upon some shameful and shocking sight of this description. I resolved to write in these pages an exact account of what we had seen, but to wait until after Christmas, in order that there might be no heat or haste. I know that the unreasonable disciples of a reasonable school, demented disciples who push arithmetic and political economy beyond all bounds of sense (not to speak of such a weakness as humanity), and hold them to be all-sufficient for every case, can easily prove that such things ought to be, and that no man has any business to mind them. Without disparaging those indispensable sciences in their sanity, I utterly renounce and abominate them in their insanity; and I address people with a respect for the spirit of the New Testament, who do mind such things, and who think them infamous in our streets.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

I AM the son of my father's old age, but of my mother's youth; he had a son and a daughter, Robert and Susan, not younger than she when I was born into the world; he was of an old county family, and had good possessions, a magistrate, deputy lieutenant, and the rest, but he belonged to a generation before that in which he lived, and passed a yeomanlike and homely life, from the day he led the dance in

the great barn at one-and-twenty to that wherein he was borne to the village churchyard, with half the parish in mourning for their benefactor, for his funeral train.

I seem to see him on his strong Welsh pony riding leisurely over his lands, or, with his little son before him, to the neighbouring markets; or watching his beautiful grey-hounds upon the hill-side, as they follow every double of the wily hare; or at his grand old harvest-homes (a picture that is worth preserving) sitting down at the same table with tenant and labourer without one thought of patronage or condescension, and, "crowned with reverence and the silver hair;" or, in the early September mornings, striding swiftly through the glistening turnip-fields, or at his winter fire-side, amidst a great company of friends. What Indian, what Arab ever paid the rites of hospitality more religiously than he? What a home of mirth, and feasting, and unpolished honest fun was that great straggling house of his! The stables, indeed, were terribly near one side of it, and the farmyard had been near the other before his second marriage, but my mother had pushed it back with her delicate resolute hands, and made rookery and garden-ground there instead; the poor folks said that flowers sprang up under her feet, and in this case they did so literally, but, nevertheless, at all times the old house must have been the most charming in the world.

My father doted on his wife, and her influence was always used for good; I was their favourite child, and Robert and Susan knew it; I trust in this little tale of mine I shall not speak more harshly of them than they deserve, nor forget that they are my father's children; but I also have to remember what I owe to my dead mother.

What recurs to me of my childhood is so different from my after-experience of life, that it seems almost to me to belong to the biography of another; the love that was lavished on me, the patience that bore with me, the pleasures that blossomed for me then, at every turn seem not of this same world at all. There was a great armchair which I used to stand up in behind my father, and eat sweet-meats from the dessert-table, which he conveyed to me over his shoulder; also it was a great delight of mine to put his honey, which he preferred to sugar, into his tea, and stir it for him; to take off his massy silver spectacles and endeavour to hitch them upon my small pug nose, and to blow out the flame of the brandy in his mince-pies.

Afterwards I had a little pony of my own; and about the breezy downland I would gallop all day long, after foxhounds or harriers, or even a hoop. It will astonish those who are unacquainted with long undulating downs on a high tableland, to learn that I have followed a com-

mon broadish hoop upon windy days, up and down hill for miles; it would leap many feet high at every molehill, bound with incredible rapidity to the valleys, and creep up the opposite ascents quite slowly, until, when near the brow of the rise, the wind would catch it again; and, when it came to the great roads with banks on either side, as is the case in those parts, it would clear them like a deer. Moreover, there was the Thames not far from us, and the most picturesque fishing-village upon it possible; and I would punt myself alone, and quite contrary to orders, upon its broad bright bosom in the summer noons. The glory of wood and cliff, which was wont to fill me with such joy, the swift running mill-races, and the foamy lashers, with the great eel-pods leaning over them, still fill a niche within my mind so deeply that I almost think I might have been a poet, had my "lines fallen upon more pleasant places" afterwards; nay, if suffering, as some say, conduces to the making such a being, I am sure I have learnt in sorrow much to teach in song. I was about nine years old, I think, when my trouble time first began.

My father, getting very aged and ailing, and my mother, being much occupied in attending to him, I was left a good deal to myself. There was indeed a tutor engaged for me, a Mr. Laurence, but of him I did not get much good in any way; he had, how-

ever, distinguished himself at the University, and was recommended by Robert himself, who was then at college. Whether this man was sent by him maliciously to harm me in my father's eyes, I cannot tell, but he was entirely unfitted for his post; being a drunken and immoral person, whose character could hardly have concealed itself from one so astute as his selector.

He took me out to fairs and village feasts, and gave me such a taste for beer and skittles that I took them to be the meat and drink of life. I became extremely fond of tossing for sixpences, also, and conceived an absorbing passion for playing put; indulging in it to such an extent hardly credible in so young a gentleman. Mr. Laurence was much too cunning to let any of this come to my parents' ears while he was with me; but, in the vacations, I used to revisit the haunts he had introduced me to, alone. On one occasion I had come home very tipsy, and could not open the back garden-gate. Robert came out and conversed with me across it, while I divided his name into infinite syllables; and, having satisfied himself of my condition, he went back under pretence of fetching the key. Then he took me sharply by the arm, and led me into the house, and up the stairs into my sick father's room.

"Here is your son Charles, sir," said he. "You wished to see him; but I am afraid he is

not quite in a fit state to be talked to."

I muttered a few broken sentences, and stared in a drunken manner from one to the other.

"Robert," said my father, "leave the room."

After a little pause, and when his command had been obeyed, he said,

"My poor boy, can you answer me one question?"

The tears ran down my cheeks for shame (and perhaps a little accelerated by the liquor I had imbibed), and I murmured that I could.

"Have you ever been in this state before, Charles?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And who went with you to the public-house to-day?"

"Nobody, sir; nobody, indeed, sir," I answered.

I had thought to please him by declaring no one else to be in fault; but he groaned aloud, and, without looking towards me again, he bade me go away and get to bed.

Fondness for low society, and drunkenness, were just those vices most abhorrent to my father, — and that I had indulged in them both at such an early age, and of my own natural inclination, shocked him beyond measure. My mother came in from his room to mine an hour afterwards, and fell into a passion of tears at my bedside: I was miserable and penitent enough, and she forgave me; but I felt something else had distressed

her beside my own delinquencies; I was now become, openly, the bone of contention between my mother and her step-children.

Susan, who was a fine-looking dark lady, with wicked eyes, tall and straight, with an insolent carriage and manners, and a temper not hard to be provoked, — did not any longer take pains to conceal her contempt for us two interlopers. My mother had little or no money, and her family were of a slightly lower grade than that of my father, — and poor people and low people were equally Susan's aversion. Susan had also a natural hatred of a woman as young and pretty as herself, and was especially jealous of her influence with my father. She had given up the seat at the head of the table with a bad grace, and never let slip an opportunity of annoying her rival; which she easily enough effected by striking at her through me. She remarked, the next day after my escapade, that I was a spoilt boy, and apparently a vicious boy, and that I must be sent to school. Robert also followed on the same side, although in a less obnoxious style. An assent to this plan was obtained from the sick-room, despite my mother's opposition, and to school I went.

Susan wanted me to be sent to Christ's Hospital, as being cheap and good enough, and because its discipline was at that time very severe; but I was despatched to Eton. What a plea-

sant place was that! The only school, as it seems to me, which the amenities of civilised life have really reached; where, not only amongst the upper boys (who at many other places behave creditably enough) but in the lower forms, the ferocity of the English schoolboy is abated by the knowledge that he is an English gentleman. What healthy lives they led! Scores of them swimming the river at all times, and scores of them learning to swim it, by help of an amphibious being with a pole, and a girth at the end of it, or by the more summary fashion of being chucked in by their friends. What riders were there, too! although riding was prohibited under the form of a severe enactment against wearing straps to their trousers—such an enormity as an Etonian riding without straps not being then contemplated, just as the judge of old thought no particular law necessary against parricide. What leapers of brooks, what runners in paper chases! All these things pleased me hugely, and would have made me happy, if I could have forgotten my mother, and what she suffered for my sake. For myself, I quite dreaded the vacation times, especially as I was getting into worse rather than better favour; I had got tipsy—what Etonian has not?—at Surley, on the fourth of June, and had been swished accordingly, and this had been reported in proof of my evil disposition.

I knew who told these tales well enough; and, not being deficient in spirit, I waged an open war against my enemies. When sister Susan predicted my future ruin one day amidst the family assembled, adding, "Don't come to me for help, sir, when you get into disgrace!" I replied, with some asperity, that in such a case, I would rather prefer going to the evil one for help, which I own was very improper, although it exactly expressed what I meant at the time. Robert, who was a clergyman by this time, reprimanded me for making use of such an expression; my mother entreated me for her sake to keep my temper; the aggrieved party (if Susan were she) insisted on my being beaten; and my poor old father, with quavering voice and shaking hand, besought that his children would not hurry him to his grave, by their disputes, before his time was ripe. This scene was not the last by many, which embitter the memory of boyhood to this day.

I had been unquestionably a good deal spoilt; but I am sure I was of a pliable and loving disposition up to this time. In one winter half-year at school, however, when I was changing from the remove to the fifth form—from the governed to the governing classes—a circumstance occurred which altered my temper as much as my prospects. The captain of the house in which I lodged was a bully; one of the

few creatures I ever knew (and a very rare vermin at Eton) who could shut himself up alone with a victim, for the enjoyment of torture. He had always hated and oppressed me; and, seeing his chances of tyranny draw near their end by my advancement, he determined to take it out of me, while he could. He actually locked himself into my room for the purpose of thrashing me with a cricket-bat; and, after a little struggle, in which his superior strength easily prevailed, he did thrash me. I resisted to the utmost, and, wild with rage, threw at him as he left the room, the first weapon within reach, an open penknife. He turned round sharply with a cry, and knocking his side against the door-post violently, the haft was broken off where it was projected, and the blade left in his ribs. It seemed to me, — who was then nothing better than a scapegrace, that, although the full extent of the injury inflicted was accidental, one need have no more scruple about punishing such brutes than in destroying polecats. But the head master thought otherwise. My tyrant had the meanness to say I had provoked the conflict, and then stabbed him with my own hand. So I came back to my father's house an expelled boy.

I had plenty of leaving books given to me, plenty of good wishes, and even a letter from my tutor, explaining the circumstances as he himself (rightly)

believed them to have occurred; but my father said, "He will never be my Charlie again." Robert said nothing, but wore a smirk of satisfaction. Susan remarked it was, "just what she had expected from the beginning;" and my mother — I think she saw how it was going to be with me through life — when she came into my room at night, as her custom was, prayed God to defend me from myself, or to take me away at once out of the pitiless world.

Whenever from that day I answered Sister Susan, she would say; "There, young gentleman, you are doubtless right; but pray don't stab me." While her brother on all occasions eyed me as the Grand Inquisitor might be supposed to have eyed a Jew; and I dare say he would have enjoyed my auto-da-fé hugely. *He* had the selection of my next school; and it did a great deal of credit to his choice: it was cheap, it was a long way off, and its studies were not rudely broken in upon by vacations. The boys were shocking little blackguards, and Mr. Parrot, the master, was a shocking big blackguard. He was accustomed to beat me with one end of a threepenny cane until it became frayed at the edges, and then he beat me with the other end. I was employed in regular work for ten hours a day, except on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday and all day on Sunday; at which times I was confined in the frowsy

schoolroom for arrears. This last misery, to one like myself, who had been brought up in the open air, became quite insufferable, and at last I ran away. The place was not very far from London; and thither, in preference to going homeward, I determined to decamp.

Now, it so happened that Monday—the day on which I put this design into execution—was that appointed for the French master to come over to Rodwell Academy, I met him upon the road. He was a fine old fellow, who had served in Napoleon's grand army and at Waterloo; and he marched with his stick thrown back over his shoulder, like a sword. I had a bundle of clothing and traps in my hand, and was running like the wind, so that Monsieur Pifar did not require to be a philosopher to discover my intention. "Stop, stop, mon enfant," he shouted, with his stick-sword at arm's length, to bar my passage, "Vat dat you run for, Monsieur Charley, you will not be back for my class, I fear, for the encore une fois, mon cher, since you never do read aright the first time. We will go back together now, to have our leetle deea-logue." Now, the leetle deea-logue was just what I had timed my escape to avoid; those interesting French and English conversations which we were obliged to hold on Monday mornings, such as, "Will it not be better to ring the bell for candles?" or, "How far is it from

this place to Lisle?" So I backed a little, and leaped the hedge on my right hand to avoid his company. The Frenchman charged after me as if he were again at Mont Saint Jean, and we sped over the ploughed land at racing speed. Trusting in my activity and endurance, and willing at all times to make the most I could out of everything, I took him over the stiffest country and across the broadest dykes I could find. Twice in that great pursuit the teacher fell short of his intention, and into brawling floods. Once he came forth from out a regular bullfincher, which I had burrowed, and slipped under on my stomach like a rabbit; he leaving his short black wig pendant upon the bushes, "hanging so light, and hanging so high, on the topmost twig that looked up at the sky;" but still he kept on manfully, and the weight of my burden began to tell upon me. I could hear his cochons! and mon dieus! more audibly with every stride; and I determined, as a last resource, to try the river. Alas, swimming with one's clothes and boots on, with a bundle on one's back, is very different from the Leander method, and I should have been drowned but for Monsieur Pifar. As it was, I lost my consciousness; and, when it returned, I found him chafing my hands with great solicitude, and calling himself scélérat, and me his enfant,—but for all that he took me back to school. I was to be

made an example of, and had two days allowed me to get strong in after I had recovered from my dip; just as pigs are cared for previous to their intended massacre.

Mr. Parrot's kind intentions were, however, frustrated by my being sent for to the death-bed of my father. My mother had not dared to mention my name, so grievously had I been misrepresented to him; but one day he looked about him anxiously, and asked whether he had not another son. From that time, until I tardily arrived, he muttered, "Charlie — Charlie," with all the pertinacity of a dying man. I found him propped up in his wide-spread bed, with all his family around him, nearly at his last. He forgave me all my faults, and spoke most lovingly to me.

"And you Charles, too, have something to forgive I know. Robert shake hands with him, and promise to befriend him when I am gone."

Robert obeyed, and said impressively: —

"I will do the best I can for his good, father."

"And you, daughter Susan, take his hand also," he whispered, for his voice was leaving him. But she drew herself up stiffly, and refused; saying, she could not be so hypocritical for any one, certainly not at such a time as that; neither, for all my father could urge, would she kiss

my mother, but she did shake hands with her across the bed.

This sad scene, at length, was over, and I was sent out of the room; nor ever saw the dear old man again. His death, however, did not so move me, as my mother's altered looks; she was pale and thin with watching, and had grown spiritless and haggard from the cruelty of those who should have comforted her; now she was forlorn and widowed, she bowed before their sneers and cutting words, as a lily before the bitter wind. While my father yet lay dead in an upper chamber, Robert and his sister began to talk of money-matters, and even suggested our departure from the house. The will had left all to them, save one thousand pounds to me, and five hundred pounds a-year to my mother, during her life. Like Hagar and Ishmael were we cast forth, and the places that we had loved and lived in so long, were to know us never more. Ishmael was the first *mauvais sujet*, and I the last, I thought, as we drove over the hill-top by the windmill, and left the little valley behind us for ever.

My hope was to be able to support myself without being a burden to my mother, but she had made her plans far otherwise; I was to be sent to college, at whatever discomfort to herself, before choosing for myself some profession that need not dis sever me from her. Her heart, alas! was so fully fixed on me, that she

gave no thought to the deadly disease at work within her, about to take from me, not only my chance of worldly fortune, but the greatest good fortune Heaven can send a man — a loving mother.

Surely, there is no place where men of such various expectations meet upon this earth, on so nearly the same level as at an English University. One small set of men, especially of fast men, often comprehending within it the titled heir of half a county, and the ambitious youth, who is spending his little capital, all that he will have in the world before him, in making merry during his three college years; it requires no effort of his own to thrust back the wretchedness that awaits him, until the very last moment, youth, high spirits, and the society of those who never think of work as a necessity, ignore the dreadful fact as long as possible, and Lord Raffle Oaks and Sir Rayther Rapid, have no reason to think but that some ancestral mansion, or great town-house, awaits in their gay companion, as it does in themselves, a present or future owner. What a fearful training is this for a penniless man! Accustomed as he has been naturally to all sorts of luxury and enjoyment, but to the most deferential and obsequious behaviour from those beneath him, he will one day find the bowing tradesman ready to give him in charge for loitering about his warehouse in suspicious

clothing, or the stable groom, who has worn out his hatbrim with servility, to challenge him to fight for beer. There is nothing of this that has not happened again and again, but it did not chance to me; although I could not bring myself to read, I never forgot that my mother's means were narrowed for my sake, and whenever I hunted, or committed an extravagance, I invariably devoted some of my own one thousand pounds, to pay the debt, which legacy for some reason, or other, I had not yet received; riding, indeed, was my chief temptation, and I gave way to it very often, my favourite costume was a cut-away coat, and I took a pride in a certain bandiness of my legs. One day, as I straddled into Hall, with a sporting air, I perceived a well-known face at the high table fix itself on mine, with cynical smile; it was that of my reverend brother, who was evidently prepared to see me similarly attired, and when he whispered to my tutor, at his side, I didn't doubt that he was not increasing my favour with that dignitary. If I had been a little nearer I dare say I should have caught the words, *Mauvais sujet*. After the next college examination, indeed, in which I did not take a very distinguished place, my tutor sent for me to his rooms, and thus in his peculiar style delivered himself.

“Mr. Charles Wroughton, your progress here is anything but satisfactory to the authorities; and

I should not be doing my duty, Mr. Wroughton, if — if — if, in fact, we did not do something. The dean also informs me, that never having been to morning chapel for ever so long, we now find your evening chapels diminishing; besides you ought to have explained to me — having been expelled from Eton in so unfortunate a manner — what the circumstances were. Indeed, in short, your friends must, I am sorry to say, be written to with regard to your removal from the — in point of fact — the college."

I said, "Don't trouble yourself, sir, to write to my friends. I will withdraw at once of my own accord;" and I went straight from his presence to the But-teries, and took my name off the books of St. Winifred's. My tutor, who was far from an unkind, although an ungrammatical man, would I knew have taken no such step as this, without the promptings of some evil tongues. My offences were venial compared to those of many of my companions, and had deserved no such punishment.

O what a punishment it was! To have to meet my dear self-sacrificing mother's face, and see it pale before the news I had to tell; to know that from that moment even in her heart, mistrust and doubt of me began to grow; and to feel, as I do feel, that the death which was hanging over her, was brought down at once by this rude shock! She now

first seemed aware of her precarious state, and having striven in vain to sell her annuity, at almost any price, she wrote to Robert Wroughton (of whose late wicked deed I had not informed her), to remind him of the words of his dying father, and to know if he was willing to do anything for me. His answer — written by Susan, instead of himself, under pretence of press of business — conveyed his opinion that I ought to be articled to some honest trade; no definite proposition was mentioned, but merely that suggestion framed expressly to make my mother weep. She did not weep long, kind heart. In three weeks from that time, I was left (at nineteen), an orphan. Alone, with my last friend in the churchyard, I was forced now to look life in the face. I wanted work, employment of any kind; but how was I to get it; whom had I to advise with? My college companions I determined, wisely, to separate from. The neighbours who lived in my father's county, and who had mostly taken our side in the family quarrel, I was too proud to apply to; Robert, of course, was out of the question.

I wrote to him for what was due to me, and he sent me six hundred pounds, the rest having been deducted for expenses of my schooling, and even for the purchase of my little pony, years ago. I do not know whether he robbed me legally, or not; but I felt so sure that his prudence

would not have suffered him to do anything criminal, or actionable, that I took no steps in the matter. Three hundred pounds, I owed for bills at college; and, as may be well supposed, my dear mother had had nothing to bequeath me. I paid all, therefore, and with what remained I started to seek my fortune, whither all other adventurers, from the days of Whittington, have gone — to London.

I took a cheap and dirty lodging in one of the streets out of Golden Square, and stared for some days over its dingy blind, in hopes of something, somehow, "turning up." In that great city, without even an acquaintance to converse with, and with that little capital, on which alone I could count for bare subsistence, dribbling away, I was indeed a pitiable object. No summit of a Caucasian mountain, no depth of a disused lead mine, could have been a more solitary spot to me than that populous town was.

I looked over the Times' advertisements with those eager eyes which foresee starvation in the not distant future; I watched for benevolent old gentlemen in the streets, and put my trust in those chance adventures, which are used (in books) to erect colossal fortunes. At last, a "Wanted a youth of good appearance and address, as an accountant," seemed to present to me the hope of a livelihood. The situation was to be had in an office under that little colonnade

off Waterloo Place, which looks as if the opera-house had been first projected there; but, afterwards, had been begun again lower down. A darksome den enough it turned out to be, and the proprietor of it (whom, however, I never saw in broad daylight), was horrible to behold. There was a lurid gleam — if I may say so, made up of the fire of the worst passions — for ever playing over his murky countenance. He never asked me for a reference, but simply proposed his terms of one pound a-week, and bade me take them or leave them; I was in his service for a month or two; but was employed during that period in such an unaccountable manner that I cannot say what I did. I wrote out heaps of law gibberish for him; I drew up hundreds of forms of "I promise to pay;" I was made a witness scores of times to little bill transactions which I did not understand, between the ogre and an infinite variety of strange gentlemen. I took money about for him, to the most diverse habitations; from the very street where my own lodgings were situated, up to the fashionable squares. He may have been the man who distributes the Secret Service Fund for the government, or he may have been the man who accommodates noblemen and gentlemen on their own personal security, for himself; but, at all events, he was not a man of delicate scruples, or refined notions of honour. I am

sure of this, because, when I left him, upon his taking into his service an additional young hand, who seemed to me the quintessence of roguery, he never gave me a sixpence of my salary: a debt which I had foolishly allowed to accumulate.

"You should always have these agreements put in writing, my dear sir," he said, when he wished me good-bye.

I was very bitter-hearted and desperate after this. I thought of living merrily with what little money I had still left, and then of making an end of it. My intercourse with this old rascal had not improved my morals. I was getting, if not Robert Macaire-ish, at least Devil-may-care-ish. I would go to the theatres and Cider Cellars, and see life generally, for nights together, and then I would make a spasmodic effort at economy, and would give sixpence for the right of sleeping in a cab, or would give fourpence for a day's subsistence, in the shape of a sandwich and a glass of ale.

At last, I made up my mind to do what I should have done long before: I was attracted by a gaudy placard upon a dead wall, headed "Wealth, wealth, wealth!" It went on to describe the certain prosperity that resulted to all, who went by the Cobweb Line of Packets to Australia, and I resolved to emigrate. Much of my wardrobe, which was very disproportionate to my slender finances, I dis-

posed of for a few pounds. I had no P.P.C. cards to leave for anybody; and, in three days time from having seen the placard, I was on board the Shaky, bound for the port of Sydney; having seen quite enough, I thought, and to spare, of this side of the world.

The Shaky was an emigrant ship, sailing at a very cheap rate, and in an entirely inefficient state for anything beyond an excursion to the Isle of Wight. There was a great lack of necessities of all kinds; so much so, that we were reduced to biscuits for the last month. Of comforts there were absolutely none. I had taken with my last money (except a pound or two), a stern cabin berth; and, therefore, my experiences were not worse than other people's. The man, who pretended to be the surgeon, might just as well have been the cook; and, on the other hand, the cook — of whose culinary skill, however, there was no great test on board — might as well have been the surgeon. Whenever there was any wind, no matter how favourable, we were forced to shorten sail, for there were only two or three bits of canvass which could bear to be blown against; the ropes were in an equally rotten condition, and the discipline was so ill-maintained, that we ran one vessel down in broad daylight, and were ourselves in most imminent danger from a fire that broke out in the fore-castle. We were near-

ly seven wretched months, before we came in sight of the promised land.

All whom I had associated with upon the passage seemed to have some plan or other fixed upon for their future guidance, and by no means appeared anxious to be joined in it by so magnificent a youth as I; for there was no change as yet in my appearance (for what should I have gained by it?) from the days when I companioned with the Saint Winifred swells; and they rightly judged that a gentleman, and especially a fast gentleman, would not be of much service at a squatting run or at the gold diggings. I was as much without a profession, or a notion of getting a livelihood, therefore, when we got view of Sydney, as in the London streets. The sight of land at all, however, was a cheering thing; and as we passed between the lofty Heads, and beheld the forest of masts within the harbour, and the city stretching away on either side, its beautiful wings with tower and steeple rising from the mass, and the pleasure houses and gardens crowning the hills above, it seemed a welcome home enough to a storm-tossed wretch like me.

We were moored alongside a wharf in Darling Harbour, and disgorged all our crew. They went out by twos and up to tens, or if one disembarked alone it was to meet a welcoming hand upon the shore, and to hear a voice that bade him be of good

cheer. I was the only one quite solitary and without a friend; and yet the appearance of all around me seemed as though it were at least my native country; the same faces, the same language (a circumstance which certainly makes a colony, however distant, less strange and alien than a foreign land), and even the well-remembered cry of "Cab, sir, cab?" assailed me as if at the Marble Arch or Holborn Hill. The beautiful clearness and pleasant warmth of the air was, however, far other than that of London; and in the Botanic Gardens, where I wandered on the very evening of my arrival, all tropical plants were flourishing without protection from the weather.

I lay that night at a small inn near the docks, and started to seek my fortune — a pursuit I was by this time a little tired of — the next morning. Porters were wanted, glaziers were at a premium, good Scotch gardeners in request, and skilled labourers in the coach-making department, I think; but I saw no advertisement, heard no inquiry, for a young gentleman with half a university education. I purchased some suitable raiment, and took the best choice that offered itself. I engaged myself as a porter at the Darling Dock. I had to work like a horse, but I was very strong, and my earnings were not less than six shillings a-day. I got humble lodgment, also, in the house of a

friendly squatter, who had failed in that particular line of business through his own fault — drunkenness.

He told me plenty of stories of the delights of his own profession — of the snugness of a log-hut — of the choiceness of kangaroo soup. Many an evening over our tea (which he poked into the kettle in company with the sugar, as it is Bush fashion to do) and damper-cake, he spake of this and that clearing, and of crops of maize and wheat; of boiling-houses, of tallow, and of the charms of Australian gelatine; but all his eloquence was spent in vain, until he touched upon cattle-grazing. The danger and excitement of this kind of life seemed indeed infinitely preferable to sweating under weights and burdens. And yet I knew that I was deficient in the diligence and perseverance that must needs be exercised by a good stockman; what wits I had, I felt were of the civilised sort; and I was loth to leave the metropolis, where better things had more chance to befall me than in a far-away squatting district. But the final argument which very near persuaded me to leave Sydney for good (except when I might return to spend my hard-earned money in it on dissipation, at long intervals, as my kind-hearted narrator had done) was the picture he drew of the stockman's Centaur-like life: mounted on swift horses from dawn to dusk, and almost con-

tinually engaged in the wildest description of hunting; racing by the side of thousands of cattle — now heading, now turning them, and now having to escape by whip and spur from their horned fury.

“Ah!” exclaimed I, with joy; “you’ve hit on the very thing. I should like to see the Australian horse I could not ride!”

“A rider?” he replied. “What! A rough rider? Then your fortune’s made, and you need not go far to find it. From Murrumbidgee — from Wellington Plains, there are five hundred wild horses in the city, if there’s one, at this present.”

So, I left my portering to itself for that next day, and accompanied him to a horse-dealer’s, and here were, sure enough, fine spirit horses in plenty, and a great insufficiency of jocks. One unhappy youth — no stockman, for he is always a capital rider, but a sort of parody upon the slang tightly-dressed boy of the old country — was just then endeavouring to subdue a mighty quadruped in the straw-yard. Twice he had been flung before our eyes, and there seemed every likelihood of his being flung a third time, when I offered my services to the master. He bade me try, if I thought I could do it better or wanted to get my blessed neck broke. The boy dismounted; and when I got up in his place, I felt that I was myself again, for the first time since I had left Saint Winifred’s. What

a joyous exultation — what a sense of life and power did I experience with that fiery steed beneath me! He reared and kicked and plunged, indeed, but I accommodated myself to his motions with ease; we understood each other in five minutes; and in half-an-hour my conquest was complete for ever. So did I do that day, but at a fearful risk to life and limb, to half-a-dozen other horses. The dealer was intensely pleased, and offered me twenty pounds or my pick of all his stud if I would break for him for a week. I chose a horse for the express purpose of demonstrating my veterinary skill, rejecting this and that for great or little blemishes, and fixing at last on the very best. Finally, I returned him his gift, observing, "No, I want permanent employment, and something to keep a horse with, before I accept one." Without so much haggling by nine-tenths as would have happened upon the like matter in England, I undertook an engagement with this man from that day. I was to be rough-rider, farmer, and purchaser, or rather agent, in one. He was to find the money, and I was to receive twelve per cent. of the profits.

For many successive weeks, and even months, did Mr. Charles Wroughton (for I kept my name) exhibit himself upon several scores of steeds, in turn, at the Tattersall's of Sydney; and with such success that the whole stock of the dealer was sold off

at very remunerating prices. I received for my share of the transaction alone about two hundred and twenty pounds. I did not in my prosperity forget what I owed my bushman friend; but rejected his advice that I should go to the plains, and purchase stock on my own account, without the intervention of a third party. I reflected that one part of the business only I was certain of — namely, my judgment of the merits of the cattle themselves; but, of driving whole herds of them, of bargaining with honest stockmen, or of combating with marauding bush-rangers, I knew nothing.

For more than two years, then, I continued with the horse-dealer; first as his assistant, and latterly as his partner, taking, however, any well-paid engagements to break individual horses that offered themselves during that time. And after that, I set up in business, for myself. I soon bought whole droves of horses, and did a great trade. I dare say it was very unspeculative of me — I dare say it was the height of absurdity, after having got so far — that I did not try my luck up the hills or in the gold country; but I was collecting nuggets fast enough in my own way, and I confess to having no higher desire than that of growing rich. For England, where I had experienced so much unhappiness, I had the most passionate longing. To return, to resume my old position as a gen-

tleman among the best of those I had known at college, or to make new friends, was my darling scheme. Although I have not set down the slights and insults I had often met with, and the fears that had beset me during my penury, I had suffered from them bitterly at an age and with a disposition that bore them very ill; and I was eager to revisit the scenes of my wretchedness in a better plight. I know it was but a sorry ambition, but I am not a philosopher, nor indeed a wise man of any kind: how should it be expected of a mere *mauvais sujet* and fast man like me? Never, however, shall I cease to be thankful for so much of fastness as prompted me to follow the drag upon the most spirited horses I could get at St. Winifred's; for that part of my university education had been useful to me indeed. When house and land were gone and spent, horse-breaking was most excellent.

A circumstance, slight in itself, which occurred after I had been about five years my own master, determined me still more upon leaving the colony as soon as I had made a sufficient fortune. A man came to my office one day to apply for a groom's place, who had been a servant of my father's and of my half-brother Robert's. Jem had been sent away (I dare say for no good, but I was quite ready to think it a hard case), and had come over to Sydney, as I had done, to try

his luck. Seeing my name about the streets, he had applied to me in the hope that I might turn out to be his young master, Charlie. I engaged him, of course, at once, and asked him all manner of questions about the old house and its inmates.

Miss Susan had quarrelled with her brother, and lived elsewhere. Mr. Robert, who had now no cure of souls, saw a deal of company, male and female, and there had been talk of his going to be married at one time, but nothing came of it.

In answer to my inquiry, of whether he spoke of me at all? Jem said:

"Yes; he often does at dinner-time, while I's waiting at table. You goes by a queer name, which I can't mind now; but it means a black sheep."

"A *mauvais sujet*?" I suggested.

"Ah, that's it. Yes; you be a *mauvay sujay*, now, among the gentlefolks."

Whether it was my college education, or my connection with the bill-discounter, or my relationship to Robert, or my intercourse with stable-grooms, which prompted me to use such an expression, I cannot tell, but I said:

"Curse the gentlefolks!" and bade Jem go to his work. I was determined to show them I was not what they were pleased to call me.

In a few days I had well disposed of my stock in hand, and

of the goodwill of my excellent business; and, upon reckoning all savings from the hour I set foot in Sydney seven years before, I found myself possessor of twenty thousand pounds. I am not exaggerating it by one shilling; and I doubt not that, if I had remained there until now, my yearly profits would have averaged about five thousand pounds. But I had enough and to spare as it was, and took my passage in a first-class steamer for Great Britain, with as light a heart as a man might carry, and with but seven-and-twenty years upon my back. The contrast between this voyage and the last was agreeable enough; but my arrival at Southampton quite brought tears of gratitude into my eyes. I was alone as before, and occupied the very same room in the very same hotel that I had slept in previous to my emigration; but in the sight of the world (and I fear in my own sight also) I was a thousand times the better man. My astonishing success at Sydney had of course been much magnified, so that I had been a star amongst my fellow-passengers; yet I was scarcely prepared to see in the arrivals of the next morning's paper, that the great colonial capitalist, Charles Wroughton, Esquire, had returned, after a short absence, to his native land; but so it was.

I took a small well-furnished house in London and found no difficulty in getting nice people

to come to it. I made myself real and sterling friends: not because I was richer now than before, but because I had opportunities of making friends, which before could not exist. Upon colonial matters, I am considered so high an authority that I have been more than once consulted by the government; and of private applications from the families of young men about to emigrate I have had absolutely scores. They generally set forth that the youths know several languages (especially dead ones), have the gift of teaching, and play excellently upon the cornet-à-pistons; or sometimes, holding the popular opinion of emigrant virtues, they warrant them able to turn their hand to anything, and with a taste for mechanics. But my invariable reply to all is, "Can he ride?"

I hope, however, that I do not shrink from assisting all I can; that I have not forgotten my own hopeless condition only a few years back; and that, especially, when I come across a poor mauvais sujet I give him a helping hand. As for such an expression being applied to myself, May Fair would rise as one man (and woman) in arms against it. If there is a title that becomes me more than another it is — from the haunts of business, a steady young fellow, or — from the drawing-rooms, an eligible young man. Nay to show what a change my reformation (?) has made even in my enemies,

I possess this (unanswered) letter:

Dear Charles, — I am delighted to hear of your great success in the colonies and of your safe return to England. We, down in Berkshire, always prophesied as much, from our knowledge of your determination and shrewdness; whenever you shall think proper to come home again, you will find a hearty welcome from many an old friend, and especially from

Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT WROUGHTON.

I should not be at all surprised if the reverend gentleman were to leave all his money — especially if I don't go to see him — to the skittle-playing, school-expelled, extravagant scapegrace, to whom his letter was addressed.

CHIP.

SMALL CHANGE.

By others' faults wise men correct their own, is an aphorism which I have transcribed more than once, with a varying amount of ink-splashes and blots, and with greater or less fineness in the up-strokes and firmness in the down-stroke. It is even probable that many of my readers may have performed the same achievement of calligraphy. By others' wants wise men measure their own, is a maxim which is much less frequently either theoretically studied or practically carried out. Yet it is as good a maxim as the other — better, I will say; because, although faults are a moving-spring of considerable power in the me-

chanism of human society, wants are even yet more effective in their action on the cogs and wheels which keep life a-going.

We are grumbling a little, and are likely to grumble more, about the anticipated want of a penny in our circulation, without reflecting that, as half a loaf is better than no bread, so mils and half-cents are better than no coppers at all. A wail is uttered by an opposite neighbour, which ought to make us hug ourselves in our riches both present and in contemplation. If Midas was punished by the conversion of whatever he touched into gold, nations in like manner are made to do penance by having nothing but golden and large silver coin to handle. The Oran (Algerian) newspapers state that the country is at its wit's end for what all Frenchmen are so dearly fond of — change. Buyers and sellers are equally in a fix how to regulate the odd cash left when their transactions are finished: all kinds of tricks are played to find up small change, which remains unfindable. For instance, an individual who dare not smoke a single pipe of tobacco if you offered him a sovereign to do so, rushed into Madame Levillain's shop in a red-hot hurry, asked for a one-sou cigar, laid down a five-franc piece, and, with a sickly smile, requested his change.

"Monsieur," said Madame, with dignity, "keep your piece of silver. You will pay me for the cigar when you can."

She cunningly preferred risking the loss of her ware to shortening her stock of that precious change, of which she has not always a supply. In order to appreciate the value of halfpence, and the untold treasure you possess in a copper coal-scuttle and a series of bright stew-pans, ranging from least to little, through big, biggest, and very biggest of all, you ought to witness the despair of Algerian shopkeepers when you purchase of them some three-halfpenny article, and treacherously slide beneath their very nose a great piece of silver; you ought to behold the porters who have received a douro (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for a twopenny job, running about from door to door begging and praying for décimes. They would often be justified in keeping the whole piece, on the ground that they had fairly earned the balance. In former times, as in Naples and elsewhere, when you changed a silver five-franc piece for smaller coin, especially for copper, you easily got a discount of ten centimes. But although the five-franc piece retains its credit as firmly as ever, not only can you get no discount on it now, but it is often impossible to change it at all.

The cause of this terrible scarcity of coppers, which may, before long, even make itself felt in England, arises from a curious spot, if I may apply the word spot to so vast a tract as

the Great African Desert. The inhabitants of the Sahara, in consequence of certain movements, transactions, and advancements, have absorbed all the current small change in Algeria. Even the new, light, French copper coinage is hailed with delight by the children of the sands; the coins are greedily imported under circumstances the most flattering to themselves (the sous). Another thirsty sponge, which sucks up an immensity of copper, is Morocco. It appears that the first stray copper utensil that comes to hand, is instantly seized by one of the innumerable coiners of base money, whose clumsy wares, rude and worthless as they are, are nevertheless used as change in the open market. The more closely you look at Africa, the less you are surprised at the disappearance of small coins when once they have entered its boundaries. It has always been a coinless country, regarding it in a general point of view. Shells have been even used as the money wherewith to purchase slaves; a fine black young woman was worth so many thousand cowries. Amidst the populous tribes of the interior the drollest substitutes for a currency have been employed. It is not therefore a few handfuls of halfpence and fourpenny pieces, such as an electioneering candidate would scatter amidst a crowd, that will fill up this yawning vacuum of cash. The natives are daily becoming better

and better acquainted with the uses of money, in consequence of their intercourse with or subjection to various European nations at various points of the immense line of coast which runs from Egypt, past Algeria, past Sierra Leone, round the Gold Coast, round the Cape of Good Hope, past Madagascar, to the top of the Red Sea. Add to this, that in Algeria, the bank in which the Arabs place the most confidence, is mostly a bank whereon the wild thyme grows. An unsuspected hole in the ground is made the treasury of superfluous specie; the father dare not give the son the clue to the secret hiding-place, for fear the son should anticipate his heritage by an unfilial employment of his dagger or his pistol. And so the hoard remains safe till prudent papa, accepting an invitation to a throat-cutting party, starts on some pleasant shooting excursion, from which he never comes back; and his capital, thus invested in land, is lost to his heirs, and what is worse, to Africa. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that loud complaints are made in Algiers, and even in France, of the scarcity of small change. In the interior of Algiers, things are in such a state, that before buying anything which cannot be returned to the owner — such as a dinner, or refreshments — prudent people, who do not wish to get into debt without knowing it, take care to inquire beforehand whether the vendor can

give them change. Amongst the natives especially, to get change for a five-franc piece is a difficult effort of diplomacy. A traveller who wanted to buy some medals from the Kabyles of Taourga, and who had no small change, lost half a day in parleying with all the capitalists of the population before he could succeed in exchanging a miserable five-franc piece for five twenty-sous pieces; and he only managed it by giving a tip of a couple of francs to the person who assisted him in this difficult monetary transaction. It seems that, for some time past, no small silver has been sent over from France; so that no metallic currency has arrived to replace that which the Jews melt in the Tribes for the fabrication of their liberally-alloyed jewelry, not to mention that which goes to the mint at Tunis, and that which the natives bury in the earth. Wholesale dealings are hampered; retail traders are like men dancing in fetters. The difficulty exists. How to get rid of it?

It is suggested by some that the best means would be to coin pieces having a nominal value considerably above their actual value; something, for instance, analogous to the money called obidional, such as has been used during sieges. The difference being fixed by a regular tariff and known to all, everybody would be aware what he was about when taking it. It would be a currency in which confidence

could be placed, although the material guarantee would only exist for a portion of the value. It would thus take rank between the bank-note, which offers the zero of material guarantee, and ordinary coin which presents the guarantee in its full integrity. The new French sous and décimes, whose intrinsic is inferior to their nominal value, are the precedent which it is proposed to follow. Money of this kind would have the inappreciable advantage of remaining in circulation; for the Jews would not be so strongly tempted to convert it into jewelry, and the Tunisian speculators would no longer find their interest in importing it. Indigenous millionnaires (of sous) would no more bury this kind of coin than they would inter bank-notes, and trade would have always wherewithal to go on with. Such is the solution advocated by the Akhbar.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-two, a merchant of Oran, in order to remedy a like public penury, issued little cards signed with his name, to serve instead of copper coin. Before eighteen hundred and thirty, the tascaras (permits of export), little notes of three or four lines which were sealed by the Bey, circulated, and were received in the town and its environs for sums which often mounted so high as four, five, and even ten thousand francs. The present absence of change occasions an uneasiness which urgently requires a prompt re-

medy; and this necessity suggested to an Algiers banker the idea of issuing bons, or notes payable on demand for ten, five-and-twenty, and fifty centimes and also for one franc or a hundred centimes. The judicial authorities were of opinion that the issue was an infringement of the law of stamp duties; it is clear, however, that if private individuals are prevented from interfering at similar crises, it is the duty of the government to apply a remedy to the evil signalised.

La Colonisation (African Journal), argues that the circulation of postage-stamps, which is capable of being vulgarised and generalised for all sorts of persons and all kinds of exchanges, is preferable in every respect to card-paper tokens put forth by individuals. The small change called for is already in existence, and is serviceable the instant we decide to employ it. The figurines (a very good word, which deserves to be imported) destined to the prepayment of letters are obvious and natural small coin. The government has only to declare them coin of the realm, to make everybody have recourse to them, to render possible the many transactions in which small sums are obliged to enter, and to make it, in short, an easy matter to give change to a customer.

It is objected, in the first place, that these little square bits of paper are inconvenient to carry, and are liable to be lost; but all such matters are comparative

Figurines are twenty times more convenient than either two-sous pieces or pence, even for people unprovided with porte-monnaies. With your pockets filled with several francs'-worth of sous, it is not so very easy to run, or jump, or to make a forced march under a broiling African August sun. Some years since, the cook on board an English steamer had made considerable savings little by little. Many mickles make a muckle. He got it by pence, and in pence it remained hung up in a dark nook in a canvas bag. One voyage, in going into port, the steamer grounded on the bar at the haven's mouth. The breakers were rough, and the cook took fright. He was a good swimmer; so he jumped into the waves to reach the shore. But he had not dreamt of leaving his beloved coppers behind. Before taking his final plunge, as it proved, he had strapped his bagful of pence and halfpence safe round his neck. Of course he went to the bottom, like a dog condemned to watery grave, and remained there till the crew had time to fish him up, after they had got themselves and the passengers out of danger, which they did. Now, if Cookey's wealth had been invested in figurines, he would have escaped with a ducking and a mouthful of brine. A glass of hot brandy and water applied to his own inside, and a little fresh gum to the back of his figurines, would have made all right and straight again.

As to the chance of being lost, figurines are just as safe as gold five-franc pieces, silver twenty-centime pieces, and copper centimes themselves. Such a consideration as that ought not to hinder a useful introduction. If you help a people to a handy representative of value, it is their business to take care of the monetary symbol; and they will be sure to do it, according as their means and position render its preservation of greater or less importance to them. Diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds might easily be mislaid and muddled away by persons who set no store by them; but we do not pick them up, like dropped pins, as we walk along the streets.

Timid persons are sore afraid that a small currency of French figurines, for Algerian circulation, would be the creation of assignats, or notes whose value is represented by nothing; but the objection is neither valid nor true. The government would not pay in postage-stamps, it would only be making use of them for the purposes of odd coppers. Moreover, they can instantly be converted into money's worth, namely, work done in the shape of letter-carrying to any possible amount. Figurines have no more need to be themselves of material value than have shares in canals and railways, or season-tickets to the Crystal Palace. But even with the adoption of postage-stamps as current coin, on the southern shores of the Mediter-

raneean, an admirable opportunity still presents itself of getting rid of incongruous small coins. A small stamp, or mint-mark, like that which the English impressed on the Spanish colonial dollar, would serve to give authority and uniformity to foreign and heterogeneous metal counters. Victoria's or Napoleon's profile may penetrate into regions of Central Africa, where they will be rival idols to the long-worshipped fetishes, and will shake the altars of bloody Mumbo Jumbo himself. A continent that could swallow Europe several times over, is furiously advertising, in urgent and even imperative placards, "Wanted, a Copper Currency!"

A SHADOW OF GEORGE HERBERT.

IF thou, in life's chill thunder-rain,
 Poor heart,
 Be caught and drench'd,
 So that the fire
 Of thy so living faith all smoulder'd is
 and quench'd;
 Yet pause before thou dost complain,
 Dear heart, and straight inquire
 If thou
 Didst not some other while disdain
 Shelter ere now.

But, if thou suffer'd art to bask,
 Dear heart,
 In life's full sun,
 Nor need to swerve
 From the true path of faith and duty won;
 Then look into thyself, and ask,
 True heart, if thou deserve
 Such bliss?
 If not, beware life's hardest task
 To take amiss.

A KING WHO COULD DO WRONG.

IT had been too much the custom to look on James the First as a mere buffoon. Sir Walter Scott, with the chivalrous feeling of a cavalier, came to his rescue, and elevated him to the dignity of a pedant. He endowed him with good humour, wit, and the easy familiarity which makes monarchs and great men so popular. Then came other inquirers, and rummaged amidst the records of contemporary sycophancy, and found sermons declaring him to be a British Solomon, and dedications of learned books pronouncing him to be the best of scholars and most elegant of writers. He was evidently on the rise. Had we been mistaken all this time? and was he indeed the wise and just and accomplished prince, whom court chaplains could only parallel in the line of Hebrew kings? His leafy honours were blushing thick about him, till one day comes a frost, a biting frost. A certain laborious lawyer, by name Mr. Pitcairn, ransacks all the legal proceedings of his reign, gives transcripts of trials, the very words of the accusations, and the sentences of the jury; and the man stands confess the most bloodthirsty, greedy, and contemptible of all recorded kings. How a monster of such cruelty could be laughed at, however absurd his manner and appearance; how a mountebank

so grotesque could be feared, however vindictive and tyrannical, is one of the problems which carry us back to the times of Nero, when senate and people applauded his wretched performances on the flute, and trembled at the slightest movement of his hand. It was again possible to fear and to despise at the same time.

We will cull a few examples of the mingled meanness and ferocity which produced these incongruous results.

On the tenth of October, in the year sixteen hundred, a merchant burghess of Edinburgh was put on his trial by the king's express command. His crime had been so great, that monarchy itself was endangered by it; and the great heart of the Scottish ruler was agitated with the fate of kings.

Francis Tennant was arraigned in the following words: — "Ye are indited and accused for the false, malicious, undutiful writing and dispersing of slanderous, calumnious, and reproachful letters, to the dishonour of the king's majesty, his most noble progenitors, council, and proceedings, and stirring up of sedition and contempt in the hearts of his subjects against his majesty, — which letters ye laid down in the kirk of Edinburgh, to the effect the same might have fallen in the hands of the people; thereby to bring his majesty in contempt, and stir up his people to sedition and disobedience expressly against the laws against

lesing makers, and authors of seditious and infamous speeches and writings. Which ye cannot deny, like as ye have confest the same by two several depositions subscribed with your hand."

All the researches of the careful compiler of these trials have failed in getting a copy of the "pasquils" in which Francis Tennant had signalled his wit. From some vague entries in one of the registers, he believes they must have contained some severe innuendos on the birth of the king, calling him the son of Signor Davie, by which name Rizzio was commonly known. But whatever the satire might have been, the publication can have done no great harm, as it consisted in dropping two letters on the church floor, which seem to have been immediately picked up before they fell into the hands of the people. Francis Tennant made confession of authorship, and put himself, as it was called, in the king's will — that is, threw himself on the royal clemency, after pleading that the crime occurred three years before, and that he had not been served with a copy of the accusation. He also alluded to a noble sentence in the Roman law, which it is a pleasure to quote.

In the chapter, *Si quis Imperatori Maledixerit*, the decision is this, "If the evil speaking proceeded from levity, it is to be despised; if from madness, it is to be pitied; if from a sense of wrong, it is to be forgiven." But

whether in this case it proceeded from levity, or madness, or a sense of wrong, the king was determined on his revenge. He wrote a warrant to the court to pronounce doom on Francis Tennant. Read the bitter words and remember the offence. "Justice, Justice-clerk, and your Deputies. We greet you well. It is our will, and we command you, that upon the sight hereof ye pronounce the doom following upon Francis Tennant, burgess of Edinburgh, after his conviction of the forging and casting down of seditious pasquils — that is to say, That he shall be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, and his tongue cut out at the root; and that there shall be a paper fixed upon his brow bearing that he is convicted for forging and giving out of certain vile and seditious pasquils detracting us and our most noble progenitors; and thereafter that he be taken to the gallows and hanged till he be dead, as ye will answer to us upon your offices and obedience. Whereanent these presents shall be your warrant."

This was dated the twenty-third of September. In three or four days, calmer and softer thoughts came into the king's mind. He reflected, probably, on the length of time which had occurred since the pasquinade was written, or the sufferings of the poor author during his long imprisonment; and — generous, noble James! — he writes on the

twenty-seventh to his subser-vient judges "that they are to omit the tongue-cutting, and merely hang the culprit — escheating his goods to the crown." Ay, here is the moving power in all the interferences of this exemplary sovereign with the course of justice. Mr. Pitcairn, who defends the king's character wherever he can, gives him up here. "Independently of his wounded kingly dignity," he says, "the wealthy burgess's *escheat* had proved too great a bait to James's cupidity to admit of his passing scot-free."

What the arena, with the excitement of its gladiatorial combats, was to the Roman emperors, the courts of law were to the son of Signor Davie. He seems to have watched them with the keen interest with which Caligula may have observed the struggles of a Christian martyr in the grasp of a tiger. He was perpetually in a fidget till he got his victim condemned. His judges were removeable at pleasure, and not displeased with the taste of blood. So king and lawyer were mutually pleased.

One day — it was the twenty-third of April, sixteen hundred and one — there was excellent sport provided for the Lord's anointed, as he called himself, and the dispensers of justice in the Parliament house. The blood of Francis Tennant was still dripping from his hands, when his wrath was roused by a much greater enormity than the

mere publication of a pasquil; an enormity so great, that nothing but the doer's death could expiate the offence. The offence, to be sure, was unpremeditated. It was not even carried into execution; but the man had shewed an intention of committing the crime — he would have completed the dreadful act if he had not been prevented — and that was enough.

Archibald Cornwall was one of the town officers of Edinburgh. His duties seem to have resembled those of bailiff at the present time. Some unfortunate tenant had fallen into arrears for rent, and the relentless hand of the law had seized this man's goods — chairs, benches, tables, bed, and, unfortunately for poor Cornwall (who was perhaps no great judge of the fine arts) a "portraitour" of the king. Let us hope it was hideously like, and did justice to the truculent insignificance of expression of the great original. While the worthy official was preparing to dispose of the goods by auction at the market cross, it struck him that if this splendid specimen of painting could be seen by the crowd assembled, he might have a chance of getting a few extra shillings when its turn came to be sold. He therefore got a hammer and a nail, and was in the act of going towards a certain tall, dark, dismal-looking beam which stood close to the rostrum he occupied, for the purpose of hanging the representation of

majesty high enough to be viewed by all. What was this tall upright beam, with the projecting arm and the remains of a piece of cord dangling from it in the air? Some friends stopped the auctioneer from making use of the fatal tree. The hammer was put back in its place — the nail left innocuous in the wood. What! is James to be disappointed of his vengeance? Is he to have no blood? Listen to the "dittay," or accusation: —

"The which day Archibald Cornwall, one of the town officers of Edinburgh, being entered on pannel, dilated, accused, and pursued for the treasonable and ignominious dishonouring and defaming, so far as in him lay, of our sovereign lord, the King's majesty, by taking of his Highness's portraiture to the public market-place of this burgh, and there shamefully and vilely setting the same to the stoops and upbearers of the gibbet; and in more, and manifest, and treasonable contempt and disdain of his majesty, he stood up upon a board or form beside the said gibbet, and drove a nail therein, so high as he could reach it, and lifted up his Highness's portrait aforesaid, and held the same upon the gibbet, pressing (intending) to have hung the same thereon, and to have left it there as an ignominious spectacle to the whole world, if he had not been staid by the indignation of the whole people, menacing to stone him to death, and pulling

him perforce from the said gibbet, to stay his treasonable fact as aforesaid."

The jury found the unfortunate man "guilty of setting his Majesty's portrait to the tram or beam of the gibbet, and presenting of the same to be hung high upon a nail infixed in the said gibbet." And then comes the sentence which sent James rejoicing home: "For the which cause the said Justice Depute, by the dempster of the said court, decerned and ordained the said Archibald Cornwall to forfeit life, lands, and goods (Oho! he was a wealthy man, this bailiff!) and to be taken to the said gibbet, whereupon he intended to hang his Majesty's portrait, and thereon to be hanged till he be dead, and to hang thereupon by the space of twenty-four hours with a paper on his forehead containing that vile crime committed by him."

The careful editor of these curious trials informs us, that James took a deep and active part in the death of this poor man; and that on all occasions the slightest infraction on his personal dignity was never forgiven. Nay, we find as he advanced in years he extended his guardianship of his individual honour to that of his native land. Touch a Scotchman, you had the king for your enemy; and at that time, when all the scum and outpouring of the north forced its way into every cranny and corner

of England, his majesty had quite enough to do to restrain the reproaches and sneers, and animosities of his new and less obedient subjects. It was with difficulty the Scotch of all ranks and degrees could be protected from personal violence. They were mobbed in theatres, and lampooned in prose and verse. But woe to the lampooner if he were discovered. There was a bloated jester in Whitehall, with a broad Scotch brogue, with the vanity of a woman and the malevolence of a coward, who resented any depreciatory allusions to his ancient kingdom as insults to himself and attacks on his sovereign power. There appeared one day in the streets of Edinburgh a Polish gentleman of the name of Stercoff (Latinised into Stercovius). He travelled in his national garb, as he had probably done in the other enlightened capitals of Europe; but the Scottish people, with an instinctive persuasion that nobody could visit their cold and inhospitable land without some sinister object, insulted the foreigner wherever he appeared. They hooted him on account of his dress, and of course despised him because he spoke with a foreign accent, and perhaps because he occasionally washed his hands. At all events, they made the man's visit very disagreeable. He revenged himself by the publication of a pamphlet called a Legend of Reproaches; and, in it, expressed some very

free opinions as to the politeness, the kindness, the civilisation of the Scottish nation. The king read the book; and, from that hour, the fate of Stercovius was sealed. He had left the country; he was quietly living at home. But he had a king for his enemy, and nothing could save him. An ambassador was sent over to demand his life: money was lavished to bribe compliance: the claimant was King of England. The culprit's native state was anxious to stand well with the successor of Elizabeth; and Stercovius was arrested and hanged! The persecution of this poor man cost his Majesty upwards of six hundred pounds — a great sum in those days — but revenge was sweet; and, if it could be had for nothing, sweeter still. So he applied to the Scotch burghs for the repayment of the coin expended in vindicating the Scottish honour. We looked carefully for the result of this application, and we turned over the page with some misgivings. We read, and rejoiced greatly that the applicant was foiled. The burghs declared it a national question beyond their jurisdiction, and Stercovius's ghost may perhaps have been soothed by the agonies of grief with which the murderer parted with the "siller." But what? If foreigners are thus punished for aspersing the countrymen of the king, shall one of the Scots themselves turn traitor to the cause of Scottish honour, and revile his auld respected

mother, and live? No, no. Call Thomas Ross into court.

Mr. Thomas Ross has been a minister in the Scotch kirk, but has gone to study at Oxford preparatory to being episcopally ordained: a flighty, light-headed man, who has been sometimes in custody of his friends as not quite in his right mind. They should have kept him from pen, ink and paper; for one day — in his new-found zeal for the English form of Church government, and persuaded, with the absurd vanity common to the half-witted, that his talents would amply redeem any little wrong his enmity might do to his countrymen, and that even the king would be pleased with so witty, so deep, so learned an adversary — he affixed on the great door of Saint Mary's, in the High Street, a thesis, as was the custom in those days, containing most dreadful propositions, as we shall afterwards see. The Vice-Chancellor, if he had been a sensible man, would have laughed at them and said no more. But he was probably in hopes of a bishopric, being a toady of the largest size. He accordingly sent up the awful paper to Whitehall. The king rubbed his hands; there was another unhappy man to be punished. He sent down to Oxford; he hired a vessel at London Bridge; he sent the much-bewildered author of the thesis down to Edinburgh, with a letter to the judges to condemn him as soon as they could, and keep

him in the iron cage in the meantime. He was too valuable a bird to be allowed to escape. Poor, silly, vain, ridiculous Mr. Thomas! Why didn't you stay quietly in your small manse at Cargill, and not mix yourself up in the great questions of Church and State? For this is your indictment:—

“Ye are dilated of the devilish and detestable forging, feigning, and blasphemous uttering, and by writ publicly exposing of a villanous, infamous, and devilish writ, all written with your own hand, concerning a pasquil, or thesis; together with ten several abominable articles, or appendices, confirming the same; that all Scotsmen ought to be thrust forth of the court of England (excepting his gracious Majesty and his son, and a very few others); and that the Englishmen are mightily blinded and deceived (although quick-sighted otherwise), that they should suffer such an unprofitable and pernicious multitude, and filthy off-scourings of people, to rage and domineer within their entrails and bowels, &c. &c.”

What could Thomas say? He grinned a foolish grin or two, we may suppose, and confessed his crime: said he was in one of his fits of insanity at the time—inops mentis, the Oxford scholar called it—and that he was very sorry for what he had done. Most people would have been satisfied with this excuse. But the king—let us see what conduct he pur-

sued. The half “daft” prisoner is, of course, found guilty in terms of his own confession; under what threats or promises obtained, the record sayeth not; and sent back to his miserable prison till his Majesty's pleasure could be known. His Majesty's pleasure was soon too widely known by means of the following sentence:

“September 10, 1618. The Justice, conform to a warrant and direction of his Majesty, by the mouth of the dempster of court, ordained the said Maister Thomas to be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, and there upon a scaffold, first his right hand to be struck off, and thereafter his head to be struck from his body; and his head to be thereafter affixed on an iron spike upon the Nether-Bow Port; and his said right hand to be also affixed on the West Port of the said burgh of Edinburgh; and his whole moveable goods and gear (if any he has) to be escheat to his Majesty's use, as convict and culpable of the said heinous crime.”

The letter of the king is still extant, though the lord advocate of the time, willing enough to be the instrument of the cruelty, made great efforts to have the record of the whole transaction expunged from the Books of Session. But a careful picker-up of remarkable incidents at the time took duplicates of all the proceedings, and in an obscure corner of the library of the Fa-

culty was discovered a manuscript containing everything; the blood-thirsty instructions of the king, the words of the accusation, and, most curious of all, the very Thesis, with all its ten propositions which the insane Scotchman fixed up upon St. Mary's door. That noble church in the noblest of streets, with thousands of the youth of England pouring into it when the bell rings on Sunday morning, are there any who look upon the solemn gateway and remember that an awful tragedy took its beginning on that spot? A single student saw the paper, and tore it down; he carried it to the vice-chancellor before another eye than his own had time to rest on the madly scribbled document; and Thomas Ross died a death of great suffering. His family were disgraced and ruined; the king's frown was upon the house of Craigy of which he was a son; and brothers, sisters, all, went into beggary. There is a record in the church books of their native parish of various payments of small sums for the maintenance of "Mr. Ross, late of Craigy, brother of Maister Thomas, late execute in Edinburgh."

But these criminal trials are not all of such a melancholy character as those we have selected as illustrations of the inherent cruelty of King James's nature. Some of them are ludicrous — but it is only the laughable side of a thoroughly hateful disposition, for in all of them we find

traces, wherever the chief actor appears, of a meanness, a vanity, and a paltry cunning, which make us turn almost for consolation to the gloomier pages we have left. It is better to be torn by a tiger than mangled and worried, with ridiculous contortions, by a ferocious baboon. Here is a delightful story, under date of January the thirteenth, sixteen hundred and one.

There was a young widow, buxom and free, of the name of Isabel Hutchinson, who was living, a rich and honoured guest, with John Johnstone, baillie of the small village near Edinburgh called the Water of Leith. At kirk and market the widow was much admired; her fortune was probably well known, and it was all in her own power. Now, about four miles from the Water of Leith was the mansion of Craighouse, belonging to the Kincaids, and, of course, it was not long before the rumour of the widow's charms, personal and pecuniary, reached the somewhat impoverished laird. On went his best boots, out came his best horse, and, with sword and spurs to show his gentle blood, he cantered gaily over to the Water of Leith, and called on his friend the bailiff.

John Kincaid of Craighouse was of higher rank than the lady; but love and money level all distinctions of this sort. To be Leddy Kincaid of Craighouse, with immense expanses of the Braid Hills as part of her domain

— compensating by quantity of acres for poverty of soil — was a great elevation to the wealthy widow Hutchinson. So there is every reason to suppose that the laird prospered in his wooing. Day after day he mounted his fine brown horse — it was one of the best trotters in the county — and he trotted, full of blissful anticipations, to the residence of the ladie of his love. But a hitch arose somewhere; whether the relations of the defunct Hutchinson did not like the match, or the widow was not yet out of the guardianship of mother and aunts, no one can tell; but it struck John Kincaid one day as he travelled to the Water of Leith on his noble brown, that its back was long enough for two; and that if by any chance he could get the widow behind him, they would need fleet steeds to catch them before they got into the stout walls of Craighouse. Then he would send for "Mess John," have the indissoluble knot tied, and snap their fingers at the deceased George Hutchinson and all his kin. Wicked John Kincaid to imagine such a device! But in those days it was far from uncommon, and was scarcely counted a misdemeanour, especially if the other party made no objection to the ride. The baillie of the Water of Leith appears to have been a gentleman that knew the world. He could wink when duty or friendship called for it; and, on extraordinary occasions could shut his eyes altogether. On the seventeenth of December, sixteen hundred, accordingly, John Kincaid left his mansion of Craighouse; and, attended for honour and safe escort by six or seven friends and followers — among whom we are pleased to see the name of David Watson, sister's son (nephew) of John Johnstone, baillie of the Water of Leith — proceeded to the house where the lady was, no doubt, waiting his arrival. But modesty is great in widows about to be married again, and it took some time, and perhaps a little gentle assistance, to get her into the saddle. Can there have been treason in the camp? Has anybody told the king what game was afoot? or was it chance and misadventure altogether? It so happened that his majesty was hunting that day in the fields that lay between the Water of Leith and Braid. A cavalcade such as the elopement presented was not likely to escape the crowned Paul Pry; who besides had, in all likelihood, been forewarned of what was going on. The bridal party turned off to one side, galloped might and main to get out of view; and, skulking through valleys and getting behind rocks, they reached the house, dismounted the terrified bride, helped her into the hall, and barred the great door. Is that all you knew of the king, John Kincaid? Don't you know that he is defender of the law, and allows no man to tyrannise

over the subject but himself? Where is the marriage license? Where are the banns? Is the widow your wife?

Suddenly a great knock shakes the door of Craighouse, a face pale with anticipation of evil is presented at the side window of the flanking tower, and the bridegroom sees half a dozen lords, and knights, and gentlemen, who demand admission in the king's name, to arrest him for the high crime of forcible abduction, one of the highest offences known to the law. The main door of Craighouse was of stout oak, and the walls six feet thick. The widow was very beautiful (and also rich), and John Kincaid declined to admit the Earl of Mar, Sir John Ramsay, and divers others, who clamour greatly for the release of Mistress Hutchinson out of her involuntary duress. The contest lasts some time, till the assailants threaten to bring the king himself to the rescue, and set fire to the house. The heart of the laird sinks at this, and he opens the door. He is instantly seized as a wrong-doer, hurried into Edinburgh, and treated in prison with such rigorous harshness, and scantiness of food, and dampness of dungeon, that he is compelled by hunger and request of friends to throw himself upon the king's will. This was exactly what his majesty wished and had set all this machinery in motion to obtain. He avoided by the confession of the culprit, the chances of an acquittal, and

the exposure of an open trial and this was the legal document by which the king decided the affair.

"James, by the Grace of God King of Scots. To our justice, justice-clerk, and their deputies greeting. For as much as John Kincaid of Craighouse is become in our will for the abducting of Izabel Hutchinson, widow; therefore we declare our will as follows, to wit; that the said John Kincaid shall make payment to us and our treasurer in our name, or to such others as our said treasurer shall appoint and assign, of the sum of two thousand five hundred marks, money of our realm; as also that he shall deliver to us, and our said treasurer, his brown horse; commanding hereby, you our said justice, justice-clerk, and deputies to cause, pronounce, and declare this our will against the said John, judicially; and insert these presents in our books of adjournal to have the strength of an act or decree. Subscribed with our hand at Holyroodhouse, the last day of January, 1601 years.

JAMES REX."

What became of John Kincaid and the winsome widow, we do not know. Let us hope that the marriage was brought to pass in a legal manner, and that part of her fortune went to pay the enormous fine. May we hope, also, that an extra fifty pounds recovered the good brown horse?

These are but samples of the appearances the King of Scots makes in his character of Head of the Law. The mingled cruelty and selfishness he displayed were never equalled by any other ruler. Whether it was to murder a crazy minister, as in the case of Ross, or to make himself master of a good steed, as in the case of Kincaid, the restless interference of the British Solo-

mon is always visible, and the laws tortured to his purpose. The subserviency of judge and jury, the base adulation of the courtiers, the oppression of the people, and the bloated self-sufficiency of the monarch, might remind us of a certain crowned head of the present time. But the skies of Scotland would need to be darkly, beautifully blue, the Forth with its Inch-Keith and Inch-Colm to be a sapphire sea studded with emerald isles, to make the parallel complete. Yet, will some future generation — Heaven send it may be the present! — shudder over the triumphs of King Bomba and the sufferings of Poerio, as we in this happier time look back with loathing and pity on the blood-stained annals of King James.

We cannot close these extracts from a very valuable work, without entering a protest against the attempts sometimes made to gild over the infamies of the unfortunate reign of King James the First. We suspect even, that those who study Mr. Pitcairn's volumes will cease to be either amused or misled by the bon-hommie and kindly humours of the monarch in the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

COMMON COOKERY.

It has been too long an English fashion to despise cookery: not the pleasure of good living, but the art of making good food

out of unpromising material — of rendering the less tempting and the less nutritious parts of meat, palatable and nourishing by scientific treatment. We have even embodied our contempt in certain popular sneers at the kitchen world of some of our neighbours; whose economy seems to us mean rather than ingenious, and whose culinary contrivances we suspect to be unwholesome, instead of admiring as infinitely better than our own. Yet few blessings are of greater importance than that of well feeding a dense population; and if, by any application of unused material, or by new combinations of those already in use, the sum of a nation's food can be increased, a larger national benefit will have been wrought than many would like to acknowledge. We know that a vast amount of evil temper, and irritability, arises from indigestion, and that indigestion is greatly helped, if not caused, by bad cooking.

But the greatest impediment to a culinary reformation exists among the people themselves. The prejudices of the poor are so extraordinary that it has always been a matter of great difficulty to coax them into the use of any new article of food. In the time of the famine in Ireland, starving men refused to eat Indian meal, and the beggars of Munich during Count Romford's great soup experiment there, would have nothing to do with a certain diabolical root, then lately imported

into Bavaria: potatoes were obliged to be disguised out of all shape, mashed and mixed, and fairly smuggled down their innocent throats. But, when they afterwards learnt what new ingredient had so astonishingly improved their daily soup, they had the wisdom to clamour for more potatoes. Again, in Ireland no one will eat bullock's liver. And, when men and women were dying under the hedges of bare hunger, large casks of salted bullock's liver were sent from Ireland to England to be pressed (the pressing yielding a liquor in great request for certain adulterations), dried in ovens, pounded, and sent back to Ireland as snuff. How few, too, of our own poor will eat rye-bread! In Ireland, it is a social disgrace to eat rye-bread. Who does not know also the pestilence of fish manure — fish manure for potato land? which means gold and life scattered broadcast to putrify in the air. Hundreds pining in want and hunger, might live well and healthfully on that neglected manure, if they would but learn the simple art of cooking fish-food properly; so as to make the most out of everything. Many other materials of food are also cast aside altogether, or comparatively but very little used. Thus macaroni, of which a pound at five pence gives four pounds of food when boiled, is almost unknown among our poor. Yet, seasoned with pepper and salt, and flavoured with grated cheese

(which the poor can buy very cheap) or sweetened with sugar and butter, it makes a dish not to be despised, even by epicures. Indian meal, also, mixed with treacle and boiled hard as a pudding, is a delicious dish; as also when made into a kind of porridge or stirabout, and then eaten with butter and sugar, or treacle, or with red herrings and fine herbs, if it is to be made very good. These are modes of preparation in high repute in America; but here, although Indian meal is cheap and plentiful — and were there the demand, it would be more plentiful still — we doubt if the poorest person in the kingdom would touch them.

We laugh at the old Pythagorean prejudice which thought it a crime to eat eggs; because an egg was a microcosm, or universe in little: the shell being the earth; the white, water; fire, the yolk; and the air found between the shell and the white. But we are positively no more rational, if less religious, in many of our eating superstitions. The Chinese are the only people who make use of everything that can by any possibility be masticated and digested. They understand cookery better than any other people in the world. Their disguises and transformations are very clever. For instance, they make real cheese out of dried peas — the whole tribe of leguminosæ yield vegetable caseine, or cheese — not to speak of their

edible birds'-nests, their strings of savoury slugs and caterpillars, their plump puppies, and kittens innocent of mouse-flesh, daily sold in their streets. Every herb of the field, the Chinese press into the service of their stewing-pans. They eat foxes in Italy, where they are sold very dear, and thought fit for the table of a cardinal.

But the grand article of all whose claims we wish most to press, and whose claims we English most neglect, is soup. A man might really grow quite eloquent on the wonderful properties of soup. It is nourishing, even when made of vegetables only — of course more nourishing when made of meat. It distends the stomach, which is as necessary for digestion as nourishment itself. Those same bullocks' livers we were speaking about make capital soup; so do coarse joints, usually sold at very low prices; and ox-cheeks, which are generally from twopence-halfpenny to threepence the pound; as well as other odds and ends of the butcher's stall. And here let us give the primary law of all soups. They must be made with cold water, suffered to boil only for a few minutes, and then kept at almost the boiling point — simmering, in fact — for many hours. The secret is to make them of cold water, and let them simmer gently for a long time. The theory is this. Hot water sets the albuminous constituents of meat hard, as the white of egg is set,

and prevents the juices from escaping; but cold water softens the fibres, and extracts the albumen and the nourishing juices. But for boiled meat, the reverse. The meat should be put into boiling water to set the juices; and then kept under the boiling point, (which is two hundred and twelve degrees,) until quite cooked. To continue it at a boil hardens and spoils it. Finely chopped meat put into cold water gradually warmed, then strained and pressed, makes the best soup for invalids. Bacon, dried beef, red herrings, suet dumplings, and fish of all kinds, make good soups, as well as rice, sago, semolina, and other grain. Peas and barley, with slices of wheaten bread, make a strong and nourishing soup, well seasoned with fine herbs, pepper, and salt. Count Romford fed his beggars on this at Munich, at the cost of two and a half farthings a day! This, including the expense of firewood and wages, and at a time, when firewood was much dearer than coal is now in England. By his own contrivances (we use the Romford stove to this day), he reduced the daily cost of fuel for the dinners of a thousand, and twelve, sometimes fifteen hundred people, to fourpence halfpenny a day. This could be done again. Without dreaming of interfering with the domestic meal — the snug family circle, which has such a good moral effect — and recommending, instead, communistic feed-

ing, we would simply suggest that cooking on a large scale might be advantageous and economical to the people. In model lodging-houses, for example, certain standard dishes — soup the principal — might be made wholesale at much less cost to each family, than if made separately in the family rooms. Public cooking would require skilful handling, like all things affecting the internal conditions of domestic life; but certainly it would be much cheaper than the present mode of separate cooking, and it might well be so managed as not to interfere with the most private manner of living.

Volumes might be written on soup. The orator, the physiologist, the philanthropist, or even the poet, might advantageously expend his genius on the subject of soup. "No one estimates its value," says Liebig, "more highly than the hospital physician, for whose patients soup, as a means of restoring the exhausted strength, cannot be replaced by any other article in the pharmacopœia. Its vivifying and restoring action on the appetite, on the digestive organs, the colour, and the general appearance of the sick, is most striking." Extract of meat, or concentrated soup, is thus spoken of by Parmentier, and is especially applicable to our brethren in the Crimea; whose ignorance of cooking brought starvation upon thousands of themselves last

winter: "In the supplies of a body of troops, extract of meat would offer to the severely wounded soldier a means of invigoration which, with a little wine, would instantly restore his powers, exhausted by great loss of blood, and admit of his removal to the nearest field-hospital." "What more invigorating remedy," exclaims Proust, another experienced dietetic physiologist, "what more powerfully acting panacea than a portion of genuine extract of meat, dissolved in a glass of noble wine? The most recherché delicacies of gastronomy are all for the spoiled children of wealth. Ought we then to have nothing in our field-hospitals for the unfortunate soldier, whose fate condemns him to suffer for our benefit the horrors of the long death-struggle, amidst snow, and mud, and swamps?"

In this prejudiced country, the idea connected with soup is, that it is a poor, washy, meagre sort of food, not at all worthy of the true-born Briton. But this idea is erroneous, even when applied to soup made without meat and entirely of vegetables. Upon such soup, millions of people on the Continent almost entirely exist. It is true they are not so muscular as people who have access to meat, because vegetables, producing in the human body chiefly blood and flesh, yield muscle sparingly. Neither do the herbs of the field furnish the weakly nutriment that most of

our beef-loving countrymen imagine. The horse is not a weakling, neither is the elephant; yet both are strict vegetarians. Nature makes them so; but she has given to man a dentition and a stomach for flesh; and flesh he had better have — when he can get it. But, because man *can* do without it, he is a bad reasoner who reduces himself to the condition of a joyless vegetarian. Vegetables do not offer sufficient resistance to the incisors and canines of man for perfectly healthy existence. So thoroughly is mastication a law of nature, that Count Romford's mendicants pined upon copious rations of excellent soup, until the Count discovered that Nature resented the idleness of their teeth. He added to each portion crusty bread toasted hard, and his paupers became plump.

Meat soup is, of course, better than soup *maigre*; but soup *maigre* is better than starvation. And we venture to assert that starvation is the lot of thousands in this country, in consequence of a stolid prejudice against utilising all sorts of leguminous, and even of adipose matter, by making soup of it.

We might save almost as much in our cooking as Count Romford saved in his, both of food and fuel, if we were wiser in our methods. If we always cooked in close vessels, and never opened the lid — whereby a large volume (seven-eighths) of absolute nutriment escapes up the chimney; if

we cooked with slow fires, letting things simmer rather than boil, and if we roasted slowly and thoroughly. Or if, with a hot fire at first, then suffering the heat to diminish gradually — which makes the meat become aromatic and tender — remembering, too, to preserve the fat, by covering it with paper, as joints of venison are covered; above all, if we made use of every known article of food, we should save one third of our present expenditure, and have more food and more pleasure into the bargain. As soon as one day's dinner of stew or soup is ended, the pan might be wiped out clean, and the next day's meat or "stock" set to simmer on the hob or in the oven. Housewives who do not know that secret would be surprised to find how much good they would get from it. Thirty-six legs of mutton, weighing two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, were once cooked for one shilling and two-pence in a gas stove. And this economy was not due only to the material of fuel, but to the manner of cooking. We cannot repeat it too often — small fires and close stoves are what we want; not yawning caverns of flame, with all the heat and half the nutriment roaring up the chimney; but little holes, as in France, where a few bits of charcoal cook, with patience, such delicious stews and soups and *ragôts* as all our tons of coals and gallons of galloping water never

can accomplish. Look at our gridirons! First, we must have a clear fire, — only to be got at by a vast expenditure of fuel and quantities of salt; and when made, for what? For all the fat to drip wasting on the coals, doing no good to any one, — for so much waste, in fact.

There is a wide field for economy, too, in bread. Brown bread is used in the houses of the rich as a luxury, — the poor will not touch it. Yet unsifted wheaten flour is infinitely the best as an article of food. Liebig says that bolted flour is a “matter of luxury, and injurious rather than beneficial as regards the nutritive power of bread.” And as the mass of bread is increased one-fifth by being unbolted, there is surely an additional reason why the poor should use it. The finest American flour is perhaps the best in point of nutritive quality; but then it is more expensive than unbolted flour, which stands next to meat. Except the juice of meat, says Liebig, nothing is so near the fibrine of flesh as the gluten of wheat. Many thousand hundred-weights of the finest and purest flour in England are turned into starch, to dress cotton goods with; and the gluten, which is the refuse of this manufacture, amounting to twelve or twenty per cent. of the dried flour, is lost as food for man. Its nutritive power may be estimated when we know that in an experiment made by the Academicians in France, dogs were

fed for ninety days exclusively on the gluten of wheat, devoured raw, and at the end of the time they were sleek, healthy, and in perfectly good condition. In an experiment made by Magendie, a dog fed exclusively on fine wheaten bread died after forty days; another dog, fed on brown bread (made with the bran), “lived on without any disturbance of his health.” Boiled with salt and water, dried, and ground to a coarse meal, gluten is then easily preserved, and makes, when mixed with abstract of meat and kitchen vegetables, the strongest and best-flavoured soup known. Lime-water makes bread white. It does all that alum and phosphate of copper do, without being injurious as the one and poisonous as the other. Bread “doctored” in this manner, as most London bread is doctored, becomes positively hurtful, instead of nutritious, — its chemical properties being completely altered by alum, and actual poison being introduced by phosphate of copper. Oatmeal and rye are both very little used in the south of England, and even in the north are gradually passing out of fashion. More’s the pity! For porridge is not a thing to be rejected unwarily, if made well; and rye bread is much more delicious than the uninitiated would believe. Both kinds of grain are cheap too, — which is perhaps one cause of their unpopularity in our luxurious England.

We make little use of fish — partly because we don't know how to prepare it. We know only how to fry and boil. To stew or bake, or make into soup, we have very little idea of. The same law holds good with respect to cut and crimped fish as with meat for boiling and for stews. It ought to be boiled in hot water, so as to set the gelatine and gluten it contains; but if the skin is uncut, then it must be boiled in cold water, and always with a little salt. Fish baked in a deep dish, with savoury herbs and oil or butter (seasoning, of course, included), makes a capital dish. Any small fry will do, — sprats and such like, not generally of great repute among the people; but we think injuriously slighted. Fried fish should be managed with great care. The fat in the fryingpan should be kept at boiling heat, which prevents any fishy flavour from escaping; and therefore, as M. Soyer says, in the same fat in which we have fried a sole you may fry an apple fritter, if you are careful not to allow the fat to cool. Fish mashed up with potatoes — the left potatoes of yesterday — fish and rice, fish boiled in soup, all these are excellent varieties of cooking fish, — too much neglected by the poor; but if learnt and attended to, would increase their food and their enjoyment to an infinite degree.

One of the saddest things to think of, in a country where men are sometimes all but starving

for want of food, is the waste of meat in some nations: Australia, for instance, Buenos Ayres, and Mexico, where beef and mutton are melted down for tallow, and only the prime joints used at all. What paradises these seem to us, in a country where meat ranges from sixpence to tenpence the pound! If the manufacture of extract of meat was heartily carried out in these lands of beeves and oxen, what a saving it would be to humanity at large. Here in Europe it is found too expensive to be popular. Near Giessen, in Germany, where there is a large manufactory, it is from six shillings to seven and six-pence the pound, which price puts it out of the reach of many most requiring it; as, for example, in hospitals and public charities. In a battle-field, as we have seen, a little extract of meat dissolved in a glass of wine would be of more service to the wounded men than we can conceive — giving them strength to be transported to the rear; which very often, for want of a timely stimulus, is impossible. Soup-tablets fell into disrepute owing to the ignorance of the manufacturers. They, seeing that all strong soups and stocks gelatinised or formed into a jelly, imagined that gelatine was the chief constituent of good soup. And when they found that white meat, tendons, feet, cartilage, bones, ivory, and hartshorn, yielded the most beautiful and most transparent jelly-tablets, which were cheaply obtained and

sold at a high price, ignorance and the love of gain exchanged the valuable constituents of flesh for gelatine, only to be distinguished from common joiner's glue by its high price. No wonder, then, if the soup-tablets fell in public estimation. Prepared scientifically, from juicy meat — prepared so as to be sold no higher than three shillings a pound — this sort of portable soup would be both invaluable to mankind as a discovery and profitable to the manufacturer. Solidified milk is also a recent discovery, and an invaluable one; and in preserved fruits and vegetables — with lime juice — we may foresee the time when there shall be no more scurvy on board ship.

One of the largest promises of science is, that the sum of human happiness will be increased, ignorance destroyed, and, with ignorance, prejudice and superstition, and that great truth taught to all, that this world and all it contains were meant for our use and service; and that where nature by her own laws has defined the limits of original unfitness, science may by extract so modify those limits as to render wholesome that which by natural wildness was hurtful, and nutritious that which by natural poverty was unnourishing. We do not yet know half that chemistry may do by way of increasing our food. Sawdust bread may seem a very mythic kind of diet, and acorns may be held fitter for

the pig-trough than the dining table: but in time science will have reconciled greater anomalies than even these, and have opened almost as wide a natural larder as the whole of nature herself. Who, on the mere surface of things, would have dreamed of beetroot containing sugar? And who would now believe that in the famine of sixteen hundred and thirty, good white, nutritious, and lasting bread was made out of turnips, kneaded up with an equal weight of flour? Turnip-bread! The words seem rather unpractical; yet we ourselves know of bread that was produced last year in Paris — white, firm, sweet, and wholesome — in which the inventor solemnly declared there was not a single grain of flour. He wished the government to buy his secret, or he had already taken out a patent, we forget which; but he produced the bread, and our friends eat it. It was sold at four sous the four-pound loaf. Wheaten bread was then very dear, much to the dissatisfaction of the ouvriers round the barrières, more than one of whom declared that the emperor was a polisson and a gredin, and predicted a revolution in consequence. Not that the emperor had much to do with it, excepting in the perpetual State and police interference with the markets, which yet were always kept as low as possible for the consumer, to the damage of the producer very often. However, more than one

émeute of which the world never knew was the result of this dear-ness of bread. Yet people would have to be coaxed and hood-winked into buying nutritious bread, not made of wheaten flour, at a halfpenny a pound. And doubtless many of the ignorant would believe that government — that vague term — had some sinister design on hand, and that they were to be poisoned off easy, if this cheap food had been pressed on them. This is the universal consequence of ignorance, fear and distrust of every new advantage.

On the whole, then, the sum of this paper is contained in the following rules. Make use of every material possible for food — remembering that there are chemical affinities and properties by which nutriment may be extracted from almost every organic substance, the greatest art being in proper cooking. Make soup of every kind of flesh, fish, farina, and leguminosæ. Everything adds to its strength and flavour. Bones, fish, stale bread, vegetables, nettle-tops, turnip-tops, and water-cresses growing for the gathering, dandelion bleached, and other wild herbs and weeds — all will turn to account in a skilful housewife's hands, more especially in soup. And remember that even pure vegetable soup, accompanied with bread fried in fat, is the best article of food to be had after solid flesh or meat soup; and that you can make this dish

nourishing and savoury out of the material you could not otherwise eat. Cook your food in close vessels; and, when possible, in close stoves. Cook slowly and thoroughly, and abjure, as wasteful and baneful, those fierce caverns of flames, which simply heat the chimney — which does not do much good, excepting sometimes to the fire-engines; and which spends your substance in creating smoke; a disagreeable substance to create, to say the least of it, and a bad investment for your money. Make stews slowly. Make soup with cold water, increasing the heat gradually. Cook boiled meat by plunging it into boiling water, then let the heat decrease, and simmer it till ready.

MILITARY FANS.

COLONEL TEVIS, late a staff-officer in the Turkish service, and a pupil of the military college of the United States, has endeavoured to remove the military ignorance of the non-professional world. Speaking from long and useful experience, at Kars and elsewhere, the colonel has contrived to make the movements of an army intelligible to the non-military reader. He has used the French language for the conveyance of his knowledge; probably because his admiration is wholly concentrated upon the military system of our allies. Can Sandhurst be compared with St.

Cyr? Can the knowledge of Ensign Fiddles be mentioned besides that of Sou-lieutenant Bon-temps? Are there any cavalry colonels in the French army who cannot take their regiment out of the barrack-yard? Questions of this nature probably struck Colonel Tevis as he sat down to tell the world how armies are protected from sudden assaults on the march; how the baggage is guarded; how way-worn warriors are left to rest peacefully with their martial cloaks around them.

It is the business of an army in the field to keep the enemy as ignorant as possible of its position, its strength, and its destination; therefore it surrounds itself with a web as dangerous to hostile adventurers as the spider's web is to the fly. On all sides, scouts scour the country in quest of the foe; and, when they discover him, pass the word back till it reaches head-quarters. Cavalry gallop round the woods; fantassins climb the ridges in pairs, and look carefully about long before the first column of the main army approaches. Then, should the enemy suddenly appear to these scouts in force, they fall slowly back, warning the advanced guard. The army is yet some way behind, and will have ample time to prepare for a meeting while the advanced guard holds the enemy in check. The advanced guard is generally composed of troops of all arms, and varies in strength from one-fifth of the main army, according

to the ground over which its advanced posts extend along the front and flanks; according, also, to the resistance it is needful to offer to the enemy. In a country the surface of which demands numerous advanced posts and in which the advanced guard is compelled to put out half its strength in the posts, the strength of this body is generally increased; but, in a small army of two or three thousand men, no more than one-fifth of its entire strength can be detached as an advanced guard. The great business of this advanced force, besides protecting the army from sudden attack, is to prevent the enemy from reconnoitering. This latter service may make it necessary for the guard to act on the offensive, in order to mislead the enemy as to the strength of the army opposed to him: but its usual attitude is the defensive. Even here, when the outposts are attacked, they should fall back as slowly as possible, upon the main body of the advanced guard — the guard also retiring slowly, in order to give the main body full time to prepare to strike the decisive blow. It is most important that the advanced guard should take up its position along a line of ground from which it can observe the enemy's movements, and prevent the enemy from observing those of the army it protects. In adopting this line, it is also necessary to keep the outposts so near together that they will be capable of offering a

vigorous resistance to an attack from any quarter; and to retire upon the main body in good order. Composed of the light troops of an army, the advanced guard should be its right hand; always on the alert; never in a wrong position. It should keep the enemy in a state of constant alarm, forcing him to take all kinds of inconvenient precautions to protect his flank and rear. This service, under the command of an energetic general, is the safeguard of an army; allowing soldiers to rest in the field, within a short distance of the enemy, as securely and freely as in barracks. But men on outpost duty have no easy time of it. To destroy them all kinds of subtle plots are laid; they may never take forty winks of sleep; for they may be picked off at any moment from behind the nearest bush. They are military policemen for the time being; protecting those encamped far away behind them. There lies the army under the white tents upon which the moon shines coldly! behind a fan of outer posts, bristling with bayonets. Behind this fan (the popular form for the outposts) the army lies as securely as the lady listens to love behind hers, protected by it from the dragon eyes of her maiden aunt. To pass the edge of this military fan is a dangerous service. We remember how the forlorn hope of the French army passed the Russian outposts in the dead of night, crawling upon their

stomachs; how some Zouaves braved Russian bullets to secure a bunch of radishes from a Sebastopol garden. When we consider the system on which these military fans are made, we shall understand the extent of the danger.

The outer edge of the fan, behind which the army lies in security, consists of a number of outposts. The further these outposts can be removed from the divisions which they protect, the better. These posts are established at short distances one from the other, upon commanding ground, whence the enemy may be satisfactorily observed, and with facilities for communicating with one another. The great object, of course, is to render the passage of the enemy beyond the line impossible. Thus behind the posts are stationed, upon the main roads leading to the camp, strong pickets, destined to come to the aid of the outposts in the event of a sortie, or to protect the outposts when they are compelled to fall back before an overpowering force. Another point which the general of the advanced guard has to consider in the arrangement of his outposts is, the prevention of reconnoitering expeditions on the part of the enemy. To see the enemy's position and force, and to keep him in ignorance of the extent and plans of the army which is before him, are the most important duties of the advanced guard.

An army generally encamps in a position where the ground protects its flanks, and where the vigilance of a slight force of light cavalry and light infantry, kept in constant intercommunication by mounted patrols prevents surprise. The outposts are always, or nearly always, in view of the pickets, or grand-gardes, by which they are supported, and the sentinels within view of the outposts to which they belong. When this arrangement is rendered impossible by the nature of the ground, videttes are posted between the outposts and their supports, to keep them in constant communication. It is laid down as a rule, that outposts of infantry should not be more than six hundred paces from each other, nor more than three hundred from their sentinels; while outposts of cavalry may be fifteen hundred paces from one another, and six hundred from their videttes. Each post should be four times as numerous as the number of videttes or sentinels that it furnishes. The grand-gardes — posted along the main avenues leading to the camp, the business of which is to support the outposts — have generally double the strength of the outposts, and are placed about two hundred paces behind foot sentinels, and six hundred paces behind mounted sentinels. Behind the grand-gardes are pickets still more numerous; whose business, in case of a serious attack, is to oppose a sturdy opposition to the advance of the enemy. They are generally posted in good positions for defence, as in villages, defiles, and other places offering cover. If the ground be flat, they entrench themselves. They send out sentinels or scouts, who keep them in constant communication with the outposts. These pickets, when required to offer a vigorous resistance to the enemy, consist of two or three hundred soldiers of various arms. Generally the grand-gardes and outposts in advance of each picket muster altogether a third of the force of the picket. Artillery is rarely employed in these advanced positions except to command an important defile or passage; it is then strongly guarded. Behind the pickets massed upon the central ground, with the artillery, is the bulk of the advanced guard, ready to carry help to any point where it may be needed. Great care is taken to acquaint the commanding officer of each picket with the exact whereabouts of the force upon which he is to retire for support in case of attack, and with the roads conducting to it. Upon the exactness of these instructions the safety of the army may depend; inasmuch as a mistake by a picket, in its retreat, might lay the whole army open to a sudden onslaught. The importance of confiding the points of the military fan to vigilant officers — of giving them a faithful map of the country, good glasses, and ready writing materials —

the importance of details like these, in the government of an army in the field, seldom strike us, civilians, as we cozily read over the accounts of army movements in the columns of our morning paper. Yet the duties of the man who commands an outpost are grave and onerous in the highest degree. He must be brave as a lion, crafty as a cat. When he perceives that the enemy is not in his immediate neighbourhood, he must send out scouts in all directions, till he discovers the points to which he has retired. Every sound he hears must be noted; every countryman he meets must be questioned; the rise of every cloud of dust must be chronicled, to estimate the movements or intentions of the foe. His conjectures and his observations must be clearly given to the officer of the grand-garde immediately in his rear. Again, he is responsible that all communications with the enemy shall be impossible along the line of his sentinels. No bearer of a flag of truce should pass his line of posts before he has received an order to this effect from his superior officer. He must take care that all his men do not eat their meals at the same time; that they lie down in rotation, and that the horses of the mounted patrols go to drink two or three at a time only. As soon as night closes in, his responsibilities double. Half of his men remain under arms all night; the rest sit, having their arms and saddles at their side. Colonel Tevis insists that these poor fellows should never be allowed to occupy a house; since, enclosed within four walls, they neither hear nor see all that is going on around them. If the time be winter, and a fire be indispensable, only half of the outpost should be allowed to approach it at once, the other half of the force being stationed at a distance ready to receive the enemy. As the night wears through, in the performance of these exciting duties, while, far away behind, the divisions sleep securely, the grand-gardes prepare to relieve the outposts. With the first break of day, fresh soldiers approach their tired brethren of the outposts to relieve them — this time being sagaciously chosen by prudent generals, because it is the time most favourable to the enemy for an attack. Thus, in the event of a skirmish, the outposts are doubly strong at the most perilous moment, the relieving and the relieved soldiers being together. Should the advance of the enemy appear general, the officer commanding an outpost collects his sentinels, and opposes the advance sufficiently to give the grand-gardes time to receive the advanced pickets of the enemy, and to keep up a harassing fire upon them. As the pickets retire upon the main body, opposing the enemy and slackening his advance at every turn, they make for its flanks, in

order to leave its front clear for any movements which the commander may consider advisable. It is, however, a rule that the pickets should never retire before their scouts and outposts have joined them.

In this way, is the fan of an army regulated. Upon its proper construction, as the reader will have already observed, depends the safety of an army, very often. And thus responsibility descends from the field-marshal to the captain, spying through a night-glass over a gloomy landscape to catch reflections of the enemy's bivouac fires — the dust of his horses' hoofs, or the glitter of his steel, under the pallid rays of the moon. Let the captain doze over his work; let the sentinel get drowsy before the icy wind; and the enemy may suddenly cleave his way to the heart of the camp, or a spy may go safely through the lines. To any perceptible movement in the solemn gloom, the sentinel answers with a bullet. Even now, as we write at night, many countrymen's eyes are strained over the gloom of a Crimean landscape, staring excitedly to catch any movement of the enemy in the distance. Many a light-hearted young fellow, who has spent years in London whispering roguish things behind marabout fans, to willing ears and sparkling eyes, now sternly holds the command of a point in the great military fan that protects the slumbers of our soldiers. And if, this night, under the heavy

clouds of a Crimean sky, and in the drenching rain, the enemy approach our young friend's point of the fan, sure enough are we — though we thought him an empty fellow when he aired his Piccadilly collars in Hyde Park — that he will not hold his weapon with a trembling hand, nor give an inch of ground too early. It is a pity he does not know enough to do all that is in the capacity of his brave nature. Still we think tenderly of him; seeing him at this moment with his brave face full before the enemy. The Russians will not pass his sentinels, we warrant.

BEEF.

IF I have a mission upon this earth, (apart from the patent and notable one of being a frightful example to the rising generation of blighted existence and misused energies) — that mission is, I believe, beef. I am a Coelebs, not in search of a wife, as in Mrs. Hannah More's white-neck-clothed novel, but in search of beef. I have travelled far and wide to find it — good, tender, nourishing, juicy, succulent; and when I die, I hope that it will be inscribed on my tombstone: "Here lies one who sought for beef. Tread lightly on his grave: quia multum amavit."

Next to the Habeas Corpus and the Freedom of the Press, there are few things that the English people have a greater respect for

and a livelier faith in than beef. They bear, year after year, with the same interminable unvarying series of woodcuts of fat oxen in the columns of the illustrated newspapers; they are never tired of crowding to the Smithfield Club cattle-show; and I am inclined to think that it is their honest reverence for beef that has induced them to support so long the obstruction and endangerment of the thoroughfares of the metropolis, by oxen driven to slaughter. Beef is a great connecting link and bond of better feeling between the great classes of the commonwealth. Do not dukes hob and nob with top-booted farmers over the respective merits of short-horns and Alderneys? Does not the noble Marquis of Argentfork give an ox to be roasted whole on the village green when his son, the noble Viscount Silvercorrel, comes of age? Beef makes boys. Beef nerves our navvies. The bowmen who won Cressy and Agincourt were beef-fed, and had there been more and better beef in the Crimea a year ago, our soldiers would have borne up better under the horrors of a Chersonesean winter. We feast on beef at the great Christian festival. A baron of beef at the same time is enthroned in St. George's Hall, in Windsor's ancient castle, and is borne in by lacqueys in scarlet and gold. Charles the Second knighted a loin of beef; and I have a shrewd suspicion that the famous Sir

Bevis of Southampton was but an ardent admirer, and doughty knight-errant in the cause of beef. And who does not know the tradition that even as the first words of the new-born Gargantua were "A boyre, à boyre," signifying that he desired a draught of Burgundy wine — so the first intelligible sounds that the infant Guy of Warwick ever spake were, "Beef, beef!"

When the weary pilgrim reaches the beloved shores of England after a long absence, what first does he remark — after the incivility of the custom-house officers — but the great tankard of stout and the noble round of cold beef in the coffee-room of the hotel? He does not cry "Io Bacche! Evöe Bacche!" because beef is not Bacchus. He does not fall down and kiss his native soil, because the hotel carpet is somewhat dusty, and the action would be, besides, egregious; but he looks at the beef, and his eyes filling with tears, a corresponding humidity takes place in his mouth; he kisses the beef; he is so fond of it that he could eat it all up; and he does ordinarily devour so much of it to his breakfast, that the thoughtful waiter gazes at him, and murmurs to his napkin, "This man is either a cannibal or a pilgrim grey who has not seen Albion for many years."

By beef I mean, emphatically, the legitimate, unsophisticated article. Give me my beef, hot or cold, roast, boiled, or broiled;

but away with your beef-kickshaws, your beef-stews, your beef-haricoes, your corned beef, your hung beef, and your spiced beef! I don't think there is anything so contemptible, fraudulent, adulterine in the whole world (of cookery) as a beef sausage. I have heard that it is a favourite dish with pick-pockets at their raffle-suppers. I believe it. There was a boy at school with me in the byegone — a day-boy — who used to bring a clammy brownish powder, in a sandwich-box, with him for lunch. He called it powdered beef; and he ate this mahogany, sawdust-looking mixture between slices of stale bread and butter. He was an ill-conditioned boy who had begun the world in the face-grinding sense much too early. He lent halfpence at usury, and dealt in sock (which was our slang for surreptitious sweet-stuff); and I remember with what savage pleasure I fell upon and beat him in the course of a commercial transaction involving a four-bladed penknife he had sold me, and which wouldn't cut — no, not even slate-pencil. But the penknife was nothing more than a pretext: I beat him for his beef. He had the ring-worm, and it was bruited about afterwards that he was of Jewish parentage. I believe, when he began life, he turned out but badly.

I am reminded, however, that the subject of beef, as a British institution, has already been

treated at some length in this journal.* I have merely ventured a few remarks on the bovine topic generally, to preface the experiences I have to record of some recent travels in search of beef I have made in the capital of France. One might employ oneself better, perhaps, than in transcribing the results of a week's hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt; and surely the journey in search of bread is long and wearisome enough that we might take beef as it comes, and thankfully. But, as I have said, beef is my mission. I am a collector of bovine experiences, as some men collect editions of Virgil, and some Raffaele's virgins, and some broad-sides, and some butterflies. And I know that there are moralities to be found in beef as well as in the starry heavens and the vestiges of creation.

Let me first sum up all the knowledge I have acquired on the subject, by stating my firm conviction that there is no beef in Paris, — I mean, no beef fit to be eaten by a philobosopher. Some say that the French cut their meat the wrong way; that they don't hang it properly; that they don't hang it enough; that they beat it; that they overcook it. But I have tasted infinite varieties of French beef, of the first, second, and third categories. I have had it burnt to a cinder, and I have had it very nearly

* See Volume XXVIII. page 36.

raw. I have eaten it in private English families resident in Paris, and dressed by English cooks. It is a delusion: there is no beef in Lutetia.

The first beef I tried in my last campaign was the evening I dined at His Lordship's. Don't be alarmed, my democratic friend. I am not upon Lord Cowley's visiting list, nor are any coronetted cards ever left at my door on the sixth storey. I did not receive a card from the British Embassy on the occasion of the last ball at the Hôtel de Ville; and I am ashamed to confess that, so anxious was I to partake of the hospitality of the Prefect of the Seine (the toilettes and the iced punch are perfect at his balls), that I was mean enough to foreswear temporarily my nationality, and to avail myself of the card of Colonel Water-ton Privilege of Harshellopolis, Mass.: — said colonel being at that time, and in all probability exceedingly sick, in his state-room of the United States steamer Forked Lightning, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. But, by His Lordship's I mean an Anglo-French restaurant — named after a defunct English city eating-house — situate near the Place de la Concorde, and where I heard that real English roast beef was to be obtained at all hours in first-rate condition.

Now, there is one thing that I do not like abroad; yea, two that are utterly distasteful to me. The one thing is my country-

men's hotels and restaurants. These houses of refection I have usually found exceedingly uncomfortable. So I was disposed to look somewhat coldly upon His Lordship's invitation, as printed upon placards, and stencilled on the walls, till I was assured that his beef was really genuine, and that he was an Englishman without guile.

His Lordship's mansion I found unpretending, even to obscurity. There was no portecochère, no courtyard, no gilt railings, nor green verandahs. His Lordship's hotel was, in fact, only a little slice of a shop, with one dining-room over it; for which I was told he paid an enormous rent — some thousands of francs a-year. In his window were displayed certain English viands pleasant to the sight: a mighty beef-steak pie just cut; the kidney end of a loin of veal, with real English stuffing, palpable to sight; some sausages that might have been pork, and of Epping; some potatoes in their homely brown jackets, just out at elbows, as your well-done potatoes should be, with their flannel under-garments peeping through; and a spherical mass, something of the size and shape of a bomb-shell, dark in colour, speckled black and white, and that my beating heart told me was a plum-pudding. A prodigious Cheshire cheese, rugged as Helvellyn, craggy as Criffell, filled up the background like a range of yellow mountains. At

the base there were dark forests of bottles branded with the names of Allsopp, and Bass, and Guinness, and there were cheering announcements framed and glazed, respecting Pale Ale on draught, L.L. whisky, and Genuine Old Tom.* I rubbed my hands in glee. "Ha! ha!" I said internally. "Nothing like our British aristocracy, after all. The true stock, sir! May His Lordship's shadow never diminish."

His Lordship's down-stairs' apartment was somewhat inconveniently crowded with English grooms and French palefreniers, and with an incorrigible old Frenchman, with a pipe as strong as Samson, a cap, cotton in his ears, and rings in the lobes thereof, who had learnt nothing of English but the oaths, and was cursing some very suspicious-looking meat (not my beef, I hope) most energetically. I have an opinion that stables and the perfume thereof are pretty nearly analogous the whole world over; so, at the invitation of a parboiled-looking man in a shooting-jacket and a passion (who might have been His Lordship himself for aught I

knew), I went up-stairs. There was an outer chamber, with benches covered with red cotton velvet, and cracked marble tables, like an indifferent café; where some bearded men were making a horrible rattle with their dominoes, and smoking their abominable cigars (surely a course of French cigars is enough to cure the most inveterate smoker of his love for the weed). This somewhat discomposed me; but I was fain to push forward into the next saloon where the tables were laid out for dining; and taking my seat, to wait for beef.

There was myself and a black man, and his (white) wife, the Frenchman with the spectacles, and the Frenchman with the bald head (I speak of them generically, for you are sure to meet their fellows at every public dining-table abroad), the poor old Frenchman with the wig, the paralytic head and the shaking hands that trifle with the knives and forks, as though they were red-hot. There were half-a-dozen other sons of Gaul; who, with their beards, cache-nezs, and paletôts, all made to pattern, might have been one another's brothers; two ancient maiden ladies, who looked like English governesses, who had passed, probably, some five-and-thirty years in Paris, and had begun to speak a little of the language; a rude young Englishman, who took care to make all the company aware of the coarseness of

* Our gallant allies have yet much to learn about our English manners and customs. Only the other night, in the Foyer of the Grand Opera, I saw (and you may see it there still if you are incredulous) a tastefully enamelled placard, announcing that "genuine Old Tom" was to be had at the Buffet. Imagine Sir Harcourt Courtley asking the Countess of Swansdown, in the crush-room of Covent Garden Theatre, if she would take half a quartern of gin!

his birthplace; an English working engineer, long resident abroad, much travel-worn, and decidedly oily, who had a voice like a crank, and might have been the identical engineer that Mr. Albert Smith met on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer; and a large-headed little boy, with a round English jacket, who sat alone, eating mournfully, and whom I could not help fancying to be some little friendless scholar in a great French school, whose jour de sortie it was, and who had come here to play at an English dinner. The days be short to thee, little boy with the large head! May they fly quickly till the welcome holidays, when thou wilt be forwarded, per rail and boat, to the London Bridge station of the South Eastern Railway, to be left till called for. I know from sad experience how very weary are the strange land and the strange bed, the strange lessons and the strange play-mates, to thy small English heart!

A gaunt, ossified waiter, with blue black hair, jaws so closely shaven that they gave him an unpleasant resemblance to the grand inquisitor of the holy office in disguise seeking for heretics in a cook-shop, and who was, besides, in a perpetual cold perspiration of anger against the irate man in the shooting jacket below, and carried on fierce verbal warfare with him down the staircase. This waiter rose up against me, rather than ad-

dressed me, and charged me with a pike of bread, cutting my ordinarily immense slice from it. I mildly suggested roast beef, wincing, it must be owned, under the eye of the cadaverous waiter; who looked as if he were accustomed to duplicity, and did not believe a word that I was saying.

"Ah! rosbif!" he echoed, "bien saignant n'est ce pas?"

Now, so far from liking my meat "bien saignant" I cannot even abide the sight of it rare, and I told him so. But he repeated "bien saignant," and vanished.

He came again, though; or rather his Jesuitical head protruded itself over the top of the box where I sat (there were boxes at His Lordship's) and asked:

"Paint portare? p'lale? ole' ale?"

I was nettled, and told him sharply that I would try the wine, if he could recommend it. Whereupon there was silence, and then I heard a voice crying down a pipe, "Paint portare!"

He brought me my dinner, and I didn't like it. It was bien saignant, but it wasn't beef, and it swam in a dead sea of gravy that was not to my taste; fat from strange animals seemed to have been grafted on to the lean. I did not get on better with the potatoes, which were full of promise, like a park hack, and unsatisfactory in the performance. I tried some plum-pudding after-

wards; but, if the proof of the pudding be in the eating, that pudding remains unproved to this day; for, when I tried to fix my fork in it, it rebounded away across the room, and hit the black man on the leg. I would rather not say anything about the porter, if you please; and perhaps it is well to be brief on the subject of the glass of hot gin-and-water I tried afterwards, in a despairing attempt to be convivial; for it smelt of the midnight-lamp like an erudite book, and of the midnight oil-can, and had the flavour of the commercial terebinthium, rather than of the odoriferous Juniperus. I consoled myself with some Cheshire cheese, and asked the waiter if he had the *Presse*.

"Ze Time is gage," he answered.

I did not want the *Times*. I wanted the *Presse*.

"Sare," he repeated wrathfully, "Ze Time is gage. Le Journal Anglais (he accentuated this spitefully) is gage."

He would have no further commerce with me after this; and, doubtlessly thinking that an Englishman who couldn't eat his beef under-done or indeed at all, and preferred the *Presse* to the *Times* newspaper, was an out-cast and a renegade, abandoned me to my evil devices, and contented himself with crying "Voilà!" from the murky distance without coming when I called. He even declined to attend to receive payment, and

handed me over for that purpose to a long French boy in a blouse, whose feet had evidently not long been emancipated from the pastoral sabots, whose hair was cropped close to his head (in the manner suggesting county gaol at home, and ignorance of small tooth-combs abroad), and who had quite a flux of French words, and tried to persuade me to eat civet de lièvre that was to be served up at half-past seven of the clock.

But I would have borne half a hundred disappointments similar to this dinner for the sake of the black man. Legs and feet! he was a character! He sat opposite to me, calm, contented, magnificent, proud. He was as black as my boot, and as shiny. His woolly head, crisped by our bounteous mother Nature, had unmistakeably received a recent touch of the barber's tongs. He was perfumed; he was oiled; he had moustaches (as I live!) twisted out into long rats'-tails by means of pommade Hongroise. He had a tip. He had a scarlet Turkish cap with a long blue tassel. He had military stripes down his pantaloons. He had patent leather boots. He had shirt-studs of large circumference, pins, gold waistcoat-buttons, and a gorgeous watch-chain. I believe he had a crimson under-waistcoat. He had the whitest of cambric handkerchiefs, a ring on his fore-finger, and a stick with an overpowering gold knob. He was the wonder-

fullest nigger that the eye ever beheld.

He had a pretty little English wife — it is a fact, madam — with long auburn ringlets, who it was plain to see was desperately in love with, and desperately afraid of, him. It was marvellous to behold the rapt, fond gaze with which she contemplated him as he leaned back in his chair after dinner, and refreshed his glistening ivories with a toothpick. Equally marvellous was the condescension with which he permitted her to eat her dinner in his august presence, and suffered her to tie round his neck a great emblazoned shawl like a flag.

Who could he have been? The father of the African twins; the Black Malibran's brother; Baron Pompey; Prince Mousalakatzic of the Orange River; Prince Bobo; some other sable dignitary of the empire of Hayti; or the renowned Soulouque himself, incognito? Yet, though affable to his spouse, he was a fierce man to the waiter. The old blood of Ashantee, the ancient lineage of Dahomey, could ill brook the shortcomings of that cadaverous servitor. There was an item in the reckoning that displeased him.

"Wass this sa?" he cried, in a terrible voice; "wass this, sa? Fesh your mas'r, sa!"

The waiter cringed and fled, and I laughed.

"Good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on —" honest black man; but oh, human na-

ture, human nature! I would not be your nigger for many dollars. More rib-roasting should I receive, I am afraid, than ever Uncle Tom suffered from fierce Legree.

I have not dined at His Lordship's since — I would dine there any day to be sure of the company of the black man — but I have more to say about Beef.

P.N.C.C.

THE thing which drove me from my late purchase of Longfield Hall in Cumberland — after nine months' trial, — back to town, has been a dead secret, until this present writing. My friends have found a mine of reasons to explain the circumstance: either the county families refused to visit us; or our income was not more than enough to maintain our lodge-keeper; or my eldest daughter had made love to the surgeon's young man at Nettleton; or I could not get on without my billiards and my five to two at whist; or I had been horse-whipped by Lord Wapshaw for riding over his hounds. There was more behind the curtain than people thought; and a thousand other good-natured explanations.

The actual facts are these: We arrived in Cumberland at the close of last autumn, and were as happy for some months as the days were long — and the days were very long indeed; every-

body was kind and hospitable to us, and, on our parts, my port became a proverb and my daughters a toast. It was "Blathers, come and take pot-luck," from almost any neighbour I fell in with on my walks; or, "Mr. Blathers, we see nothing of your good wife and family," from the archdeacon's lady, though we had been dining at the Cloisters three times within the fortnight; or "Lord and Lady Wapshaw have the —" but, no; the forms of familiarity, through which the high nobility communicate with their intimates, should not be lightly quoted. In a word, then, I was a popular man and "an accession to the county."

In the early spring time I began to feel the country gentleman's first grief; it came over with the swallows and, like them, never left my roof. Two of my acquaintances — men I had never esteemed as evil genii — rode over on an April day to Longfield; Sir Chuffin Stumps and Biffin Biffin of the Oaks; they were unusually cordial — quite empressés, my wife subsequently observed — to all of us, and after luncheon they desired to have some conversation with me in my study; that is the apartment wherein I keep my Landed Gentry, my stomach-pump (a capital thing to have in a country-house), and my slippers, and thither my two guests were ushered.

"It has always been the custom, my dear Blathers," said

the baronet, "for the tenant of Longfield Hall to be the president of the Nettleton Cricket-club; that we should offer, that he should accept that honor, is due to his position in the county" (and indeed there was scarcely a flat piece of ground big enough to play upon in all the district, except in my paddock, I well know). "Lather, your predecessor, was president; Singin was president before him; the Longfields of Longfield were presidents time out of mind; and you — Blathers — you will be president now?"

"Of course you will," agreed Biffin.

"But, my dear sirs," said I, "what shall I have to do? — what will be my duties, my —"

"Do! — nothing at all," interrupted Sir Chuffin Stumps, "positively nothing; you have no duties, only privileges; let us have your ground to play upon; dine with us on Wednesdays in the tent, and on the great match-days; give a crust of bread and a shakedown to a swell from any long distance, now and then; you sit at the head of the festive board — your health is drunk continually — you are appealed to upon all the nice points of the game, and your decision is final. It's a splendid post!"

"Splendid!" echoed Biffin.

"But I have not played at cricket for this thirty years," I urged. "I don't know the rules. I couldn't see the ball, if you

were to give me all creation. I'm as blind as a bat."

"Ha, ha, very good," laughed the baronet. "A bat — d'ye see, Biffin, — a bat? Blathers will do, depend upon it; he'll keep the table in a roar. As for the game, Mr. President, it's just what it used to be — round instead of under, that's all; and they cut a good deal oftener and stop much less, perhaps, than they used to do."

"Dear me," said I, "then there's not so many of them as there were, I suppose?"

"And as for near-sight," pursued Sir Chuffin, "play in spectacles. Bumpshus, our great wicket-keeper, he plays in spectacles; Grogram, your vice-president, he plays in spectacles; it's considered rather an advantage than otherwise to play in spectacles."

"Certainly," echoed Biffin, "it's a great advantage."

"So good-bye, Blathers," said both gentlemen rising; "the first of May is our meeting day, and the tent must be up and everything arranged, of course, by that time; but Grogram will write and let you know every particular."

And that was how I was made P. N. C. C., almost without a struggle.

In the course of a week I received a letter from Grogram, saying that there would be no difficulty whatever about anything; he would settle about the dining-tent, and the dressing-

tent, and the cooking-tent, and I should only have the contracts for food and the wine-tasting to manage; the hiring of a bowler, the cutting and rolling of the grass. The coming matches for the year — I should, of course, arrange about myself; and I must be sure, he wrote, to let all the members of the club know of the day of meeting, and all the playing members of every match-day, and to dun Lord Wapshaw for his two years'-due subscriptions, as the treasurer didn't like to — with some other little matters; and, by the bye, did I happen to have my cricket tog-gery complete yet? as, if not, he (Grogram) could let me have a registered belt almost for nothing, because he had grown out of it, he was sorry to say, himself; also some improved galvanised india-rubber leg-guards, and some tubular batting-gloves, and a catapult — remarkably cheap. The postscript said, "of course you will come out in flannels and spike-soles."

I really thought when I first read this letter that I should have died with anxiety. I showed it to Mrs. Blathers, and she fairly burst into tears, and it was hours before we could either of us look our difficulties calmly in the face. Flannels! I had at that moment upon my person the only description of flannel garment which I possessed — a jerkin coming down no distance at all, and not to be dreamt of as a reception-dress to the club and

half the county upon the first of May; spike-soles I did happen to have, being a skater, and set them out accordingly; but what possible use a pair of skates could be for cricket I could not imagine. The rest of the things I sent to Grogram for, who accommodated me with them very good-naturedly for fifteen pounds fifteen shillings. I put them all on — one way and another — but could make no use of the catapult, except to sit in it, and my youngest child had convulsions, because, she sobbed, Pa looked so like that dreadful diver who lived in the pond at the Polytechnic.

I issued all the circulars, and signed myself the obedient servant of two hundred and forty-six strange gentlemen. I set my gardener and my coachman to roll out the cricket-ground. I tasted the bad sherry of the three Nettleton wine-merchants, and made two of them my enemies for life. My advertisements for a bowler were answered by a host of youths, with immense professions and very limited employment; some were from Lord's, some from the Oval, "the Maribun know'd him well enough," averred one young gentleman; another — with a great hollow in his hand from constant practice — affirmed, that "if I wanted hart, there I had it, and no mistake;" by which he meant that Art was enshrined in his proper person — and him I chose.

The first of May was as the poets love to paint it: the white tents glittered in sunshine, and the flags fluttered from their tops to a gentle breeze; the wickets were pitched upon the velvet sward, a fiddle and cornopean, concealed in the shrubbery, welcomed every arrival with See the Conquering Hero Comes; and the president's heart beat high with the sense of his position. I was attired in my full diving-dress, over the Nettleton uniform, and I held a bat in my right hand. The sides were chosen, and the game began; the carriages of the nobility and gentry formed a brilliant circle round the ground; a flying ball, struck by a hand more skilful than common, gave their situation the least touch of peril to enhance it. I myself was placed at one of the wickets, and my new bowler was placed opposite to me; he and I had practised together for a day or two, and he knew the balls I liked. I sent the sixth out to the left with a great bang, to the admiration of all but Grogram — who is a person of saturnine disposition — and got three runs; alas! the unprofessional Wilkins — the swiftest round-hand in the club — then inherited the mission of my destruction by bowling to me; the whizz of his balls absolutely took away my breath, and, if they had struck me, would doubtless have taken away my legs. But I placed the bat resolutely in the earth, and cowered behind

it as well as I could manage. At last, after a warning cry of Play! — about as inappropriate a name as he could have called it — a tornado seemed to sweep past me, followed by a smack as of the resistance of flesh, and the wicket-keeper ejaculated "Out!" to my infinite joy.

Then came the happy time of cricket. The danger of the thing being over for that whole innings, you have nothing to do but to lie on the ground with a cigar, and explain how you had intended to have caught that ball, and hit it between long field off and cover point; when you holloa out, "Butter-fingers!" and "Wide!" and "Run it out!" My happiness, however, was but of short duration; the new bowler delivered his deadly weapon against the rest in a manner he had known better than to practise upon me. Wilkins, too, seemed to derive new strength from every ball he struck towards the sky, and reaped the air with that tremendous arm of his more terribly than ever. In an hour and twenty minutes, we were fagging out on our side. The president had his choice of places; and, having observed that the wicket-keepers had either stopped the balls, or much diminished their velocity before they arrived at longstop, I declared for that happy post. Alas! this was the case no longer. Swift as thought, and infinitely more substantial, the balls rushed with unabated fury beside me; hardly, by leaping into the air,

and stretching my legs very wide apart, could I escape the fearful concussion. "Stop 'em! Stop 'em!" screamed the fielders. "Why the deuce don't he stop 'em?" bawled old Grogram, indignantly. So I waited my opportunity, watching, hat in hand, till one came slower than usual; and then I pounced upon him from behind, as a boy does on a butter-fly. The crown of my hat was carried away, indeed, but the missile could not force its way through my person, and I threw it up to the man that hallo'd for it most in triumph; but my reputation as a cricketer was gone for ever.

At dinner I was comparatively successful. Lord Wapshaw was on my right; Sir Chuffin Stumps on my left; two long lines of gentlemen in flannels were terminated, perspectively, by Grogram, opposite; the archdeacon said grace; my new bowler assisted in waiting at table; and everything was upon the most gorgeous scale. Presently, however, the rain came down in torrents, and, in spite of the patent imperviousness of the tent, as vouched for by the vice-president, some umbrellas had to be borrowed from the hall (which were never returned). After dinner, there was a friend of his lordship to be ballotted for, and I distributed the little balls, as directed, and sent round the box. The rule of exclusion was one black ball in ten. There were four black balls to thirty white

balls, and I had to publish the fact to all present.

"My friend black-balled, sir?" said the irascible peer. "Impossible! Did you do it? — did you? — did you?" he asked of everybody successively, amidst roars of laughter at his utter want of appreciation of the fundamental end and aim of the institution of vote by ballot. "There must be some mistake, sir," said he, when they had each and all declined to satisfy such an extraordinary enquiry. "Mr. Blathers, try them again."

This time there were four white balls to thirty black ones, a melancholy result which I had also to announce. His lordship left the tent — the marquee, somebody observed — like a maniac; and, though I swear I did not blackball his man, he never asked me to Hiltham Castle again from that day to this.

Now the season had begun, I became inundated with letters from the presidents of other cricket-clubs, requesting the N.C.C. to play them on some particular day; which, if it suited Wilkins, was invariably inconvenient to Grogram, and if it pleased Grogram, was sure to be the worst in the year for all the rest. So we were requested to name our own day, in a flippant, skittle-playing, come-on-when-you-like sort of manner, throwing upon me still greater responsibilities. The end of it was that the Levant club came to Nettleton, eat our dinner, drank our wine,

and beat us; but refused to play a return match, or to give us any dinner whatever. Swiftly Downham, Esq., the man who has a European reputation as mid-wicket-on, honoured us by his company at Longfield "for a couple of nights," as he bargained, and stayed a fortnight, smoking regularly in the best bedroom. Swiper, the professional batsman, also favoured us, and left me a cotton pocket-handkerchief with a full-length portrait of himself, in exchange, I hope — or else it was robbery — for a plain white silk one of my own. A whole school came over from Chumleyborough to play us, and nine of them took up their quarters at the hall. Fresh from toffee and gingerbeer as they were, I was fool enough to give them a champagne supper, of which the consequences were positively tremendous. They were all of them abominably ill, and the biggest boy kissed my daughter Florence, mistaking her, as he afterwards stated in apology, for one of the maids.

Wednesday, on which the club met, became my dark day of the week, and cast its shadow before and behind it; it was then that I made feud with Wilkins, by deciding that his balls were wide, and exasperated Grogram by declaring his legs were before wicket. I should not have known how these things were, even could I have seen so far; but I gave judgment alternately, now for the ins and now for the outs,

with the utmost impartiality. One fine afternoon my own and favourite bowler absconded with about a dozen of the best bats, quite a forest of stumps, and a few watches belonging to the members of the N.C.C.; this was the drop too much that made my cup of patience overflow. I determined to resign, and I did resign.

Staying at Longfield Hall any longer, having ceased to be the president, I felt was not to be thought of, so I disposed of it. I wrote a cheque for a lot of things, embraced Grogam (whom I dearly love), and left the club my catapult. My last act of office was to appoint another bowler — a black man. He does capitally, Wilkins writes; only — from his having been selected by me from a band of tumblers, I suppose — he will always bowl from under his left leg.

LAVATER'S WARNING.

TRUST him little who doth raise
To the same height both great and
small,

And sets the sacred crown of praise,
Smiling, on the head of all.

Trust him less who looks around
To censure all with scornful eyes,
And in everything has found
Something that he dare despise.

But for one who stands apart,
Stirr'd by nought that can befall,
With a cold indifferent heart,
Trust him least and last of all.

THE FRIEND OF THE LIONS.

WE are in the Studio of a friend of ours, whose knowledge of all kinds of Beasts and Birds has never been surpassed, and to whose profound acquaintance with the whole Animal Kingdom, every modern picture-gallery and every print-shop, at home and abroad, bears witness. We have been wanted by our friend as a model for a Rat-catcher. We feel much honored, and are sitting to him in that distinguished capacity, with an awful Bulldog much too near us.

Our friend is, as might be expected, the particular friend of the Lions in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. On behalf of that Royal Family dear to his heart, he offers — standing painting away at his easel, with his own wonderful vigour and ease — a few words of friendly remonstrance to the Zoological Society.

You are an admirable society (says our friend, throwing in, now a bit of our head, and now a bit of the Bulldog's), and you have done wonders. You are a society that has established in England, a national menagerie of the most beautiful description, and that has placed it freely and in a spirit deserving of the highest commendation within the reach of the great body of the people. You are a society rendering a real service and advantage to the public, and always

most sensibly and courteously represented by your excellent MITCHELL.

Then why (proceeds our friend), don't you treat your Lions better?

In the earnestness of his enquiry, our friend looks harder than usual at the Bulldog. The Bulldog immediately droops and becomes embarrassed. All dogs feel that our friend knows all their secrets, and that it is utterly hopeless to attempt to take him in. The last base action committed by this Bulldog is on his conscience, the moment our friend fixes him. "What? You did, eh?" says our friend to the Bulldog. The Bulldog licks his lips with the greatest nervousness, winks his red eyes, balances himself afresh on his bandy forelegs, and becomes a spectacle of dejection. He is as little like his vagabond self, as that remarkable breed which the French call a bouledogue.

Your birds (says our friend, resuming his work, and addressing himself again to the Zoological Society), are as happy as the day is—he was about to add, long, but glances at the light and substitutes—short. Their natural habits are perfectly understood, their structure is well-considered, and they have nothing to desire. Pass from your birds to those members of your collection whom Mr. Rogers used to call, "our poor relations." Of course I mean the monkeys. They have an artificial climate

carefully prepared for them. They have the blessing of congenial society carefully secured to them. They are among their own tribes and connexions. They have shelves to skip upon, and pigeon-holes to creep into. Graceful ropes dangle from the upper beams of their sitting-rooms, by which they swing, for their own enjoyment, the fascination of the fair sex, and the instruction of the enquiring minds of the rising generation. Pass from our poor relations to that beast, the Hippopotamus—What do you mean?

The last enquiry is addressed, not to the Zoological Society, but to the Bulldog, who has deserted his position, and is sneaking away. Passing his brush into the left thumb on which he holds his palette, our friend leisurely walks up to the Bulldog, and slaps his face! Even we, whose faith is great, expect to see him next moment with the Bulldog hanging on his nose; but, the Bulldog is abjectly polite, and would even wag his tail if it had not been bitten off in his infancy.

Pass, I was saying (coolly pursues our friend at his easel again), from our poor relations to that impersonation of sensuality, the Hippopotamus. How do you provide for him? Could he find, on the banks of the Nile, such a villa as you have built for him on the banks of the Regent's canal? Could he find, in his native Egypt, an appro-

priately furnished drawing-room, study, bath, washhouse, and spacious pleasure-ground, all en suite, and always ready? I think not. Now, I beseech your managing committee and your natural philosophers, to come with me and look at the Lions.

Here, our friend seizes a piece of charcoal and instantly produces, on a new canvas standing on another easel near, a noble Lion and Lioness. The Bulldog (who deferentially resumed his position after having his face slapped), looks on in manifest uneasiness, lest this new proceeding should have something to do with him.

There! says our friend, throwing the charcoal away. There they are! The majestic King and Queen of quadrupeds. The British Lion is no longer a fictitious creature in the British coat of arms. You produce your British Lion every year from this royal couple. And how, with all the vast amount of resources, knowledge, and experience at your command, how do you treat these your great attractions? From day to day, I find the noble creatures patiently wearing out their weary lives in narrow spaces where they have hardly room to turn, and condemned to face in the roughest weather a bitter Nor'-Westerly aspect. Look at those wonderfully-constructed feet, with their exquisite machinery for alighting from springs and leaps. What do you conceive to be the kind

of ground to which those feet are, in the great foresight of Nature, least adapted? Bare, smooth, hard boards, perhaps, like the deck of a ship? Yes. A strange reason why you should choose that and no other flooring for their dens!

Why, Heaven preserve us! (cries our friend, frightening the Bulldog very much) do any of you keep a cat? Will any of you do me the favour to watch a cat in a field or garden, on a bright sunshiny day—how she crouches in the mould, rolls in the sand, basks in the grass, delights to vary the surface upon which she rests, and change the form of the substance upon which she takes her ease. Compare such surfaces and substances with the one uniform, unyielding, unnatural, unelastic, inappropriate piece of human carpentry upon which these beautiful animals, with their vexed faces, pace and repace, and pass each other two hundred and fifty times an hour.

It is really incomprehensible (our friend proceeds), in you who should be so well acquainted with animals, to call these boards—or that other uncomfortable boarded object like a Mangle with the inside taken out—a Bed, for creatures with these limbs and these habits. That, a Bed for a Lion and Lioness, which does not even give them a chance of being bruised in a new place? Learn of your cat again, and see how *she* goes to bed. Did you ever find her, or any living

creature, go to bed, without rearranging to the whim and sensation of the moment, the materials of the bed itself? Don't you, the Zoological Society, punch and poke your pillows, and settle into suitable places in your beds? Consider then, what the discomfort of these magnificent brutes must be, to whom you leave no diversity of choice, no power of new arrangement, and as to whose unchanging and unyielding beds you begin with a form and substance that have no parallel in their natural lives. If you doubt the pain they must endure, go to museums and colleges where the bones of lions and other animals of the feline tribe who have lived in captivity under similar circumstances, are preserved; and you will find them thickly encrusted with a granulated substance, the result of long lying upon unnatural and uncomfortable planes.

I will not be so pressing as to the feeding of my Royal Friends (pursues the Master), but even there I think you are wrong. You may rely upon it, that the best regulated families of Lions and Lionesses don't dine every day punctually at the same hour, in their natural state, and don't always keep the same kind and quantity of meat in the larder. However, I will readily waive that question of board, if you will only abandon the other.

The time of the sitting being out, our friend takes his palette from his thumb, lays it aside with

his brush, ceases to address the Zoological Society, and releases the Bulldog and myself. Having occasion to look closely at the Bulldog's chest, he turns that model over as if he were made of clay (if I were to touch him with my little finger he would pin me instantly), and examines him without the smallest regard to his personal wishes or convenience. The Bulldog, having humbly submitted, is shown to the door.

"Eleven precisely, to-morrow," says our friend, "or it will be the worse for you." The Bulldog respectfully slouches out. Looking out of the window, I presently see him going across the garden, accompanied by a particularly ill-looking proprietor with a black eye — my prototype I presume — again a ferocious and audacious Bulldog, who will evidently kill some other dog before he gets home.

THE HALL OF WINES.

If you mount the Belvedere of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there is one particular segment of the panorama which forms a very complete and singular picture. The right-hand wing (theatrically speaking) is formed by Jussieu's famous cedar of Lebanon planted by his own hands in seventeen hundred and thirty-five; that on the left hand is a clump of yews, firs, and miscellaneous evergreens. The heights

of Montmartre crown the horizon; the middle distance is formed by the line of houses that constitute the quays on the right bank of the Seine broken in the midst by the cupolas of St. Pol, and a little to the left by the barn-like roof of St. Louis dans l'Île. But the whole central space of the landscape is overspread with what might be a lake of brown mud in a half-dried and crumpled state, but which, after a second look, proves a vast expanse of tiled roofs running in parallel rows, and slightly diversified by the tops of trees and by scarcely visible skylights which break up the gray-brown uniformity. That petrified mud-lake consists entirely of the roofs which cover the famous Entrepôt or Halle-aux-Vins, which Napoleon the First propounded (by imperial decree) in eighteen hundred and eight, on the site of the Abbey of St. Victor, where Abelard had listened to the lessons of Guillaume de Champeaux, and where many good bottles of ecclesiastical wine had made their disappearance down monkish throats.

If your curiosity is sufficiently awakened to pay the Entrepôt a nearer visit, you will meet with much to interest. Suppose you walk down Rue Cuvier, — perhaps one of these days we shall have Owen Street, and Faraday Street, in London, — you will reach the Quai Saint Bernard, with the Seine rushing rapidly to the left and in front. You will

encounter an eddying stream of pleasure and of business combined, as if the whole population of Paris were dancing a grand Sir Roger de Coverley together; omnibusses flitting backwards and forwards, — Hirondelles, Favorites, Gazelles, Parisiennes; holiday parties laden with eatables, to be washed down, outside the Barrière, by wine untaxed by octroi duty; students and savans bent on taking notes on botany and comparative anatomy; wine merchants and their customers with mouths in tasting trim, bound either for the Halle itself or for Bercy beyond it; troops of children with their nurses and grandmothers, about to spend the afternoon in watching the monkeys; artisans' cousins from the interior, with hearts palpitating at the hope of beholding living lions, tigers and boa-constrictors, for the first time in their life; not to mention the man who cuts your portrait in black paper, with the Arab who jumps into the air like a goat and lights on his forefeet like a sportive tomcat, on their way to compete with the giant-ess, the learned pig, and the fortune-telling pony at the foot of the bridge of Austerlitz. From all these mundane follies the Halle-aux-Vins is secluded, in monastic style, by a light railing covered with stout iron network, which allows it to gaze at the Vanity Fair, while it separates it from too familiar contact with the world. It is in the

crowd — without being of it — a convenient, friar-like, differenceless distinction. Exclusiveness, however, of whatever kind, is more apparent than real. At the bottom of Rue Cuvier, turn to your right, and you may enter at once, unless you prefer walking along the Quai to the principal entrance, where there is a letter-box, in case you have a billet-doux to post. The principal restriction imposed upon a stranger is, that he is forbidden to smoke amongst the eaux-de-vie.

Well, now that you are inside it, what do you think of it? Is the wine-market of Paris like any thing else? The name of the establishment puts the London Docks into your head; but, beyond their commercial use and distinction, there is no more analogy between the London Docks, and this little bit of fairy-land, than there was between the caverns of *Ætna*, where Vulcan made pokers and tongs, and the slopes of Parnassus where the Muses danced. The Halle-aux-Vins is not a building, nor a labyrinthine cellar; it is a complete town, as perfect and unique in its way as Pompeii itself. Once a week, indeed, it resembles the city of the dead; it is silent, solitary, and closed. No business is transacted there on Sundays, save only by the restless spirits which will work unseen, and which contrive to make their escape invisibly, however fast they may be imprisoned.

The Halle is the very concentration and impersonation of French vinous hilarity. It would not do for port and sherry, which require a more solid and stately residence; nor is it sufficiently whimsical and mediæval to serve as a rendezvous for Rhenish, Austrian, and Hungarian volunteers in the grand army of Jean Raisin. Rudesheimer, Voesslan, Gumpoldskirchen, or Luttenberg, could not well sojourn comfortably in any place that had not a touch of a ruined castle in its architecture. But the Entrepôt, whose first stone was laid little more than forty years back, no more pretends to an elderly and dignified mien than does the Bal Mabille (by daylight) or the Château des Fleurs. It is as tasteful and as elegant as if intended to serve as a suburban luncheon-place, where you might call for any known wine in the world, to be sipped under the shade of flowering shrubs, to the accompaniment of sandwiches, sausage-rolls, and ices, handed to you by white-aproned waiters or rosy-cheeked and smart-capped damsels.

Great part of this town consists of houses — summer-houses, — of one story, with one door, one window, and one chimney; with room in each, for exactly one more than one inmate. An extra apartment is sometimes contrived, by means of a bower, which serves instead of a garden — there is none — though a great deal of gardening is done

in the Halle, in tubs, flower-pots, and mignonette-boxes, wherein luxuriant specimens of the culture are observable; myrtles, oleanders, lilacs, orange-trees, bay-trees, and pomegranates, all a-growing and a-blowing. Favoured mansions possess a garden — sometimes as much as three or four mètres square — bedecked with roses, dwarf and standard, lilies of the valley, violets double and single, irises displaying some of the colours of the rainbow, hollyhocks, gilliflowers, blue-bells, and oyster-shells all in a row. There is an abundant supply of excellent water; of course to serve no other purpose whatever than the refreshment of the aforesaid favourites of Flora, though people say more wine is drunk in Paris than ever comes or came into it.

The Halle-aux-Vins houses, which put you in mind of Gulliver's box in Brobdingnag, are raised from the ground on separate blocks of stone, to keep them dry, which suggests the further idea of the possibility of their being flown away with by an eagle or roc, if they had only a convenient ring in the roof. Of course, the houselings, — detached and separate; no quarrelling with next-door neighbours, nor listening to secrets through thin partition walls, — are ranged in streets, the perusal of whose simple names is sufficient to create a vinous thirst. What do you say to walking out of Rue de Bordeaux into Rue de

Champagne, thence traversing Rue de Bourgogne, to reach Rue de la Côte-d'Or, and Rue de Languedoc, before arriving at Rue de Touraine! The Barmecide's guest would have been in ecstasies, in defiance of the koran, at such a feast.

Moreover, to make things still more pleasant, every one of the euphonious alleys and streets is planted with trees of different ornamental species, — the lime, the horse-chesnut, and other arboreal luxuries. It is a pity that the climate does not permit the growth of cork-trees, bearing crops of ready-cut corks, including bungs, long clarets, and champagne-stoppers. The happy mortal to whom each little lodge belongs, is indicated by a legible inscription giving not only the number of his isolated square counting-house, according to its place in the alley which it lines, whether in single or in double row, but also bearing the town-address of its tenant, and specifying the special liquors in which he deals; thus: — "21, Mossenet, Senior, & Cie.; Quai d'Anjou, 25. Fine wines of the Côte-d'Or cellar, Rue de Champagne, 17." Similar biographical sketches are given of other lords of other summer-houses which wink at you with their venetian blinds behind their fences of trelliswork covered with creeping plants.

The ground plan of the Halle-aux-Vins is formed of square blocks, consisting of magazins,

divided at right angles by the streets we have traversed. The magazins are appropriately named after the rivers of France along whose banks are the most famous vineyards. The Magasin du Rhone, Magasin de L'Yonne, Magasin de la Marne, Magasin de la Seine, and Magasin de la Loire, will serve as guides to the nomenclature of the rest of the establishment. Five principal masses of building are thus divided by clean-swept streets, whose most conspicuous ornaments, besides the little thrifty fir-trees, arbor-vitæ, and junipers in tubs, are groups of all sorts of casks lying about in picturesque attitudes, as if they had purposely arranged themselves in tableaux for the sake of having their portraits drawn; and drays, which are simply long-inclined planes balancing on the axle of the wheel, on which the casks are held by a rope tightened by a four-handled capstan. The elevation of the Halle-aux-Vins is pyramidal in principle. The ground-floor of the blocks is crossed by galleries from which you enter cobwebby rather than mouldy cellars, whose more apt denomination would be the Bordeaux word chais. Each gallery, a sort of rectangular tunnel some three hundred and fifty metres long, is lighted by the sunshine from a grating above, and is traversed by a wooden railway for tubs to roll on straight and soberly. Great precautions are take against fire.

The galleries are closed at each end by double doors of iron grating. The sapeurs pompiers, in various ways, make their vicinity if not their presence felt.

Other storehouses, built over the groundfloor so as to form a second story, are tastefully surrounded with terraces, on which you are strictly forbidden to smoke. These upper magazins are approached from the streets by inclined planes of road-way for the use of vehicles; pedestrians, by stepping up light iron staircases, may more readily breathe the air of the terrace, while sounds of tapping and wine-coopering mingle with the hum of the adjacent city, with the passing music of some military band, or with the roar and the scream of the captive creatures which are stared at by the crowd in the Jardin des Plantes. Vinous and spirituous smells float in the atmosphere from the full casks which lie about, in spite of the coating of plaster with which their ends are covered; and we draw nigh to the vaulted magazins of eau de vie, where every brandy-seller has his own proper numbered store, lighted from above by little square skylights, and where roam groups of inquisitive tasters, or spirit-rappers, anxious to pry into secrets that are closely veiled from the vulgar herd. The sanctum of the shrine in the Depotoir Public, or public gauging and mixing apparatus of cylindrical receivers, and glass-

graduated brandyometers, and cranes for raising the barrels to the top of the cylinders. In this presence-chamber of alcoholic majesty, etiquette is strictly observed. Conformably with the rules and regulations of the Entrepôt, the conservator apprises Messieurs the merchants that they are required to mind their P's and Q's. It is no more allowable to meddle with the machinery, or to intrude behind the mystic cylinders, than it is to make playthings of the furniture which adorns the altar of a cathedral.

There are paradoxical facts connected with the Halle-aux-Vins which none but the thoroughly initiated can solve. Perhaps it may afford a clue to know that there are two emporia of wine and spirit at Paris; one, the Halle within the barrière, and, therefore subject to the octroi tax, and more immediately connected with the supply of the city itself — the other, Bercy, close by, but outside the barrière, and consequently filled with the goods yet untouched by the troublesome impost. Large as it is, the Entrepôt is not large enough; were it twice as big, it would all be hired. For, of all trades in Paris, the wine-trade is the most considerable. There are now nearly seven hundred wholesale merchants, and about three thousand five hundred retail dealers, without reckoning the épiciers, or grocers, who usually sell wines, spirits, and

liqueurs in bottle; taking no account of the innumerable houses where they give to eat, and also give to drink. Not only is it the mission of Parisian commerce to moisten the throats of the metropolis, but it is the natural intermediary of the alcoholic beverages that are consumed in the vineyardless districts of France. The twentieth part of the produce of the empire travels to Paris. But, as the imposts on their arrival are very heavy and moreover press only on the local consumption, means have been taken to store the merchandise in such a way as not to pay the duty till the moment of its sale to the consumer. Hence, there is established on the bank of the Seine where Bercy stands, an assemblage of a thousand or twelve hundred cellars and warehouses — a sort of inland bonding-place — outside the limits of the octroi tax. These are hired by the merchants of the city as receptacles for their stock in hand.

The buildings of the Halle-aux-Vins, within the fiscal boundary, cost altogether thirty millions of francs, estimating the value of the site at one third of that sum. The speculation, however, has not hitherto responded to the hopes that were entertained at the time when it was founded. Whether the rentals (which vary from two francs and a half to five francs the superficial mètre), are fixed at too low a figure, or whether the wine-

merchants, disliking to be watched and hindered in the performance of their trade manipulations, prefer their private magazins at Bercy, the Entrepôt brings in to the city of Paris no more than three hundred thousand francs clear a year, that is, about one per cent for the capital employed. That Jean Raisin is somewhere made the subject of certain mystic rites which are scrupulously screened from public observation may be proved by the simple rules of addition and subtraction.

The wine-trade of Paris amounts to two million two hundred thousand hectolitres; four hundred thousand are consumed in the banlieue, outside the barrière, and seven hundred thousand are sent away, to supply the northern departments. What then becomes of the one million one hundred thousand which are left at Paris? It is made into one million four hundred thousand hectolitres! It may be calculated from the price at the vineyard, the carriage, the taxes, and other etceteras, that unadulterated wine, of however inferior a quality, cannot be sold in Paris for less than half a franc, or fifty centimes, the litre. Now, for considerable quantities retailed in cabarets, the price is as low as forty centimes. The equilibrium is reestablished by clandestine and fraudulent manufacture. On ordinary common wines it is practised to the extent of increasing them on the average

as much as three-tenths. Various sweet ingredients are fermented in water. A farmer travelling from Orleans in the same railway carriage with myself, showed me without the slightest hesitation, or concealment, a sample of dried pears which he was taking to Paris to sell to the Bercy wine-brewers. Very inferior raisins, dried fruits in general, and coarse brown sugar, enter into the magic broth. To complete the charm, an addition is made of some high-coloured wine from the south, a little alcohol, and a dash of vinegar and tartaric acid. Such preparations as these are harmless enough; they become grateful to the palate that is habituated to them; and certain adroit manipulators succeed in producing a beverage which attains considerable reputation amongst a wide circle of amateurs. Certainly the so-called petit Macon you get at Paris is a most agreeable drink, when good of its kind. At respectable restaurants, drinking it from a sealed bottle, you may reckon with tolerable safety on its genuineness. In wine shops, where wine is drunk from the cask, its purity is not so certain. The great test is, that manufactured and even light wines will not keep; they must be consumed, like a glass of soda water as soon as they are ready for the lip. It is said that the lamented Fum the Fourth had a bin of choice wine which he would allow no one to taste, except on special

occasions when he chose to call for it himself. But a king, however low he may descend, can hardly go down the cellar-steps with a bunch of keys in one hand and a tallow candle in the other, to decant his own favourite port and sherry. One morning, his Majesty decided that the evening's feast should be graced by the appearance of some of the treasured nectar. Of course, the underlings had drunk it all themselves, except a single bottle, which they had the marvellous modesty to leave. What was to be done? A panting cupbearer was sent with the final remnant to procure from a confidential purveyor to the palace something as nearly like it as possible. "You shall have it by dinner-time," said the friend in need; "and by letting me know any morning, you may have more to any extent you want. But," said the benevolent wizard, in tones of warning — "but, remember, it must be all consumed the same night. It will not keep till next day."

I hope the impromptu wine-maker was duly careful of the royal health. But in Paris there are said to be a number of cabaretiers, who, from the lees of wine mixed with a decoction of prunes doctored with log-wood, sugar of lead, sugar, and eau-de-vie, metamorphose wholesome fountain-water into an infamous potion, which they shamelessly sell as the juice of the grape. The French Encyclopédie, in its ar-

ticle "Vin," gives a large number of serviceable receipts, which may or may not have been tested at Bercy. If effectual, their value is beyond all price. An elixir to improve instantly the most common wine; A mode of giving to the wine of the worst soil the best quality and the most agreeable taste; A mode of giving to ordinary wines the flavour of Malmsey, Muscat, Alicante, and sherry; The manner of knowing whether there be water in the wine; The means of restoring wine that is changed; Remarks on bottles which spoil the wine; and, The method of improving and clarifying all sorts of wines, whether new or old; would alone be quite sufficient to make the fortune of any man who could scrape a hundred francs together, and with that immense capital start as Parisian wine-merchant. The particulars of these prescriptions are unnecessary for the reader, especially, seeing that I have given him the reference; but I cannot resist transferring for his edification, from L'Editeur, an Oran (Algerian) newspaper for the eighth of November last, an advertisement, giving real names relative to the Liqueur Trasforest, of Bourdeaux: —

"This precious composition, very advantageously known for a long time past, and recently brought to perfection by its author, gives to wine of the most inferior crûs a delicious richness, which is easily confounded with

the true richness of the Médoc; consequently, it is well appreciated by connoisseurs, who give it the preference over all preparations of this nature. Messieurs the proprietors, merchants, and consumers, who have not yet employed it, are invited to make a trial of it; there is no doubt as to their being convinced of its excellent properties by the advantages they will derive from it, especially to consignments to beyond the seas. [Much obliged to the philanthropic House of Trasforest.] A great number of retail dealers owe the preference which they enjoy, to this aromatic liquor, which is an agent proper for the preservation of wine, at the same time that it imparts to it a very superior quality and value by the delicate bouquet which it communicates.

"To employ the Liqueur Trasforest properly, you ought in the first place to whip up the wine; let it remain about fifteen days; and not add the Liqueur until the wine is drawn off, so that its mixture with the wine may be perfect. After several days of rest it may be put in bottle; the aroma keeps indefinitely. [That may mean for an indefinitely short period.] Twenty years' experience and success prove that the high reputation of this excellent production is incontestably merited. A flask suffices to perfume, bonify, and age, a hogshead (barrique) of wine. Price one franc fifty centimes. An allowance of twenty

per cent. to wholesale dealers. Orders attended to for ready-money payment. Beware of imitations.

"General entrepôt and special manufacture: Maison Trasforest, Rue Dauphine, 35, and Rue Saint-Martin, 56, opposite the Cours d'Albrest, Bourdeaux. (Prepay orders and their answers.) Sole dépôt in Oran at the office of the journal L'Editeur. At the same dépôt may be had the Gelatinous Powder, for the complete, absolute, and instantaneous clarification of white and red wines, vinegars, eaux-de-vie, and liqueurs."

THREE WIVES.

I HAVE besides my town residence in Cecil Street — which is confined to a suite of two apartments on the second-floor — a very pleasant country-house belonging to a friend of mine in Devonshire; this latter is my favourite seat, and the abode which I prefer to call my home. I like it well when its encircling glens are loud with rooks, and their great nests are being set up high in the rocking branches; I like it when the butterflies, those courtly ushers of the summer, are doing their noiseless mission in its southern garden, or on the shaven lawn before its front; I like it when its balustraded roof looks down upon a sea of golden corn and islands of green orchards flushed with fruit; but

most it pleases me when logs are roaring in its mighty chimneys, and Christmas time is come. Six abreast the witches might ride up them, let their broomsticks prance and curvet as they would. If you entered the hall by the great doors while Robert Chetwood and myself were at our game of billiards at its further end, you could not recognise our features. The galleries are studies of perspective, and the bare, shining staircases as broad as carriage ways. The library, set round from the thick carpet to the sculptured ceiling with ancient books, with brazen clasps, and old-world types, and worm-drilled bindings. The chapel, with its blazoned saints on the dim windows, and the mighty corridors with floors of oak and sides of tapestry, are pictures of the past, and teach whole chapters of the book of history: Red Rose and White Rose, Cavalier and Roundhead, Papist and Protestant, Orangeman and Jacobite have each had their day in Old Tremadyn House. When the great doors slam together, as they sometimes will, to the inexpressible terror of the London butler, they awake a series of thunderclaps which roll from basement to garret: many a warning have they given, in the good old times, to Tremadyns hiding for their lives, and many an arras has been raised and mirror slipped to right or left at that menacing sound. To this day, Robert Chetwood often comes anew upon some hold in which those who ruled before him have skulked — sometimes in his own reception-rooms, but more commonly in the great chambers where he puts his guests. These chambers are colossal, with huge carved pillars bearing up a firmament of needle-work, and dressing-closets large enough for dining-rooms. Every person of note who could or could not by possibility of date or circumstance have slept therein have had the credit of passing a night within Tremadyn House, from the Wandering Jew, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, down to Charles the First, Peter the Great, and the late Emperor Nicholas. There has been more than one murder in the Red room, several suicides in the Blue, and one ghost still haunts those spots in expiation. Tremadyns in lace cuffs and wigs; in scarlet and ermine; in armour from top to toe, line both the galleries — sold by the last Charles Surface of a dissolute race for ten pounds ten shillings a head. One great Tremadyn dynasty has passed away; Robert Chetwood, late banker in the City of London, not so long ago banker's clerk, now reigneth in their stead. The Tremadyns came in at the time of the siege of Jericho, or thereabouts, and the Chetwoods about ten years before the siege of Sebastopol; but there the advantage ceases. There is no man kinder to the poor, no man more courteous to all men, no

man, whatever his quarterings, in all Devonshire with a better heart than Robert Chetwood. Tremadyn House is open to the county, as it ever was, and his old London friends are not forgotten; a hale and hearty gentleman indeed he is, but he has had many troubles; he is as happy as any man bereaved of children can be, and it was the loss of them that made him buy the house and give up his old haunts and busy way —

He saw the nursery windows wide open
to the air,
But the faces of the children they were
no longer there;

and that, wherever it may be, is too sad a sight to look upon.

But what a wife the old man had, to make up, as it seemed even to me, for all! I say to me, for one of those lost children, a maiden of seventeen, was my betrothed bride — the gentlest and most gracious creature eyes ever looked upon; I think if I could write my thoughts of her, I should move those to tears who never saw her face, when they read "Gertrude died." She gave herself to me: the old man never could have given her. I say no more.

This is why Tremadyn House has become to me a home. It pleases Robert Chetwood to have his friend's son with him, above all, because he was his daughter's plighted husband, and my father's friend is trebly dear to me as Gertrude's father. When

the Christmas party has dispersed, and the great house is quite emptied of its score of guests, I still remain with the old couple over the new year. They call me son, as though I were their son, and I call them my parents. If Heaven had willed it so, dear Gertrude and myself could not have hoped for greater wedded happiness, more love between us, than is between those two. "Perhaps," he says, with a smile I never saw a young man wear, "perhaps it is that my old eyes are getting dim and untrustworthy, but Charlotte seems to me the dearest and most pleasant-looking dame in all the world." And his wife makes answer that her sight also is just as little to be depended on. To each of them has come the silver hair, and the reverence with it that alone makes it beautiful; and if their steps are slower than in youth, it is not because their hearts are heavier; they are indeed of those, so rare ones, who make us in love with life down even to its close. They always seemed to me as having climbed the hill together their whole lives long, and never was I more astonished than upon this new year's eve, when, Mrs. Chetwood being with us two in after-dinner talk, as custom was when all her guests were gone, her husband told this history. He had always talked quite openly to me,

A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Robert, seventy-two;

and then, at the end of another year of love and confidence, I could not resist inquiring of them how long they two had been one.

"Well, on my word, George," said the dear old lady, "you should be more discreet than to ask such questions."

But her husband answered readily:

"This thirty years. I've been a married man myself this half-a-century."

"Why, you don't mean to say —" said I.

"Yes, I do," he interrupted. "Of course I do. Charlotte has been my wife too long, I hope, to be jealous now of either Kate or Mary; but I loved them each in turn almost as dearly as I love her. Charlotte," he added, turning towards her as she sat in the great arm-chair, "you don't mind George being told about my other two wives, do you?"

"I don't mind your talking of Mary much," she answered, "but get over that young Kate's story as quickly as you can, please."

And I really thought I detected a blush come over her dear old face while she was speaking.

"It is rather less than half a century ago," he began, "since I first set foot in this beautiful Devon county. I came down on a short holiday from London, in the summer time, to fish, and I brought with me, besides my rod and basket, a portmanteau full of clothes and about twenty-five

pounds in gold, which was the whole amount of my savings. I was junior clerk in a house at that day, with one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and with as much chance of becoming a partner as you, my dear briefless Charles, have of sitting on the woolsack. From the top of Tremadyn House I could point you out the farm-house where I lodged, and will some day take you to see it, — a mighty homestead, with a huge portico of stone and flights of stone steps leading to the upper chambers from without. On one side was the farm-yard, filled with swine and poultry, with open stalls for cattle, and enormous barns, not so well kept or neat, perhaps, as the present day requires, but a perfect picture of plenty; on the other stood the cider-presses, and beyond, the apple orchards, white with promise, red with fruit, made the air faint with fragrance; half orchard was the garden, too, in fruit, through which, beneath a rustic bridge, my trout stream wandered. Charlotte, you know the place — have I not painted it?"

"You have, Robert," she said. The tears were in her eyes, ready to fall, I saw.

"There, then, I met Katie. The good man of the house was childless, and she, his cousin, was well cared for as his child. It was no wonder, George: the dark oak parlour seemed to need no light when she shone in it. Like a sunbeam gliding over

common places, whatever household matters busied her she graced. Some sweet art seemed to lie in her, superior to mere neatness, as high-heartedness excelleth pride. I put on salmon flies to catch trout. I often fished without any hook at all. I strove to image her fair face and form in the clear waters, by the side of that hapless similitude of myself—the reflex of a forlorn youth in his first love. I did my best at hay-making to please her. I took eternal lessons in the art of making Devon cheese. I got at last so far as to kiss her hand. I drew a little, and she sat to me for her portrait. We sallied out a mushrooming and getting wild flowers, and on our way sang pleasant songs together, and interchanged our little stores of reading. On the eve before my long put-off departure we were thus roaming: we had to cross a hundred stiles—the choicest blessings of this country I used to think them—and once, instead of offering my hand to help her over, I held out both my arms, and, upon my life, George, the dear girl jumped right into them; and that was how I got to kiss her cheek.”

“What shocking stories you are telling, Robert,” said Mrs. Chetwood, and certainly she was then blushing up under her lace cap to her white hair.

“Well, my dear, nobody was there except Kate and myself, and I think I must know what happened, at least as well as you

do: so,” he continued, “after one more visit to the farm-house, Kate and I were married; she gave up all her healthy ways and country pleasures to come and live with me in the busy town; studious of others’ happiness, careful for others’ pain; at all times forgetful of herself: active and diligent, she had ever leisure for a pleasant word and a kind action; and for beauty, no maid nor wife in the world was fit, I believe, to compare with her; to you, George, who knew and loved our dearest Gertrude, I need not describe her mother. She was not long with me, but it soon seemed as if it must have cost my life to have parted with her; yet the girlish glory faded, and the sparkling spirit fled, and the day has been forgiven, though forgotten never, which took my darling Katie from my side.”

The old man paused a little here. Mrs. Chetwood kissed him softly upon the cheek.

“My second wife,” he resumed, “was not so young, and certainly had not the outward graces of my first. She was beautiful, too, in the flower as Kate was in the bud; her face had not the vivacity, nor her eyes the dancing light of Katie’s, but there sat such a serenity upon her features, as we sometimes see upon a lovely landscape when the sun is near its setting; a look which no man ever tires of; and Mary bore me children, and then, much as I had loved

the sapling, it seemed to me that the full-fruited tree was dearer yet. She was no country girl from the Devon dales, but a town lady, bred. I had a great house by that time, with all things fitting about me, and my sphere was hers. The pearls suited her pleasant brow, and crowned her still raven tresses as becomingly as the single rose in her hair had adorned simple Kate. I think, if I may say so without ingratitude for my present great happiness, and with the leave of my dear Charlotte, that the happiest hours of my life were spent during those days, when our two children's voices rang cheerily over the house, and some little scheme of pleasure for them was my every-day desire and Mary's. Even at the terrible time when boy and girl were being taken from us at once, never did their patient mother seem more dear to me; from when the hush of sickness stole upon us at first, to the day when that white procession left our doors, what a healing spirit was she! When we thought that the thickly folded veil of sorrow had fallen over us for ever, how tenderly she put it aside!

"It must needs have happened that my speech has here been melancholy, but indeed I should not speak of Mary so. She was the blythest, cheerfullest, most comfortable middle-aged wife that man ever had; behind our very darkest trouble a smile was always lying ready to struggle

through it, and what a light it shed! One of your resigned immoveable females, who accept every blessing as a temptation, and submit, with precisely the same feelings to what they call every chastening, would have killed me in a week. George, my Mary acted at all times according to her nature, and that nature was as beautiful and blessed as ever fell to the lot of womankind. You might well think that Kate and Mary were two prizes great enough for one man to draw out of the marriage lottery, and yet I drew another. When I lost my beloved Mary, my third wife took her place in my inmost heart.

"Kiss me, Charlotte," said the old man, tenderly, and again she kissed him on the cheek. "And now," continued he, "let us fill our glasses, for the New Year is coming on apace; and please to drink to the memory of my two wives, and to the health of her who is still left to me. The two first toasts must necessarily be somewhat painful to my dear Charlotte, and we will, therefore, receive them in silence, but the third we must drink with all the honours."

So after those, he stood up, glass in hand; and said to her,

"Kate, Mary, Charlotte, — bride, matron, and dame in one, to whom I have been wedded this half-century, — for I have had no other wife, George, — God bless you, dear old heart! We have had a merry Christmas, as

we have ever had, and I trust it may be permitted to us to have, still together, one more happy New Year. Hip! hip! hip! Hurrah!" and the echoes of our three times three seemed cheerily to roam all night about Tremadyn House.

DAY-WORKERS AT HOME.

THERE are two classes of milliners' girls. In the first class are those who live in the house at which they work, receiving for their labour board, what passes for lodging, and as much pay as a governess — a sum that may be twelve or twenty pounds, or may be even four times that amount, per annum. Girls in this class are stimulated by some prospect of promotion: they may live to be fore-women, or to have shops of their own. The second class consists of day-workers, who go to the milliners, at eight in the morning, after an early breakfast, and (with an allowance of time during which they may depart in search of dinner) work until eight or nine at night; sometimes in the season, until ten or eleven. Work over, the labourers return to their own lodgings. A young woman in this class earns about seven shillings a week, wherewith to pay for lodging, food, and clothes. If she have any relatives in London to whose homes she can betake herself, then it is well; if she be a solitary worker, forced

to earn an independent livelihood — a young girl from the country, or an orphan — she goes to her garret; and there, sitting in utter cheerlessness, suffers temptations which there is no poor man, even though a rogue, who would not wish to see his daughter spared.

These workers labour in support of luxury all the day long: their sense of pleasure, love of ornament and colour, is developed, and their honest earnings only suffer them to lodge in dingy garrets chiefly found among back streets. Two shillings a week, or at the utmost, half-a-crown, is all that can be spared for rent out of an income that is only fourteen pence a working day; at most a penny-farthing for the working hour. Half-a-crown or two shillings is the rent of a dilapidated room, even among the pauperised inhabitants of Bethnal Green. Necessarily it can purchase no very pleasant dwelling, we may be assured, in the purlieus of Regent Street.

To make the position of such young women pleasanter and safer is not difficult; but there is only one way of improving it. The solitary dayworker cannot do much for herself with seven shillings; but, by associating with companions of her own class and adopting some system of combination, her funds may be made sufficient to maintain a tolerably happy little household. How to begin is the question.

Two ladies, thoughtful for their less fortunate sisters — the Lady Hobart, and the Viscountess Goderich — have been endeavouring, during the last few months, to help them in the making of the troublesome first step. Their chief difficulty has lain in the necessity of having one of these associated homes not distant from the places of business, which are most numerous at the west end of London. In extending the experiment which these benevolent ladies have commenced, care must be taken, therefore, to select a house which, for the rent it costs, supplies within its walls space enough for every just want of as many inmates as are necessary to the working of the system. The ladies before mentioned have taken upon themselves the first risk by opening a home of this description at number two, Manchester Street, Manchester Square. It allows ample sleeping space; each dormitory containing four or six single beds. It supplies also a spacious sitting-room, in which there is a hired piano and a little library of cheap and pleasant books; the use of a kitchen-range, light, firing, and all necessary household furnishing — linen, plates and dishes, knives, forks, and spoons — all for the price of a cold, dark garret — two shillings a week. If two persons unite, and pay rent for a double bed, the charge is only eighteenpence to each of them.

Possibly, for accommodation and the quality provided in this instance, the rent ought to be a few pence higher. Be that as it may, the establishers of this nest think, that when it contains its full complement of thirty-five or forty inmates, it will pay its own expenses, even with no higher contribution from each inmate than that now fixed. All they desire is that its existence should be widely known, and that especially the hard-working girls who may be made happier by adopting the suggestion it embodies, may hear of it; may understand the comfort of it; and learn to co-operate with one another not merely in this house, but in a great many others of the kind.

It is entirely their own affair: nothing is meant but to help them through the difficulty of beginning. In the home now established there are at present not more than eleven inmates; and only ignorance of its existence or its meaning could keep out the other five-and-twenty. It means no charity, no intrusion, no meddling supervision; only such help as woman may receive from woman, willingly and thankfully. The house to be self-supporting must indeed be full; but once understood, there will rarely be, in any of these snug little establishments, a vacant bed.

If it be ever the privilege of this journal to cheer during an odd half-hour, the weary heart of a young day-worker, and this

page comes to be read by her; and if she be not by happy chance, already well lodged, let her accept our counsel, offered with all cordiality, and with the most sincere good-will: we recommend that she should visit Manchester Street, look at the house, and talk all its arrangements over with the Mrs. Lomas, who, as matron, watches on the spot over the beginnings of the scheme. She will find this matron herself to be young and cheerful, and in earnest with the wish to be of use. She is one who has paid many a friendly visit to day-workers in their garrets, for the purpose of explaining to them what it is so much for their own comfort to understand.

When this house is full, it will belong fairly to the day-workers themselves; and there are no rules but such as they would, with a regard to the economy of their funds, and to their personal respectability, make for their own following. Though few return from duties until nine in the evening the sitting-room fire, in winter-time, is lighted at six o'clock and it is kept alight all day on Sunday; so that the apartment is always warm and comfortable when the inmates use it. At eleven at night it is put out; and any inmate staying out of the house after eleven must give a reason for so doing. A respectable reference is necessarily required with each newcomer (if only to her own employer), and there are no other

customs that are not to be found usual in any other private household. The girls buy what they please, and cook it how and when they please for themselves, at their kitchen ranges. If any or all of them like to associate their funds for common meals, it is for them to say and do what they desire.

At Manchester Street, it should be added, there is a free singing-class, and there are evenings of music. Opportunities of self-improvement are also supplied by the warm-hearted promoters of the scheme. But in all this the sole desire is, to give a kindly and a hearty lift at starting, to a way — into which those whom it concerns may soon get for themselves — of extracting all the happiness, security, and comfort in their power out of scanty incomes.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH STAFF OFFICERS.

LOUIS DE BONFILS is a captain in the corps of état-major, or the staff corps of France. I have known him for several years, and always found him an honourable upright soldier; in every sense of the word, a gentleman. According to our insular ideas of decorum, the captain is, perhaps, rather too much given to swaggering about with his hands in the far-down pockets of his red trousers, and is slightly addicted to swearing when ladies are not

by. An English cavalry captain might think Louis awfully slow, because he does not know or care anything about racing, is proud of, and wears, his uniform at all times and on all occasions, and has but one suit of plain clothes to his name. Moreover, since he commenced his career in the army, the captain has thought of, and worked for, nothing but his profession, and has, consequently, succeeded in making himself what the state pays him to be — a useful active wheel in the great mass of French military machinery. Not but that my friend has his failings and shortcomings like other men; but he knows full well that unless he keeps pace with — and, to do so, he must strive to outrun — his comrades on the staff in the race for professional pre-eminence, he will be cast aside as a useless encumbrance on the army list of France. Besides his rank of captain in the staff corps, Louis de Bonfils is attached to the *depôt général de la guerre* at Paris; where he is assisting, together with several others of his own rank and regiment, in completing a magnificent series of military maps of France, on a larger scale than any that have yet been published. The captain lately returned from the Crimea, where he was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of a general of division; but, being sent to Paris in charge of some valuable topographical papers relating to Russia — which he had compiled

when in camp by order of his superiors — the minister of war attached him, for the present, to the aforesaid *depôt de la guerre*.

I met Captain de Bonfils the other day in Paris, and asked him to tell me what were the qualifications required for a staff officer in his service, and how he had been fortunate enough to obtain employment in so distinguished a corps. This request he complied with at once; assuring me that the career of one officer in the corps d'état-major may be taken as an exact sample of all, and that the same qualifications are required from every one who aspires to the honour of holding a commission in that regiment.

To apply the term regiment to the French staff is perhaps not quite appropriate, as the corps consists entirely of officers. Belonging to this body are thirty colonels, thirty lieutenant-colonels, one hundred chefs d'escadron (who would be termed majors in the English service), three hundred captains, and one hundred lieutenants. No one can join the regiment unless he passes through the special school instituted in eighteen hundred and eighteen for that purpose, and now called *L'École Impériale d'Application d'État-Major*. This my friend, Captain Louis de Bonfils, of course, did. There are sixty pupils in the establishment, one-half of whom leave it every year; thus creating thirty annual vacancies. Of these thirty, three are selected from the *École Poly-*

technique; the remaining twenty-seven places in the staff-school are filled by competition from amongst fifty-seven candidates, thirty of whom must be sub-lieutenants who have been at least one year in the service, and must be under twenty-five years of age; and twenty-seven from the pupils of the military school of St. Cyr. Captain de Bonfils was one of the latter class. He had already spent his regulated time of three years at St. Cyr; and having passed the required examination for a commission in the line, might have joined a regiment without delay. Being one of the twenty-seven pupils at the head of the list amongst the hundred who had passed in his term, he entered his name as a candidate for admittance into the *École d'État-Major*, and, as he was successful, joined that institution. Here he remained two years, going through the regular course of instruction in military science; and — although, like the rest of the pupils, he held the rank of a commissioned officer — under almost as strict military and collegiate discipline as any school-boy. Winter and summer, the young men in this college rise at six o'clock, and, with the exception of an hour for breakfast, half-an-hour for recreation in the middle of the day, and the same in the afternoon, work at one or other branch of their studies until five in the afternoon; at which hour they dine, and are then at liberty to

go where they like, until ten in the evening. When they want to be out of college later, leave must be asked and obtained from the governor of the establishment. During the two years they remain at the staff-school, their time is divided regularly every day, each hour bringing its allotted task. The course of studies includes all the higher branches of mathematics, topography, geography, and fortification, together with statistics, military history, the English, German, and Italian languages, drawing, and the theory of military manœuvres — artillery, cavalry, and infantry — on a grand scale, and separate as well as combined. One hour every day is devoted to lessons in equitation in the riding-school; and every pupil is provided with an excellent charger at the cost of the state. The young men have each their own room, which is large enough to form, with comfort, a sleeping apartment and a study. They breakfast and dine together in the refectory, the former meal being served at nine, and the latter at five o'clock.

Out of the year, eight months are passed at Paris, and are devoted to hard work at the desk; three are spent in military surveying in various parts of France; and one entire month is required for the annual examinations. On entering the institution, and for twelve months afterwards, the pupils are attached to the second

division, or lower school. After a year has elapsed they pass an examination, and, if found qualified, move into the higher, or first class. Any young man who cannot pass this examination is forthwith remanded to one of the regiments of the line. Serious sickness for any length of time is considered the only allowable excuse for any want of proficiency in their studies. At the end of the second year another examination has to be gone through, and is considered the final test of qualification. If passed, the pupil leaves the school with the rank of lieutenant in the staff corps. But, although enrolled as one of that distinguished body, he has yet to go through another and a longer ordeal of learning in practice that which, as yet, he has only been taught in theory. For two years he is attached to a regiment of infantry; after that, for a like time, to a cavalry corps, and then, for one year, to a battery of artillery. With each of these branches of the service he has to do duty as a troop or company - officer for half the period; during the other half he is employed as a supernumerary - adjutant, under the orders of the colonel.

During the five years that he is attached to various regiments, the staff-lieutenant has to prepare and transmit regularly to his own corps, maps, papers, drawings, and surveys, which he is ordered to employ his time

upon. My friend, Louis de Bonfils, after leaving the staff-college, was attached for two years to a regiment of infantry in Algiers, after which, he passed a like term with a cavalry corps in France, and then was ordered again to Algiers with a battery of artillery. Having completed his ten years' military education — viz., three at the College of St. Cyr, two at the staff school, and five attached to regiments of the three arms of the service, Captain de Bonfils commenced his career as a fullblown staff-officer: that is to say, he joined his corps with the rank of captain, and was then eligible for such appointments as officers of his grade can hold. It is from this class — and from this only — that the aides-de-camp of French general officers are selected, and it is amongst the captains of the corps d'état-major, that my friend de Bonfils takes his place. The French staff is not divided, like that of England, into two separate departments of adjutant-general and quartermaster-general. With our neighbours, these form one and the same staff, and every officer belonging to the staff corps is perfectly qualified to fulfil all duties relating to both departments. Nothing whatever is left to chance, or to the hazard of personal selection. The marshals of France alone, have the right to nominate their own aides-de-camp — each having two, one a colonel, the other a lieutenant-

colonel of the corps d'état-major. All other officers who are entitled to aides-de-camp must take such as are nominated to their staff by the minister of war; and to ask for a friend or relative being appointed, would in France be thought an unsoldierlike and unpardonable liberty. Louis de Bonfils tells me that in about a year's time he expects to be promoted to the rank of chef d'escadron in the staff corps, and that he will then probably be sent either to one of the bureaux d'État-Major, which are attached to the various military divisions of France, or to the staff of some general in the Crimea. As I mentioned before, the Corps d'État-Major consists of one hundred lieutenants (who are attached to various regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery), three hundred captains, one hundred chefs d'escadron (or majors), thirty lieutenant-colonels, and thirty colonels; so that, without counting the junior rank, here is always in France an effective body of four hundred and sixty officers who have received the most finished military education it is possible to attain in the world, and who are always ready to fill up vacancies in the higher departments, or to form a staff for an army taking the field.

Is there any difference, O my countrymen, and what difference, between this system and the system of the English service! Amongst my friends on this side the Channel, I can also number a

staff officer, whom I have known some years. A better fellow, or more honorable man than Charley Benson does not exist; but what there is in him to make a staff officer out of I never could imagine. He entered the service about five years ago, and, having an uncle a general officer in command of an Irish district, was made aide-de-camp to that relative when he had done two years' duty with his regiment. The war in the Crimea broke out, and his uncle having good interest at the Horse Guards, got Charley named a deputy-assistant quartermaster-general with the army. What the duties of the appointment may be, I don't exactly know, and I am very certain Charley himself does not. He writes me that he has a lot of paper-work and returns to make out; but that with a good sergeant for a clerk, he manages to make it all serene.

Poor Charley! I can imagine how sorely puzzled he would be if left to his own resources with pen, ink, and paper. He can write a reasonably sensible letter when he likes, (it is not often that he does like,) but is decidedly eccentric in his orthography. As to the higher branches of mathematics, he knows nothing whatever of them. He can add up the various sums of money set down in the fly-leaves of his cheque-book, and so tell whether he has overdrawn his account with Messrs. Cox, the army agents; but beyond this his ca-

pabilities for figures does not extend. Topography, fortification, military drawing, military history, and military statistics, he denounces — when they are mentioned in his presence — by the energetic monosyllable — *rot!* As to military manoeuvres on a grand scale, Charley says he got through his drill under the adjutant of his regiment, and what more would you have? Moreover, he is now on the staff, and having good interest, intends to remain there for some time; so what use, to him, would be any further drilling? When the war is over he is to join his uncle, an elderly gentleman, who, after having been thirty years on half-pay, was appointed not long ago to the command of an Irish district, and is now about to proceed out to India as commander-in-chief of an Indian Presidency, where he will reign supreme over a native army, of whose language he does not understand one word, in a country he has never so much as read of. In Bombay or Madras he will enjoy a salary of twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Of what use, therefore, can military education be to my friend Charley Benson? He is one of the fortunate men of this world, who, having good interest, need not trouble his head with the why or the wherefore of this or that science. As aide-de-camp, his chief duties are to dress well, carve well, dance well, ride well, help to do the honors of his

uncle's house, and occasionally attend that relative to the review or inspection of a regiment. His training for the staff consisted in going through a couple of years' regimental duty with his corps; and, although whilst there he learnt nothing which could be of the slightest advantage to him either as an aide-de-camp or a deputy quartermaster-general, he now finds himself quite on a par with his brother staff-officers as regards any knowledge of his duties.

Nor is he altogether a bad specimen of the English staff-officer. There are some few holding such appointments who have in a certain degree qualified themselves for the post by a couple of years' study at the senior department of the Military College at Sandhurst; but the certificates obtained by these gentlemen never got them on the staff. Their nominations were coincidences, and would have been equally certain had they no qualification whatever. In a work lately published by an officer of the English army, whose character and accomplishments guarantee the truth of what he asserts, the writer states: "I have reason to believe that from eighteen hundred and fifteen to eighteen hundred and fifty-four — a period of thirty-nine years — not one single appointment on the staff of the army has been made in consequence of the officer having graduated at Sandhurst."* And

* Notes on Military Education. By

further, the same author informs us that, according to the Army List for May last, twenty-five officers of the Guards hold staff appointments, of whom only five ever studied at Sandhurst, and not one of whom received a first-class certificate.

From another little work on military education,* which was published just before the present war commenced, we learn that out of ninety-one officers employed in the general staff of the army in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, seven only had graduated at the senior department of Sandhurst, and that out of one hundred and seventeen staff-officers of pensioners in the same year, three only had obtained certificates. But a stronger instance of the utter inutility of English officers studying to qualify themselves for the staff has yet to be told. According to a parliamentary return called for during the last session, and published early in the month of May, there were then one hundred and thirty-five officers serving on the staff of the army in the Crimea. Of these only nine had obtained certificates at Sandhurst. Not a single assistant quartermaster-general, nor brigade-major, nor aide-de-camp, had ever graduated at that college; whilst of eleven assistant adjutant-generals, one

only had passed through that ordeal, — and amongst twenty-nine deputies of the two staff departments (of the adjutant and quartermaster-general), but five had ever obtained certificates of qualification at the senior department of the military college.

But what is this Senior Department of the Military College? The establishment of the Military College at Sandhurst is divided into two departments; the junior, intended for the education of lads, from thirteen to sixteen years of age, as preparatory to entering the army. What the military college of St. Cyr is to the French service, the junior department at Sandhurst is to the English, with this slight exception, — that whereas the former institution sends forth annually at least a hundred young men fully qualified for commissions in the line, our British establishment turns out about a dozen or fifteen in the same period. At the last half-yearly Sandhurst examinations — in October or November of the year just ended — the number of cadets who passed for commissions was less than half-a-dozen. The reason for this vast difference is, that in France there are but two doors whereby a candidate can enter the commissioned ranks of the army. The one is by enlisting as a private soldier, and rising through all the various subordinate grades to the distinction of wearing the

Captain J. Morton Spearman, R. A. London, Parker, 1853.

* The Use and Application of Cavalry in War. By Colonel Beamish, late Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. London, T. and W. Boone, 1855. Page 437.

epaulette; the other by commencing and going through the regular course of studies at the military college of St. Cyr. In order to qualify in the latter method, it is necessary to enter that establishment between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and to remain three years learning the duties of the profession, before the candidate can be admitted to the examination.

But I have gone astray from my intention, which was to point out in what consists the senior department of the Military College at Sandhurst. The pupils of this division are all commissioned officers, and by the rules they must, before entering the establishment, have served with their regiment three years abroad, or four years at home. The number is limited to fifteen, which — considering there are in times of peace upwards of ninety officers employed on the staff of the army, and during the present war there are no less than two hundred and fifty — is rather a small proportion; but even so very short a list is seldom full, and but few officers avail themselves of the privilege. Nor can we wonder at it. The English military man is like his fellow-countrymen who follow other pursuits and employment. If he saw that study or application would advance him in his profession, he would work like a horse. If staff appointments were given to those who had qualified themselves in the senior

department of Sandhurst, and if a certificate from that establishment were a sure and certain means of obtaining professional distinction and subsequent promotion, we should in England have in a very few years the best educated staff in the world. When he has an object in view, there is nothing that the Anglo-Saxon will not attempt, and few things he cannot accomplish. Let us not then blame such men as my friend Benson, but rather try all we can to reform a system which is at once a curse to the army and a disgrace to the nation. And here let me relate an anecdote.

Some years ago, the regiment in which I then held a commission, formed part of a very large force, assembled on the North-West frontier of India. For several months this army was together, saw much service, and went through several general actions. Besides a great number of the East India Company's regiments, there were with us two dragoon corps, and eight or ten battalions of the Queen's army. There was also a very numerous staff, belonging to which were a dozen or fourteen officers of her Majesty's service. Of these latter gentlemen, not one had ever been at the senior department of Sandhurst, whilst there were no less than ten officers doing regimental duty with their respective corps in this very force, who had gone through the regular course of study at that establishment,

and of these three had taken first-class certificates. Again, I say, let us not blame officers who don't avail themselves of the senior department at Sandhurst to study, but let us insist upon a reformation of the present system.

We all know how elderly officers cry up, and Young England cries down, the heroes, habits, manners, and customs of our army during the Peninsula war. But in the matter of staff officers and their qualifications, the force under Wellesley in Spain was certainly in advance of that commanded by Codrington in the Crimea. According to a military authority I have already quoted,* there was during the Peninsula war "only one officer employed on the quartermaster-general's staff who was not a graduate of the senior department of the Royal Military College." And the same gentleman, writing about a year before the war with Russia broke out, says, "It is by many doubted whether, in the event of a new war, there exists in the British army the necessary materials for the construction of an efficient *état-major*, or corps of staff officers, such as accompanied the troops under Sir John Abercrombie to Egypt and Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal."

Still stronger evidence against the existing system is afforded us a little farther on in the same pamphlet, where Captain Spear-

man states that, "as an introduction to staff employment, the officers of the army have long since abandoned the senior department at Sandhurst in hopeless despair." The writer then asks "to what is the disinclination, not to say repugnance, so generally evinced by British officers to devote themselves to the study of war as a science to be attributed? Clearly to the want of due encouragement—to the practical denial of the usual reward of such devotion and toil."

"Staff appointments" (in the English army), says Colonel Beamish in his work mentioned above, "are made without any reference to scientific qualification—because the wish of a lord is more potent than the judgment of a professor; and the most distinguished Sandhurst students have been left to look in vain for congenial professional employment, and some reward for their many hours of labour and anxious preparation. . . . How different," continues the same writer, "is the practice with our enlightened neighbours! Staff employment in France is the reward of merit alone. It is sought for by the *élite* of the army, and obtained only by the severest study, and the most indisputable proofs of the possession of the highest degree of professional excellence and general intelligence. Thus are formed those well-instructed officers who constitute the *état-major* of the

* Notes on Military Education, by Captain Spearman, page 35, note.

French army, and afterwards become their most distinguished generals of division and brigade."

If more evidence were wanting to show what are considered the necessary qualifications for a staff-officer in the English service, a perusal of the list of lords, honourables, baronets, and sons of wealthy influential commoners, who form the staff of the Crimean army, would be quite enough to set the question at rest. With us interest — as with the French merit — is what the authorities make the *sine qua non* for those who aspire to the staff. The consequence to England has been but too visible since the struggle with Russia commenced. With as brave regimental officers and soldiers as ever were sent forth by this or any other country, our army has never been able to effect half what it would have effected with proper organisation and efficient leaders. In France what the *École Impériale d'Application d'État-Major* effects in training for the staff, regimental service does in preparing for the command of brigades, divisions, and armies. With a highly-educated staff it is impossible either to want competent generals, or to have every department of the service in that state of utter confusion which has so sadly distinguished our army since it first embarked for the East. Our general officers, commanders of division, brigadiers, adjutants-

general, quartermasters-general, aides-de-camp, and others, are only now commencing to learn their various military duties with the army. Should peace be proclaimed to-morrow, and Europe enjoy twenty or thirty years respite from bloodshed, those officers who may then hold commissions in the service will, in the event of war, (our system remaining unchanged: which God forbid!) have in like manner to learn all their duties. In France, on the contrary, the government maintains its officers as we do our muskets or big guns — fit for immediate service in any part of the world.

SORROW AND MY HEART.

To the field where I was lying
Once Sorrow came a-flying,
And bade me bring my heart to mould at
her goodwill.

Shudd'ring, I turn'd aside;
"Avaunt! O fiend!" I cried,
"My heart is dear to me, and none shall
work it ill!"

"But if thou must!" said she.
"Nay," said I, "let it be!"
'Tis yet so young and tender, and so
slight of make,
Ungentle touch would crush it,
Hard word for aye would hush it!"
She smiled, and said, "Hearts sooner
turn to stone than break!"

"Yet stay awhile!" I pray'd;
And, frowning, she obey'd;
While I to cast about my sentence to
evade.

Then came she near again,
And hover'd o'er the plain
Where I sat listening to my darling's
long love-story.

"Art ready now?" she cried:
 "O, no! no!" I replied,
 "My heart is now in all its fullest prime
 and glory!"

A third time came she near:
 "Now!" said she, "now prepare!
 For I must have thy heart to mould at
 my good pleasure!"
 "Here, take it!" I replied,
 And pluck'd it from my side
 (For I in sooth was half a-weary of my
 treasure).

"But what is this?" says she,
 And flung it back to me;
 "A stone! O traitor! thou shalt rue this
 jesting turn!"
 She wing'd her flight away,
 And I to shriek and pray
 For that dear angel, who would never
 more return.

LITTLE SAINT ZITA.

THERE is a collection of horrible, though admirable executed etchings, by the "noble Jacques Callott," extant, called *Les Saints et Saintes de l'Année*. It is a complete pictorial calendar of the Romish martyrology. No amount of indigestion, caused by suppers of underdone pork-chops; no nightmares, piled one on another; no distempered imaginings of toppers in the worst state of delirium tremens; no visions of men with guilt-laden consciences; could culminate into a tenth part of the horrors that the noble Jacques has perpetuated with his immortal graver. All the refinements of torture, invented by the ruthless and cruel pagans, and inflicted by them on the early confessors, are here set down in *chiaro oscuro*; not a dislocated

limb is omitted, not a lacerated muscle is passed over. The whole work is a vast dissecting-room — a fasciculus of scarifications, maimings, and dismemberments—of red-hot pincers, scalding oil, molten lead, gridirons, wire scourges, jagged knives, crowns of spikes, hatchets, poisoned daggers, tarred shirts, and wild beasts.

The blessed saints had a bad time of it for certain. How should we, I wonder, with our pluralities, our Easter-offerings, and *regium donum*, our scarlet hats and stockings, and dwellings in the gate of Flam; our Exeter Hall meetings and buttered muffins afterwards; our first-class missionary passages to the South Seas, and grants of land and fat hogs from King Wabashongo; our dean and chapter dinners, and semi-military chaplains' uniforms (Oh, last-invented, but not least scorn-worthy of humbugs!); how should we confront the stake, the shambles, and the carnifex, the scourge, the rack, and the amphitheatre? Surely the faith must have been strong, or the legends untrue!

Yet there are more saints than the noble Jacques ever dreamed of in his grim category, crowded as it is. Saint Patrick, if we may credit the Irish legend, had two birth-days; still, the number of saints, all duly canonised, is so great, that the year can scarcely spare them the sixth of a birth-day apiece. Only yesterday, the postman (he is a Parisian post-

man, and, in appearance, is something between a policeman and a fieldmarshal in disguise) brought me a deformed little card, on which was pasted an almanac with a whole calendar-full of saints, neatly tied up with cherry-coloured ribbon, accompanying the gift with the compliments of the season, and an ardent wish that the new year might prove *bonne et belle* to me; all of which meant that I should give him two francs, on pain of being denounced to the concierge as a curmudgeon, to the landlord as a penniless lodger, and to the police as a suspicious character. Musing over the little almanac, in the futile attempt to get two francs' worth of information out of it, I found a whole army of saints, of whom I had never heard before, and noticed the absence of a great many who are duly set down in another calendar I possess. Would you believe that neither Saint Giles nor Saint Swithin was to be found in my postman's hagiology — that no mention was made of Saint Waldeburga, or of the blessed Saint Wuthelstan; while on the other hand I found Saint Yon, Saint Fiacre, Saint Ovid, Saint Babylas, Saint Pepin, Saint Ponce, Saint Frisque, Saint Nestor, and Saint Pantaloon? What do we know of these saints in England? Where were Saint Willibald, Saint Winifred, Saint Edward the Confessor, and Saint Dunstan, the nose-tweaker? Nowhere! Yet

they must all have their days, their eves, and feasts. Where, above all, was my little Saint Zita?

If one of the best of Christian gentlemen — the kindly humourist, who wrote the *Ingoldsby Legends* — could tell us, without scandal to his cloth or creed, the wondrous stories of Saint Gengulphus and Saint Odille, Saint Anthony and Saint Nicholas, shall I be accused of irreverence, if, in my own way, I tell the legend of little Saint Zita? I must premise that the first discovery of the saintly tradition is due to M. Alphonse Karr, who has a villa at Genoa, the birth-place of the saint herself.

I have no memory for dates, and have no printed information to go upon, so I am unable to state the exact year, or even century, in which Saint Zita flourished. But I know that it was in the dark ages, and that the Christian religion was young, and that it was considerably more than one thousand five hundred years ago.

Now, Pomponius Cotta (I give him that name because it is a sounding one — not that I know his real denomination) was a noble Roman. He was one of the actors in that drama which Mr. Gibbon of London and Lausanne so elegantly described some centuries afterwards: *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It must have been a strange time, that *Decline and Fall*. Reflecting upon the gi-

gantic, overgrown, diseased civilisation of the wonderful empire, surrounded and preyed upon by savage and barbarous Goths and Visigoths, Vandals, Dacians, and Pannonians, I cannot help picturing to myself some superannuated old noble, accomplished, luxurious, diseased and depraved — learned in bon-mots and scandalous histories of a former age, uselessly wealthy, corruptly cultivated, obsoletely magnificent, full of memories of a splendid but infamous life, too old to reform, too callous to repent, cynically presaging a deluge after him, yet trembling lest that deluge should come while he was yet upon the stage, and wash his death-bed with bitter waters; who is the sport and mock, the unwilling companion and victim unable to help himself, of a throng of rough, brutal, unpolished youngsters — hobbledehoyes of the new generation — who carouse at his expense, smoke tobacco under his nose, borrow his money, slap him on the back, and call him old fogey behind it, sneer at his worn-out stories, tread on his gouty toes, ridicule his obsolete politeness, and tie crackers to the back of his coat collar. Have you not seen the decline and fall of the human empire? So men and empires have alike their decadence.

But Pomponius Cotta never recked, it is very probable, of such things. He might have occasionally expressed his belief,

like some noble Romans of our own age and empire, that the country was going to the bad; but he had large revenues, which he spent in a right noble and Roman manner; and he laid whatever ugly misgivings he had in a red sea of Falernian and Chiajian (if, indeed, all the stock of those celebrated brands had not already been drunk out by the thirsty Visigoths and Vandals). He had the finest house in Genoa; and you who know what glorious palaces the city of the Dorias and the Spinolas can yet boast of, even in these degenerate days, may form an idea of what marvels of marble, statuary, frescos, and mosaics owned Pomponius Cotta for lord, in the days when there was yet a Parthenon at Athens and a Capitol at Rome.

The noble Pomponius was a Christian, but I am afraid in a very slovenly, lukewarm, semi-pagan sort of way. As there are yet in France some shrivelled old good-for-nothings whose sympathies are with Voltaire and d'Alembert — who sigh for the days of the Encyclopedia, the Esprits-forts, and the Baron d'Holbach's witty, wicked suppers, so Pomponius furtively regretted the old bad era before creation heard the voice that cried out that the good Pan was dead* — the days when there

* This is one of the earliest traditions of the Christian era. That at midnight on the first Christmas-Eve a great voice was heard all over the world, crying "The God Pan is dead." Milton bursts

were mysteries and oracles, sacrifices and haruspices, Lares and Penates, and when laziness and lust, dishonesty and superstition, were reduced into systems, and dignified with the name of philosophy. So Pomponius half believed in the five thousand gods he had lost, and was but a skin-deep worshipper of the One left. As for his wife, the Domina Flavia Pomponia, she came of far too noble a Roman family, was far too great a lady, thought far too much of crimping her tresses, perfuming her dress, painting her face, giving grand entertainments, and worrying her slaves, to give herself to piety and the practice of religion; and though Onesimus, that blessed though somewhat unclean hermit, did often come to the Pomponian house and take its mistress roundly to task for her mundane mode of life, she only laughed at the good man; quizzed his hair, shirt, and long thickly-peopled beard; and endeavoured to seduce him from his hermit fare of roots and herbs and spring-water, by pressing invitations to partake of dainty meals and draughts of hot wine.

I am not so uncharitable as to assume that all the seven deadly sins found refuge in the mansion of Pomponius Cotta, but it is certain that it was a very fortalice and citadel for one of them — namely, gluttony. There never

into colossal melody on this key-note in his magnificent Christmas hymn.

were such noble Romans (out of Guildhall) as the Pomponii for guzzling and guttling, banqueting, junketing, feasting, and carousing. It was well that plate glass was not invented in those times, for the house was turned out of windows regularly every day, and the major part of the Pomponian revenues would have been expended in glaziers' bills. But there were dinners and suppers and after-suppers. The guests ate till they couldn't move, and drank till they couldn't see. Of course they crowned themselves with flowers, and lolled upon soft couches, and had little boys to titillate their noses with rare perfumes, and pledged each other to the sounds of dulcet music; but they were an emerited set of gormandisers for all that, and richly deserved the visitation of the stern Nemesis that sate ever in the gate in the shape of the fair-haired barbarian, with the brand to burn, the sword to slay, and the hands to pillage. Or, like the Philistine lords, they caroused and made merry, unwotting of that stern, moody, blind Samson, sitting apart, yonder, with his hair all a-growing, and soon to arise in his might and pull the house down on their gluttonous heads. Or, like Belshazzar's feasters, they were drunk in vessels of gold and silver, while the fingers of a man's hand were writing on the wall, and the Medes and Persians were at the gate.

It may easily be imagined that

in such a belly-god temple — such a house of feasting and wassail — the cook was a personage of great power and importance. Pomponius Cotta had simply the best cook not only in Genoa, but in Magna Græcia — not only in Magna Græcia, but in the whole Italian peninsula. But no man-cook had he — no haughty, stately, magister coquinae, no pedant in Apicius or bigoted believer in Lucullus. Yet Pomponius was proud and happy in the possession of a culinary treasure — a real *cordon-bleu*, a Mrs. Glasse of the dark ages, a Miss Acton of antiquity, a Mrs. Rumball of Romanity; and this was no other than a little slave girl whom they called Zita.

We have all heard of the cook who boasted that he could serve up a leathern shoe in twenty-seven different phases of sauce and cookery. I never believed in him, and always set him down as a vapouring fanfaroon — a sort of copper-stewpan captain of cookery. But I have a firm belief that little Zita would have made everything out of anything or nothing culinary; that her stewed pump-handles would have been delicious, her salmi of bath-brick exquisite, her croquettes of Witney blanket unapproachable, her back hair en papillote a dish fit for a king. She cooked such irresistible dishes for the noble Pomponius that he frequently wept, and would have given her her freedom had he not been

afraid that she would be off and be married: that the noble Domina Pomponia was jealous of her, and would have led her a sorry life, had she dared to cross her husband; that the guests of the Pomponian house wrote bad sapphics and dactylics in her praise, and would have given her necklaces of pearl and armlets of gold for gifts, but that the Roman finances were in rather an embarrassed condition just then, and that poor trust was dead with the Genoese jewellers.

Little Zita was very pretty; she must have been pretty — and she was. She was as symmetrical as one of Pradier's Bacchantes — as ripe and blooming as the grapes they press; but as pure as the alabaster of which they are made. Her complexion was as delicately, softly tinted as one of Mr. Gibson's Anglo-Roman statues; her long hair, when she released it from its confining fillet, hung down about her like a king's mantle; she had wrists and ankles that only gold or gems were worthy to embrace: she had a mouth like a Cupid's bow, and eyes like almonds dyed in ebony; and teeth that were the gates of ivory of the dreams of love, and nails like mother of pearl. She danced like Arbuscula, and sang like Galeria Coppiola; and she cooked, like an angel — as she is.

None could serve up in such style the great standard dishes of Roman cookery. The wild boar of Troy, with honey, oil, flour

and garum; the Campanian sow, fed from golden troughs, stuffed with chestnuts and spices, and brought to table whole with her nine little sucking pigs disposed around her in sweet sauce; the vol au vents of peacocks' tongues, and ortolans' eyes, and beccaficos' brains. Yet, though great in these, she excelled in fanciful, ravishing, gem-like dishes — in what the French call "surprises" — in culinary epigrams, edible enigmas, savoury fables, poems that you could eat and drink. She had sauces, the secrets of which have gone to Paradise with her; she had feats of legerdemain in compounding dishes that no life-long apprenticeship could teach. And, withal, she was so saving, so economical, so cleanly in her arrangements, that her kitchen was like a street in the clean village of Brock (I should not like to pass half an hour even in Velour's kitchen); and her noble master had the satisfaction of knowing that he gave the mightiest "spreads" in Genoa at anything but an unreasonable or ruinous expense.

She was as honest as a child's smile, and was as regardless of kitchen stuff, perquisites, Christmas boxes from tradesmen, and the dangerous old crones who hung about the area and cried hare-skins, as your own cook, madam, I hope may be. And, above all, little Zita had no followers, had boxed the major-domo's ears for offering her a pair

of fillagree ear-rings, and was exceeding pious.

Now, a pious cook is not considered, in these sceptical days, as a very great desideratum. A pious cook not unfrequently refuses to cook a Sunday's dinner, and entertains a serious grenadier on Sunday evening. I have seen many a kitchen drawer in which the presence of a hymn-book, and the "Cook's Spiritual Comforter" (price ninepence per hundred for distribution) did not exclude the company of much surreptitious cold fat and sundry legs of fowls that were not picked clean. Serious cooks occasionally wear their mistresses' black silk stockings to go to chapel in; my aunt had a serious cook who drank; and there is a legend in our family of a peculiarly evangelical cook who could not keep her hands off other people's pomatum. But little Zita was sincerely, unfeignedly, cheerfully, devotedly pious. She did not neglect her duties to pray: she rose up early in the morning before the cock crew, while her masters were sunk in drunken sleep, and prayed for herself and for them, then went to her daily labour with vigorous heart of grace. There are some of us who pray, as grudgingly performing a certain duty, and doing it, but no more — some of us as an example (and what an example!) to others — some through mere habit (and those are in a bad case) — some (who shall gainsay it?) in hypo-

crisy; but do we not all, Scribes and Pharisees, Publicans and Sinners, number among our friends, among those we know, some few good really pious souls who strike us with a sort of awe and reverent respect; who do their good deeds before we rise, or after we retire to rest; creep into heaven the back way, but are not the less received there with trumpets and crowns of glory?

Such was little Saint Zita. She was, I have said, truly pious. In an age when there was as yet but one Ritual, before dissent and drums ecclesiastic existed, Zita thought it her bounden duty to abide by and keep all the fasts and festivals of the church as ordained by the bishops, priests, and deacons. For she was not book-learned, this poor little cook-maid, and had but these three watchwords for a rule of conduct — Faith, Duty, and Obedience.

It is in the legend that she would decoy the little white-haired, blue-eyed children of the barbarian soldiers into her kitchen, and there, while giving them sweetmeats and other goodies, teach them to lisp little Latin prayers, and tell over the rosary, and kiss the crucifix appended to it. And she would have assuredly have fallen under the grave displeasure of the heaven-born SIR ROBERT W. CARDEN, and have been specially pointed at in his proposed Act of Parliament for making alms-

giving penal, since she bestowed the major part of her wages in gifts to beggars, unmindful whether they were christian or pagan; and, for a certainty, the strong-minded would have sneered at her, and the wearers of phylacteries would have frowned on her, for she thought it a grave sin to disobey the edict of the church that forbade the eating of flesh on Friday and other appointed fasts. Pomponius Cotta, it must be acknowledged, was troubled with no such scruples. He would have rated his cook soundly, and perchance scourged her, if she had served him up meagre fare on the sixth day of the week; yet I find it in the legend that little Zita was enabled by her own skill, and, doubtless, by celestial assistance, to perpetrate a pious fraud upon this epicurean Roman. The Fridays' dinners were as rich and succulent, and called forth as loud encomia as those of the other days, yet not one scrap of meat, one drop of carnal gravy, did Zita employ in the concoction thereof. Fish, and eggs, and divers mushrooms, truffles and ketchups, became, in the hands of the saintly cook, susceptible of giving the most meaty flavours. 'Tis said that Zita invented burnt onions — those grand culinary deceptions. And though they were in reality making meagre, as good Christians should do, Pomponius and his boon companions thought they were feasting upon venison

and poultry and choice roasts. This is one of the secrets that died with Saint Zita. I never tasted sorrel soup that had even the suspicion of a flavour of meat about it; and though I have heard much of the rice fritters and savoury soups of the Lancashire vegetarians, I doubt much of their ability to conceal the taste of the domestic cabbage and the homely onion.

Now it fell out in the year of redemption — I have not the slightest idea — that P. Marmenius Citronius Ostendius, a great gastronome and connoisseur in oysters, came from Asia to visit his kinsman Pomponius. There was some talk of his marrying the beautiful Flavia Pomponilia, the eldest daughter of the Pomponian house (she was as jealous of Zita as Fleur de Lys was of Esmeralda, and would have thrust golden pins into her, à-la-mode Romaine, but for fear of her father); but at all events Ostendius was come down from Asia to Genoa, and there was to be a great feast in honour of his arrival. Ostendius had an aldermanic abdomen under his toga, had a voice that reminded you of fruity port, bees-wings in his eyes, a face very like collared brawn, and wore a wig. Those adjuncts to beauty were worn, ladies and gentlemen, fifteen hundred years ago. Ay! look in at the Egyptian Room of the British Museum, London, and you shall find wigs older than that. He had come from Asia,

where he was reported to have partaken of strange dishes — birds of paradise, gryphons, phoenixes, serpents, elephants — what do I know but he despised not the Persicos apparatus, and was not a man to be trifled with in his victuals! Pomponius Cotta called his cook into his sanctum, and gave her instructions as to the banquet, significantly telling her what she might expect if she failed in satisfying him and his gastronomical guests. Poor Zita felt a cold shudder as she listened to the threats which, in lazy Latin, her noble master lavished upon her. But she determined, less through fear of punishment than a sincere desire of doing her duty, to exert herself to the very utmost in the preparation of the feast. Perhaps there may have been a little spice of vanity in this determination; perhaps she was actuated by a little harmless desire to please the difficult Ostendius, and so prove to him that Pomponius Cotta had a slave who was the best cook in Genoa and in Italy. Why not? I am one who, believing that all is vanity, think that the world as it is could not well get on without some vanity. By which I mean an honest moderate love of and pleasure in approbation. I think we could much easier dispense with money than with this. When I see a conceited man, I think him to be a fool; but when I meet a man who tells me he does not rejoice when he is praised for the good book he has

written, or the good picture he has painted, or the good deed he has done, I know him to be a humbug, and a mighty dangerous one to his fellow-creatures.

Flowers, wax torches, perfumes, rich tapestries, cunning musicians — all were ordered for the feast to the guest who was come from Asia. The piscator brought fish in abundance; the lignarius brought wood and charcoal to light the cooking furnaces withal; the venator brought game and venison; the sartor stitched unceasingly at vestments of purple and fine linen; the slaves who fed ordinarily upon salsamentum or salt meat revelled in blithe thoughts of the rich fragments that would fall to their share on the morrow of the banquet. It need scarcely be said that Zita the cook had a whole army of cook's mates, scullions, marmitons, plate-scrapers, and bottle-washers under her command. These peeled the vegetables, these jointed the meat, these strained the soups and jellies; but to none did she ever confide the real cooking of the dinner. Her spoon was in every casserole, her spatula in every sauce-boat; she knew the exact number of mushrooms to every gratin, and of truffles to every turkey. Believe me — in the works of great artists there is little vicarious handiwork. Asses say that Mr. Stanfield painted the scenery of *Acis and Galatea* by means of a speaking-trumpet from the shil-

ling gallery, his assistants working on the stage. Asses say that Carême used to compose his dinners reclining on a crimson velvet couch, while his nephew mixed the magic ingredients in silver stewpans. Asses say that all the hammering and chiselling of Praxiteles' statues were done by workmen, and that the sculptor only polished up the noses and finger tips with a little marble dust. Don't believe such tales. In all great works the master hand is every where.

On the morning of the banquet, early, Zita went to market, and sent home stores of provisions, which her assistants knew well how to advance through their preparatory stages. Then, knowing that she had plenty of time before her, the pious little cook — though she had already attended matins — went to church to have a good pray. In the simplicity of her heart, she thought she would render up special thanks for all the good dinners she had cooked, and pray as specially that this evening's repast should be the very best and most succulent she might ever prepare. You see she was but a poor, ignorant, little slave-girl, and she lived in the dark ages.

Zita went to church, heard high mass, confessed, and then, going into a little dark chapel by herself, fell down on her knees before the mother of all virgins, the Queen of Heaven. She prayed, and prayed, and prayed so long,

so earnestly, so devoutly, that she quite forgot how swiftly the hours fleet by, how impossible it is to overtake them. She prayed and prayed till she lost all consciousness and memory of earthly things, of earthly ties and duties, till the vaulted roof seemed to open, till she seemed to see, through a golden network, a sky of lapis-lazuli all peopled with angelic beings in robes of dazzling white; till she heard soft sounds of music such as could only proceed from harps played by celestial hands; till the statue of the Queen of Heaven seemed to smile upon her and bless her; till she was no longer a cook and a slave, but an ecstatic in communion with the saints.

She prayed till the mortal sky without, from the glare of noon-day took soberer hues; till the western horizon began to blush for Zita's tardiness; till the great blue Mediterranean sea grew purple, save where the sunset smote it; till the white palaces of Genoa were tinged with pink, as if the sky had rained roses. She prayed till the lazy dogs which had been basking in the sun rose and shook themselves and raised their shiftless eyes as if to wonder where the sun was; till the barbarian soldiers, who had been lounging on guard-house benches, staggered inside, and fell to dicing and drinking; till hired assassins woke up on their straw pallets, and, rubbing their villanous eyes, began to think that it was pretty nearly time to go a murdering; till cut-purses' fingers began to itch premonitorily; till maidens watched the early moon, and longed for it to be sole sovereign of the heavens, that the trysting-time might come; till the young spendthrift rejoiced that another day was to come, and the old sage sighed that another day was gone; till sick men quarrelled with their nurses for closing their casements, and the birds grew drowsy, and the flowers shut themselves up in secrecy, and the frog began to speak to his neighbour, and the glow-worm lighted his lamp.

She prayed till it was dusk, and almost dark, till the vesper bell began to ring, when she awoke from out her trance, and not a dish of the dinner was cooked.

And she hurried home, weeping, ah! so bitterly. For Zita knew her duty towards her neighbour as the road towards Heaven. She knew that there were times for all things, and that she had prayed too much and too long. Punishment she did not so much dread as the reproaches of her own conscience for the neglect of her duty. At length, faltering and stumbling in the momentarily increasing darkness, she reached the Pomponian house, which was all lighted up from top to bottom. "Ah!" thought she, "the major domo has, at least, attended to his business." She hurried into a small side court-yard where the kitchen was, and there she found all her army of assistants: the cook's

mates, the scullions, the marmittons, the plate-scrapers, and the bottle-washers, all fast asleep, with their ladles, their knives, and their spits on benches and door-steps and in corners. "Ah!" cried little Zita, wringing her hands; "waiting for me, and quite worn out with fatigue!" Then, stepping among them without awakening them, she approached the great folding-doors of the kitchen, and tried the handle; but the doors were locked, and through the keyholes and hinges, the chinks and cran- nies of the portal, there came a rich, powerful, subtle odour, as of the best dinner that ever was cooked. She thought she understood it all. Enraged at her absence, her master had sent for Maravilla, the corpulent female cook of Septimus Pylorus, his neighbour, to prepare the dinner, or, perhaps, the great P. Mareminus Citronius Ostendius had himself condescended to assume the cook's cap and apron, and was at that moment engaged within, with locked doors, in blasting her professional reputation for ever. She was ruined as a cook, a servant — a poor little fatherless girl, with nought but her virtue and her cookery for a dower. Unhappy little Zita!

She ran back, through the court-yard to the great banquet-ting saloon, and there, lo, she found the table decked, and the soft couches ranged, the flowers festooned, the rich tapestries hanging, and the perfumes

burning in golden censers. And there, too, she found the proud Domina Pomponia, in gala rai- ment, who greeted her with a smile of unwonted benevolence, saying:

"Now, Zita, the guests are quite ready for the banquet; and I am sure, from the odour which we can smell even here, that it will be the very best dinner that ever was cooked."

Then came from an inner chamber the fruity port-wine voice of Ostendius, crying,

"Ay, ay, I am sure it will be the very best dinner that ever was cooked;" and the voice of Pomponius Cotta answered him gaily, that "Little Zita was not the best cook in Genoa for no- thing," and that he would not part with her for I don't know how many thousand sesterces. Poor Zita saw in this only a cruel jest. For certain another cook had been engaged in her place, and she herself would be had up after the banquet, taunted with its success, confronted with her rival, and perhaps scourged to death amid the clatter of drink- ing-cups. Her eyes blinded with tears, she descended again to the court-yard, and fervently, though despairingly, breathed one brief prayer to our Lady of the Chapel. She had scarcely done so, when the great folding-doors of the kitchen flew open, and there issued forth a tremendous cloud of ambrosial vapour, radiant, golden, roseate, azure, in which celestial odours were mingled

with the unmistakeable smell of the very best dinner that ever was cooked. And lo! hovering in the cloud, the rapt eye of little Saint Zita seemed to descry myriads of little airy figures in white caps and jackets, even like unto cooks, but who all had wings and little golden knives at their girdles. And she heard the same soft music that had stolen upon her ears in the chapel; and as the angelic cooks fluttered out of the kitchen, it seemed as though each little marmiton saluted the blushing cheek of the trembling saint with a soft and soothing kiss.

At the same time the army of earthly cook's assistants awoke as one scullion, and without so much as yawning, took their places at the dresser-board, and composedly began to dish the dinner. And little Zita, hurrying from furnace to furnace, and lifting up the lids of casserole and bain-marie pan, found, done to a turn, a dinner even such as she with all her culinary genius would never have dreamt of.

Of course it was a miracle. Of course it was the very best dinner ever dressed: what else could it have been with such cooks? They talk of it to this day in Genoa; though I am sorry to say the Genoese cooks have not profited by the example, and do not seek to emulate it. They have the best maccaroni, and dress it worse than any people in Europe.

The legend ought properly to end with a relation of how Pomponius Cotta gave his little cook her freedom, how the guests loaded her with presents, and how she married the major domo, and was the happy mother of many good cooks and notable housewives. But the grim old monkish tradition has it, that little Zita died a virgin, and, alas, a martyr! But she was canonised at her death; and even as St. Crispin looks after the interests of cobblers, and St. Barbe has taken artillerymen under his special patronage, so the patroness of cooks has ever been little Saint Zita.



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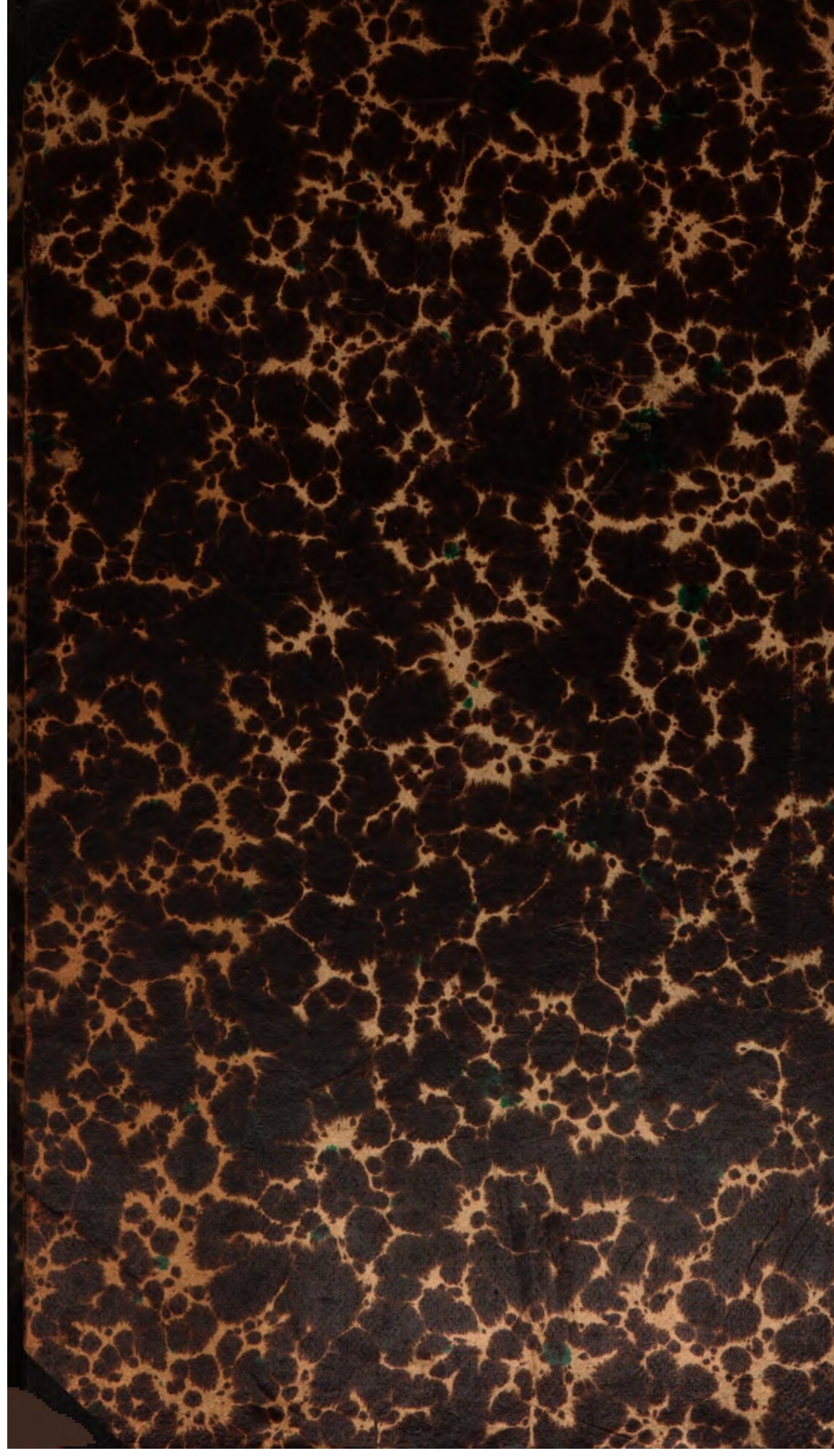
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